FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1896. | VOL. XLVII.—No. 21 No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

Jacksnipe Coming In. "He's Got Them" (Quail Shooting). Vigilant and Valkyrie. Bass Fishing at Block Island.

The plates are for frames 14 x 19 in. They are done in twelve colors, and are rich in effect. They are furnished to old or new subscribers on the following terms:

Forest and Stream *one year and the set of four pictures.* **$5.**
Forest and Stream *6 months and any two of the pictures,* **$3.**
Price of the pictures alone, $1.50 each; $5 for the set.

Remit by express money order or postal money order. Make orders payable to

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE
346 Broadway
NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING
Present Entrance on Leonard Street

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

The reproductions are to me most satisfactory; they lack color, of course, but in every other respect are the best we have ever seen, and I think I may say that those of the Audubon family still remaining are much gratified with the first of the series. M. R. AUDUBON.

THE first subject of the FOREST AND STREAM series of half-tone copies of Audubon's famous bird portraits was that of the Black Duck, in the issue of Sept. 26; the second, of the Prairie Chicken (pinnated grouse), was given Oct 24. To-day we print the Canvasback. Others which will follow on dates to be announced are:

SHOVELLER DUCK.
REDHEAD DUCK.
AMERICAN WHITE-FRONTED GOOSE.
PURPLE SANDPIPER.
AMERICAN GOLDEN PLOVER.
WILLOW PTARMIGAN.

In connection with the plate we give Audubon's account of the bird, which was famous in his day, as it is in ours, for its excellence on the table. The chapter is from the fourth volume of the Ornithological Biography, published in 1838. We have not the date of the Cabinet of Natural History from which the description by Dr. Sharpless is taken; but the "some years ago" would give it a place among the early years of the century. One of the most common, as it is the most impressive, reflections which we indulge in when reading of men and events and human ways in the distant past, is the likeness of the human nature of those days to the human nature as we know it and manifest it in our own day and in our own selves. The material conditions of canvasback shooting then prevailing were not dissimilar from those which exist to-day, barring perhaps the richer abundance of the game and the ruder implements of its pursuers. Then, as now, Carroll's Island, Maxwell's Point and other peculiarly favored shooting grounds were held at high figures; and there were in vogue all the methods of taking the game now practiced, openly or under a ban, including big guns, night-shooting and netting. The human nature of the men who went out for ducks, whether for sport or for market, sitting-shooting or flying-shooting, in the early thirties was much of a piece with that of the sportsman and market-shooter of our times. There is a similarity even between the ducking dogs of that day and of this, tolers and retrievers.

The men who went duck shooting in those times were after ducks; and the man of sixty years later may thank his stars that they did not then have breech-loading magazine guns and factory-loaded cartridges. The canvasback shooter of the nineties should have more than antiquarian interest in the powder horn, shot bag and ramrod of the thirties; he may well regard them with a lively sense of gratitude for the slowness of reloading they compelled even in the coolest hands, the fumbling of excited fingers, the not infrequent pouring in of the shot before the powder, and at best and always the opportunity they gave the game to get out of range. To the sportsman of old the muzzle-loader was a source of huge satisfaction, despite its qualities of tardiness and mischance; in its possession of these very characteristics is found our chief admiration of the ancient trusty.

SUNDAY SHOOTING LAWS.

THE Sunday shooter is much in evidence this year. We have chronicled numerous instances of his discomfiture at the hands of vigilant and vigorous game wardens. He has fared particularly hard in the jails and lock-ups of New Jersey, and we have reported his undoing in many other States where the laws forbid gunning on Sunday.

There are two view points from which to regard such statutes: one is the moral and religious, the other the purely economic one of game protection. To keep the two considerations distinct is not always more successfully accomplished than in a recent Sabbath observance question which arose in St. Augustine, Fla., in connection with a projected Sunday excursion to that city of the Jacksonville Rifles. A St. Augustine clergyman having publicly protested against their coming on that day, the militia desisted, and the published announcement explained the double-barreled reason for their decision in these words:

From a moral point of view the Jacksonville Light Infantry decided not to go on the excursion. Another reason was that the company's football team usually has a practice game on that day, and the excursion would seriously interfere with the practice.

With the moral point of view a sportsman's journal has properly no concern; the economic reasons may be discussed freely. Six days of the week, in settled precincts, allow as much pursuit as the game supply should be subjected to during the open season; and it ought to have given to it the benefit of one day a week of freedom from alarm. As for the close season, in many districts the Sunday shooter is the game law violator most defiant, most reckless of the farmer's rights, ruffianly, and most difficult to cope with.

In the interest of better game protection, should not Sunday shooting be forbidden, and the prohibition of it made effective by a statute providing that possession of firearms in the field on Sunday should constitute *prima facie* evidence of a violation of the law?

FROG FARM PHILANTHROPY.

THE latest frog farm story comes from New Jersey. A schoolmistress fallen into ill health, and obliged to give up her school, found herself without means of support. Friends rallied to her assistance, contributed funds sufficient to buy a piece of land and set her up in business as a frog farmer, which lucrative pursuit she is now following, with much satisfaction to the New York *bon vivants* and profit to herself.

It is a story not unpleasing; there is in it only one doubtful element, and this has not to do with the humanity involved. Schoolmistresses do fall ill; the world is full of sweetness and light and ready willingness to assist the unfortunate, and purse strings loosen at the call of distress. But who ever heard before of a frog farm as a philanthropic enterprise? For that matter, who ever heard of a frog farm at all outside of the newspapers? Do the Stars and Stripes float over a single frog farm in all of Uncle Sam's domains?

We have investigated many of these stories of men and women who were farming frogs on a large scale, but we have never yet got within hearing of their melodious live stock. We believe that the only frog farms in existence are those laid out, stocked and attended by Dame Nature. If any person has information of the artificial culture of frogs anywhere on this continent, he will kindly advise us of the particulars in behoof and for the benefit of inquiring correspondents, who, about one in six months, request to be told how to go to work to make a fortune by frog farming.

THE GROWTH OF A SENTIMENT.

WE have heard it hinted that, undismayed by the recent tremendous vote in condemnation of the proposed amendment of the Forest Preserve section of the New York Constitution, the plotters against the Adirondack wild lands intend to continue their agitation of the question and their efforts to break down the constitutional safeguards of the forests. We advise these misguided brethren to possess their souls in patience and resignation to the popular decree. If there was not a living chance of carrying through their schemes in 1896, there will be no living chance in this generation. They may agitate and scheme and contrive until they are white haired and palsied with age, but the forestry section will stand as it is.

This emphatic repelling of Adirondack invasion illustrates a distinct period of our civilization in its attitude toward the forests. We have come at length to a point where we can see something better in the woods than mere raw material incontinently to be hewn down and converted into firewood, tan bark, lumber, charcoal and the all-compelling wood pulp. We have passed beyond the stage when woodlands were to be cleared for the sake of clearing and just because they were woodlands; and now we have come to regard the forest as something to be protected and preserved and guarded and cherished because it is forest, and because we have a more rational recognition of the place of wild forest tracts in the great scheme of union and interdependence which holds between man and nature. Having destroyed in our folly, we now in our reason stay the hand of destruction; having wrecked without ruth, we now are concerned to save what we may from the wreckage. The people of the State have declared and do declare and will declare, "We shall keep the forests because they are forests, for our enjoyment of them as forests, and for their enjoyment by our children and children's children." This was the spirit which animated tens of thousands of voters the other day who have never seen the Adirondacks nor expect ever to see them. The vote was a vote of sentiment, a sentiment which is gaining every year, which will be stronger next year than now, and the year after than then; and which is not to be overcome by specious schemes of lumbermen and permanent camp-site grabbers.

DEATH OF JAMES BOYD NIXON.

ANOTHER one of the FOREST AND STREAM'S circle of contributors has passed over to the majority. James Boyd Nixon, of Bridgeton, N. J., who was a frequent correspondent over the signature F. S. J. C., died on Thursday of last week, at the age of forty-nine. Mr. Nixon had spent a number of winters in the South, whence he wrote vivacious and well-received sketches of Florida tarpon fishing and the other outdoor pursuits in which he took part for their health-giving influences. It was the privilege of members of the FOREST AND STREAM staff to have met Mr. Nixon personally, and by such intercourse to have shared the esteem for him which was entertained by his fellows. "No man in this part of the State," says the Bridgeton *News*, "was more universally liked or more popular among an unusually wide circle of acquaintances. He was actively interested in all branches of sport, and was an acknowledged authority on many, especially that of angling. He was a desultory, but always acceptable, contributor to various papers and magazines, and had his inclination turned him into distinctively literary paths his success would have been notable. In him our city has lost a capable lawyer, an honorable citizen and a cultured gentleman."

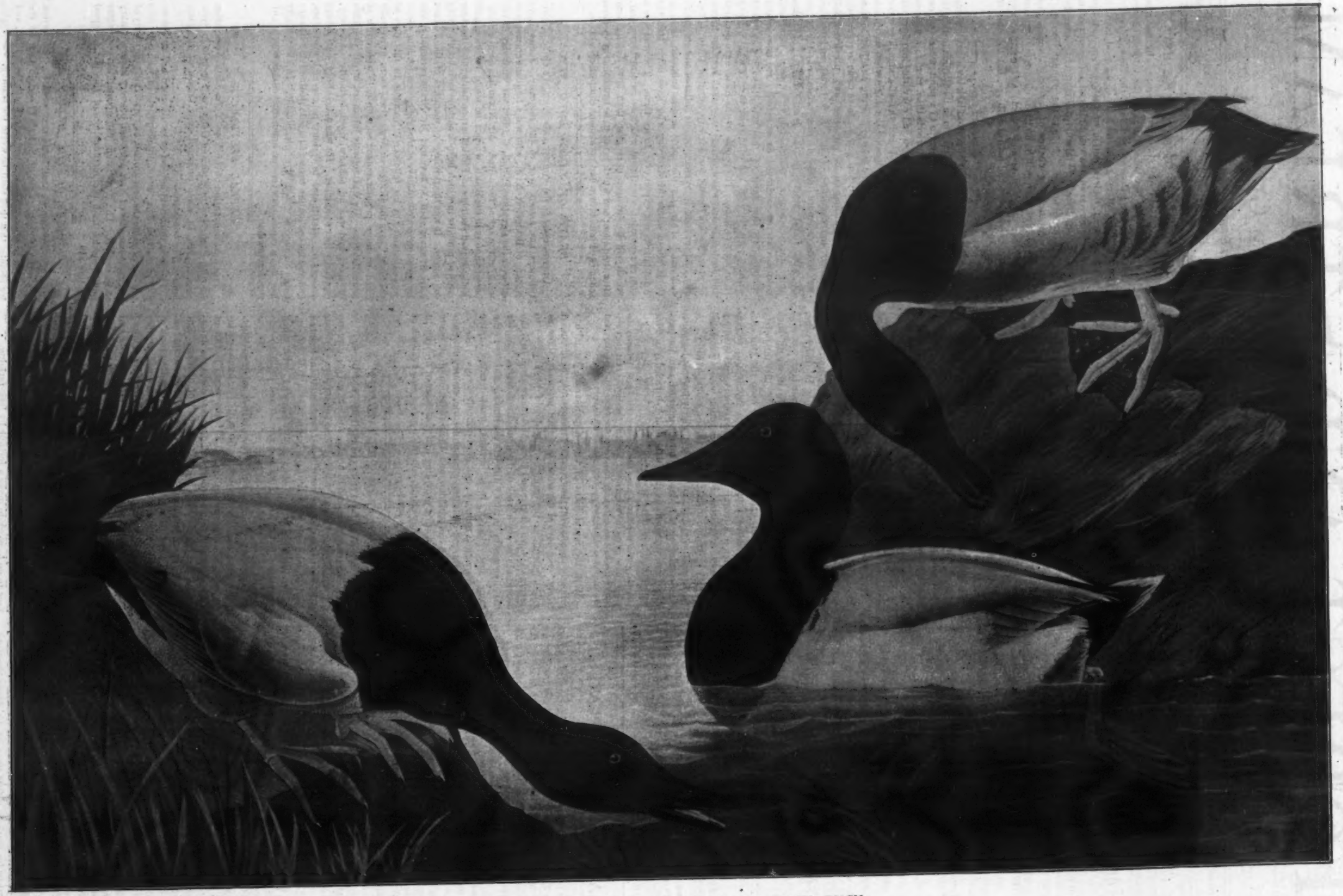
REPEAL SECTION 249.

THE next convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held in Syracuse on Jan. 13, when proposed amendments of the game laws will be considered.

The most important subject to be discussed will be the repeal of Section 249, the iniquitous provision which permits the sale of game the year around, and is working the injury of the game interests of New York and of every State tributary to its market. The Association can accomplish no greater public service than the modification of this law. Repeal Section 249.

STORIES OF THE HEROIC AGE.

UNDER this title we shall begin next week the publication of a series of chapters out of the lives of certain men on the Western frontier. The incidents are worth the telling, and we promise that they shall be worth the reading.



AUDUBON'S PORTRAIT OF THE CANVASBACK DUCK.

Natural History.

THE CANVASBACK DUCK.*

(*Fuligula valisneriana*, STEPHENS.)

THE range of the celebrated duck with the history of which I commence the fourth volume of my Biographs may be considered as limited on the one hand by the mouths of the Mississippi and on the other by the Hudson or North River. Beyond the latter it is rarely seen at any season on our Eastern coasts; and this circumstance, conjoined with its being now and then observed on the upper waters of our Western districts, and its breeding in great numbers on the borders of Bear River, which flows into the salt lake of Timpanajos in upper California, as well as in the marshes and along the banks of streams in many parts of the Rocky Mountains, induces me to believe that the individuals of this species, instead of proceeding along the shores, pass overland toward their breeding grounds, however far northward they may be situated. According to Dr. Richardson, it breeds in all parts of the fur countries, from the 50th parallel to their most northern limits.

While in our Atlantic districts, it is found in much greater numbers on the Chesapeake and the streams that flow into it than anywhere else. Indeed, it is not more than twenty years since its regular appearance and sojourn on the waters of the Southern States has been observed or at least acknowledged. Although at New Orleans, where it goes by the name of *Canard cheval*, it has been known to the oldest duck shooters now alive, from their earliest recollection, it is not more than about fifteen years since it began to rise from a very low price to $3 the pair, at which price it sold during my visit in March, 1837.

This enhancement of its value I look upon as having arisen from the preference given to it by the epicures of our Middle districts, who have strangely lauded it as superior to every other duck in the world. This alleged pre-eminence has indeed become so deeply impressed on the minds of many of our Southerners that they have on various occasions procured the transportation of numbers of canvasbacks from Baltimore to Charleston in South Carolina, and even to Savannah in Georgia, although this species is by no means uncommon within a few miles of the latter city, as well as on the Great Santee River. I well remember that on my pointing out to a friend, now alas dead, several dozens of these birds in the market of Savannah he would scarcely believe that I was not mistaken, and assured me that they were looked upon as being poor, dry and very fishy, in short, not half so good as mallards or blue-winged teals. With this I cordially agreed, for there, at that season, they are not better than represented.

I found this species in considerable numbers on and about the numerous inlets and rivers of east Florida; but did not see a single individual on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, along the coast of Labrador, or on that of Newfoundland.

It arrives in the neighborhood of New Orleans from Oct. 20 to the end of December, coming in flocks of eight or twelve, probably the members of a single family, and, unlike many other species, keeping in small groups during winter. At the approach of spring, however, they flock together, and about the first of April depart in large bodies. During their stay they are wont to alight in wet prairies and muddy ponds in all open places, feeding on the seeds of various plants, of which may be particularized the wild oat and the water lily.

According to Alexander Wilson, who first described this species, their arrival in autumn in the Middle districts takes place about Oct. 15; but more recent writers say that, "unless the weather of the North has been severe, the canvasback rarely appears till the middle of November." With this I fully agree, being convinced that their journeys to and from their breeding places are performed across the country. Were this perfectly ascertained, it would prove that this species, unlike most other ducks, instead of removing further southward in autumn and winter, takes what may be called a lateral march toward our Eastern districts, in which it remains until the weather has become too cold for its constitution, when it is forced a second time to migrate and betake itself to warmer parts of the country, where it continues during the rest of the winter.

The flight of this species, although resembling that of our larger sea ducks in having the appearance of being rather labored, is strong, rapid, at times very elevated, and well sustained. It swims deeply, especially when under apprehension of danger, and this probably the better to enable it to escape by diving, at which it is almost as expert as our sea or diving ducks. But, although its speed on the water is considerable, it moves rather heavily on land. Its food varies according to the season and locality. The plant called *Valisneria*, on which it is said to feed when on the headwaters of the Chesapeake, is not found equally abundant in other parts, and even there is at times so reduced in quantity that this duck and several other species which are equally fond of it are obliged to have recourse to fishes, tadpoles, water lizards, leeches, snails and mollusca, as well as such seeds as they can meet with—all which have been in greater or less quantity found in their stomachs.

Nothing is known of its manners during the breeding season; and we are equally ignorant of the changes of plumage which, like other species, it may undergo at that period.

As I have not had very good opportunities of making myself acquainted with the modes in which the canvasbacks are obtained for the markets, I here present an account of duck shooting on the waters of the Chesapeake, published some years ago in the "Cabinet of Natural History," and of which a copy has been transmitted to me by its author, Dr. J. J. Sharpless, of Philadelphia, to whom, for this and other marks of attention, I offer my best thanks:

"The Chesapeake Bay, with its tributary streams, has from its discovery been known as the greatest resort of water fowl in the United States. This has depended on the profusion of their food, which is accessible on the immense flats or shoals that are found near the mouth of the Susquehanna, along the entire length of Northeast and Elk rivers, and on the shores of the bay and connecting streams as far south as York and James rivers.

"The quantity of fowl of late years has been decidedly less than in times gone by, and I have met with persons who have assured me that the number has decreased one-half in the last fifteen years. This change has arisen, most probably, from the vast increase in their destruction, from the greater number of persons who now make a business or pleasure of this sport, as well as the constant disturbance they meet with on many of their feeding grounds, which induces them to distribute themselves more widely and forsake their usual haunts.

"As early as the first and second weeks in October the smaller ducks, as the buffelhead (*Anas albeola*), southsoutherly (*A. glacialis*), and the ruddy or heavy-tailed duck (*A. rubidus*) begin to show themselves in the upper part of the bay; and by the last of the month the blackhead (*A. marila*), widgeon or bald pate (*A. americana*), redhead (*A. ferina*), and the goose (*A. canadensis*) appear, and rapidly distribute themselves down the bay. The canvasback (*A. valisneria*) and the swan (*Cygnus americanus*) rarely, unless the weather to the north has been severe, appear in quantities till the middle of November. All these fowl when first arrived are thin and tasteless, from their privation during their migration and perhaps preparatory arrangements, and require some days at least of undisturbed repose to give them the peculiar flavor for which some of them are so celebrated. During the low tides succeeding their arrival the birds sit on the flats far from the shores, and rarely rise to the wing unless disturbed; but when the spring tides render the water too deep for feeding they commence their career, and pass down the bay in the morning and return in the evening. Most of these fowl feed on the same grass, which grows abundantly on the shallows in the bay and adjacent waters, and has been called duck grass (*Valisneria americana*). It grows from 6 to 18in. in length, and is readily pulled up by the root. Persons who have closely observed these ducks while feeding say that the canvasback and blackhead dive and pull the grass from the ground and feed on the roots, and that the redhead and bald pate then consume the leaves. Indeed, although the bald pate is a much smaller bird than the canvasback, it has been seen to rob the latter, immediately on its return from under the water, of all its spoil.

"All these larger ducks are found together when feeding, but separate when on the wing. That they feed on the same grass is evident from the similarity of flavor, and those most accustomed to the article have a difficulty in deciding on the kind of duck from the taste. Indeed, the bald pate is generally preferred by residents.

"By the middle of December, particularly if the weather has been a little severe, the fowl of every kind have become so fat that I have seen canvasbacks burst open in the breast in falling on the water; and, spending less time in feeding, they pass up and down the bay from river to river in their morning and evening flights, giving at certain localities great opportunities for destruction. They pursue even in their short passages very much the order of their migratory movements, flying in a line or baseless triangle; and when the wind blows on the points which may lie on their course the sportsman has great chances of success. These points or courses of the ducks are materially affected by the winds, for they avoid, if possible, an approach to the shore; but when a strong breeze sets them on these projections of the land they are compelled to pass within shot, and often over the land itself.

"In the Susquehanna and Elk rivers there are few of these points for shooting, and there success depends on approaching them while on their feeding grounds. After leaving the eastern point at the mouth of the Susquehanna and Turkey Point, the western side of the Elk River, which are both moderately good for flying shooting, the first place of much celebrity is the Narrows, between Spesutie Island and the western shore. These Narrows are about three miles in length, and from 300 to 500yds. in breadth. By the middle of November the canvasbacks in particular begin to feed in this passage, and the entrance and outlet, as well as many intermediate spots, become very successful stations. A few miles further down the western shore is Taylor's Island, which is situated at the mouth of the Rumney, and Abbey Island at the mouth of Bush River, which are both celebrated for ducks, as well as swans and geese. These are the most northerly points where large fowl are met with, and projecting out between deep coves, where immense numbers of these birds feed, they possess great advantages. The south point of Bush River, or Legoe's Point, and Robbin's and Rickett's points, near Gunpowder River, are fruitful localities. Immediately at the mouth of this river is situated Carroll's Island, which has long been known as a great shooting ground, and is in the rentage of a company at a high rate. Maxwell's Point, as well as some others up this and other rivers, and even further down the bay, are good places, but less celebrated than those I have mentioned. Most of these points are let out as shooting grounds to companies and individuals, and they are esteemed so valuable that intruders are severely treated.

"It has been ascertained that disturbing the fowl on the feeding flats is followed in most cases by their forsaking these haunts and seeking others; hence, in the rivers leading to the bay near flying points, they are never annoyed by boat shooting, either by night or day, and although the discharge of guns from the shore may arouse them for a time, they soon return; whereas a boat or sail in chase a few times will make them forsake a favorite spot for days.

"From the great number of ducks that are seen in all directions one would suppose that there could be no doubt of success at any one of the points in the course of flight; but while they have such correct vision as to distance and wide range of space, unless attending circumstances are favorable a sportsman may be days without a promising shot. From the western side of the bay—and it is there the best grounds are found—the southerly winds are the most favorable; and if a high tide is attended by a smart frost and mild south wind, or even calm morning, the number of birds set in motion is inconceivable, and they approach the points so closely that even a moderately good shot can procure from fifty to 100 ducks a day. This has often occurred, and I have seen eight fat canvasbacks killed at one discharge into a flock from a small gun.

"To a stranger visiting these waters the innumerable ducks, feeding in beds of thousands, or filling the air with their careering, with the great numbers of beautiful white swans resting near the shores, like banks of driven snow, might induce him to suppose that the facilities for their destruction were equal to their profusion, and that with so large an object in view a sportsman could scarcely miss his aim. But when he considers the great thickness of their covering, the velocity of their flight, the rapidity and duration of their diving, and the great influence that circumstances of wind and weather have on the chances of success, it becomes a matter of wonder how so many are destroyed.

"The usual mode of taking these birds has been, till recently, by shooting them from the points during their flight, or from the land or boats, on their feeding grounds, or by toling, as it is strangely termed, an operation by which the ducks are sometimes induced to approach within a few feet of the shore, from a distance often of several hundred yards. A spot is usually selected where the birds have not been much disturbed, and where they feed at 300 or 400yds. from and can approach to within 40 or 50yds. of the shore, as they will never come nearer than they can swim freely. The higher the tides and the calmer the day the better, for they feed closer to the shores and see more distinctly. Most persons on these waters have a race of small white or liver-colored dogs, which they familiarly call the toler breed, but which appear to be the ordinary poodle. These dogs are extremely playful, and are taught to run up and down the shore in sight of the ducks, either by the motion of the hand or by throwing chips from side to side. They soon become perfectly acquainted with their business, and as they discover the ducks approaching them make their jumps less high till they almost crawl on the ground to prevent the birds discovering what the object of their curiosity may be. This disposition to examine rarities has been taken advantage of by using a red or black handkerchief by day and a white one by night in toling, or even by gently plashing the water on the shore. The nearest ducks soon notice the strange appearance, raise their heads, gaze intently for a moment, and then push for the shore, followed by the rest. On many occasions I have seen thousands of them swimming in a solid mass direct to the object; and by removing the dog further into the grass they have been brought within 15ft. of the bank. When they have approached to about 30 or 40yds. their curiosity is generally satisfied, and after swimming up and down for a few seconds they retrograde to their former station. The moment to shoot is while they present their sides, and forty or fifty ducks have often been killed by a small gun. The blackheads toll the most readily, then the redheads, next the canvasbacks, and the bald pates rarely. This also is the ratio of their approach to the points in flying, although if the canvasback has determined on his direction few circumstances will change his course. The total absence of cover or precaution against exposure to sight, or even a large fire, will not turn these birds aside on such occasions. In flying shooting the bald pates are a great nuisance, for they are so shy that they not only avoid the points themselves, but by their whistling and confusion of flight at such times alarm others.

"Simple as it may appear to shoot with success into a solid mass of ducks sitting on the water at 40 or 50yds. distance, yet when you recollect that you are placed nearly level with the surface, the object opposed to you, even though composed of hundreds of individuals, may be in appearance but a few feet in width. To give, therefore, the best promise of success, old duckers recommend that the nearest duck should be in perfect relief above the sight, whatever the size of the column, to avoid the common result of over-shooting. The correctness of this principle I saw illustrated in an instance in which I had toled to within a space of from 40 to 70yds. off the shore a bed of certainly hundreds of ducks. Twenty yards beyond the outside birds of the dense mass were five blackheads, one of which was alone killed out of the whole number by a deliberate aim into the middle of the large flock from a rest by a heavy well-proved duck gun.

"Before I leave the subject of sitting shooting I will mention an occurrence that took place in Bush River a few years since. A man whose house was situated near the bank on rising early one morning observed that the river had frozen except an open space of 10 or 12ft. in diameter, about 80yds. from the shore, nearly opposite his house. The spot was full of ducks, and with a heavy gun he fired into it. Many were killed, and those that flew soon returned and were again and again shot at, till, fearful that he was injuring those already his own, he ceased the massacre and brought on shore ninety-two ducks, most of which were canvasbacks.

"To prevent the dogs, while toling, from running in, they are not allowed to go into the water to bring out the ducks, but another breed of large dogs of the Newfoundland and water spaniel mixture are employed. These animals, while toling is in progression, or at a point, take apparently as much interest in success as the sportsman himself. During a flight their eyes are incessantly occupied in watching the direction from whence the birds come; and I have frequently seen them indicate by their manner the approach of a flock so distant that the human eye would have overlooked it. As the ducks come on the dog lies down, but still closely observing them, and the moment the discharge occurs jumps up to see the effect. If a duck falls dead they plunge to bring it, but many of them wait to see how he falls and whither he swims, and they seem to be as aware as the gunner of the improbability of capture and will not make the attempt, knowing from experience that a bird merely winged will generally save himself by swimming and diving. These dogs usually bring one duck at a time out of the water; but a real Newfoundland, who was with me and my company this autumn, was seen on several occasions to swim 20yds. further, and take a second in the mouth to carry on shore. The indefatigability and ambition of these animals are remarkable, and a gentleman informed me he had known his dog bring in the space of one hour twenty canvasbacks and three swans from the water when the weather was so severe that the animal was covered with icicles, and to prevent his freezing he took his great coat to envelop him. Some dogs will dive a considerable distance after a duck, but a crippled canvasback or blackhead will swim so far under the water that they can rarely be caught by the dog, and it often has been observed that the moment one of these ducks, if merely winged, reaches the surface he passes under, and however calm cannot be seen again. To give an idea of the extreme rapidity with which a duck can dive I will relate an occurrence which was noticed by myself, and a similar one was noticed by another of the party the same

* From "Audubon's Ornithological Biography," published in 1838.

day. A male south-southerly was shot at in the water by a percussion gun, and after escaping the shot by diving commenced his flight. When about 40yds. from the boat he had acquired an elevation of a foot or more from the surface. A second percussion gun was discharged and he dived from the wing at the flash, and though the spot of entrance was covered by the shot soon rose unharmed and flew.

"Canvasbacks, when wounded on the streams near the bay, instantly direct their course for it, and there nestle among the grass on the shores till cured or destroyed by eagles, hawks, gulls, foxes, or other vermin, that are constantly on the search. If a dead canvasback be not soon secured it becomes a prey to the gulls, which rarely touch any other kind. I have seen severe contests take place between crippled canvasbacks and gulls; and although a pounce or two generally prevents further resistance, sometimes they are driven off. If the bird is remarkably savory the gull makes such a noise that others are soon collected, when possession is determined by courage or strength.

"Another mode of taking ducks consists in placing gilling nets under water on the feeding grounds, and when they dive for food their head and wings become entangled in the meshes and they are drowned. This plan, though successful at first, soon drives the bird from these places, and in some cases a few applications have entirely prevented their return for some weeks. Paddling upon them in the night or day produces the same effect, and although practiced to some extent on Bush River is highly disapproved of by persons shooting from points. For the last three years a man has been occupied on this stream with a gun of great size, fixed on a swivel in a boat, and the destruction of game on their feeding flats has been immense; but so unpopular is the plan that many schemes have been privately proposed of destroying his boat and gun, and he has been fired at with balls so often that his expeditions are at present confined to the night. Sailing with a stiff breeze upon the geese and swans, or throwing rifle balls from the shore into their beds, is sometimes successful.

"Moonlight shooting has not been a general practice, but as these birds are in motion during light nights they could readily be brought within range by 'honking' them when flying. This sound is very perfectly imitated at Egg Harbor, and I have seen geese drawn at a right angle from their course by this note. They can indeed be made to hover over the spot, and if a captive bird was employed the success would become certain.

"Notwithstanding the apparent facilities that are offered of success, the amusement of duck shooting is probably one of the most exposing to cold and wet, and those who undertake its enjoyment without a courage 'screwed to the sticking point' will soon discover that 'to one good a thousand ills oppose.' It is indeed no parlor sport, for after creeping through mud and mire often for hundreds of yards, to be at last disappointed, and stand exposed on points to the 'pelting rain or more than freezing cold' for hours, without even the promise of a shot, would try the patience of even Franklin's 'glorious nibbler.' It is, however, replete with excitement and charm, and to one who can enter on the pleasure with a system formed for polar cold and a spirit to endure 'the weary toil of many a stormy day' it will yield a harvest of health and delight that the 'roamer of the woods' can rarely enjoy."

Although this far-famed bird was named by its discoverer after the plant *Valisneria americana*, on which it partially feeds when on fresh water, its subsistence is by no means dependent upon that species, which indeed is not extensively distributed, but is chiefly derived from the grass wrack or eel grass, *Zostera marina*, which is very abundant on the shallows and flats along the whole sea coast. Its flesh seems to me not generally much superior to that of the pochard or redhead, which often mingles in the same flocks, and both species are very frequently promiscuously sold in the markets as canvasbacks.

In the plate are represented two males and a female. In the background is a view of Baltimore, which I have had great pleasure in introducing on account of the hospitality which I have there experienced, and the generosity of its inhabitants, who, on the occasion of a quantity of my plates having been destroyed by the mob during an outburst of political feeling, indemnified me for the loss.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION.

THE fourteenth congress of the American Ornithologists' Union convened in Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 9, and continued until Thursday, the 12th.

The evening or business session was held at the residence of Mr. Charles F. Batcheider, the public meetings, commencing Tuesday, Nov. 10, being in the Nash lecture room of the University Museum.

The active members present were: Dr. J. A. Allen, Dr. Jonathan Dwight, Jr., Frank M. Chapman and William Dutcher, of New York city; Dr. A. P. Chadbourne, Charles B. Cory and H. A. Purdie, of Boston; C. F. Batchelder, William Brewster and Montague Chamberlain, of Cambridge; Ruthven Deane, of Chicago; Drs. Elliott Coues and C. Hart Merriam, of Washington; and John H. Sage, of Portland, Conn.

The associate members present during the sessions were: Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, Miss Florence A. Merriam, Miss Helen A. Ball, Miss Harriet E. Clarke, Louis Agassiz Fuertes, George H. Mackay, G. S. Miller, Jr., Outram Bangs, Judge John N. Clark, O. W. Knight, Rev. H. K. Job, Dr. William C. Rives, F. B. Spaulding, William H. Phelps, J. D. Somborger, Edward A. Preble, Prof. F. E. L. Beal, Bradford Torrey, F. H. Kennard, Edward H. Forbush, Arthur C. Bent, Vernon Bailey, H. D. Eastman, Reginald H. Howe, Jr., George L. Toppan, Charles E. Ingalls, Joseph S. Bigelow, Jr., C. E. Bailey, John F. Ferry, F. Apthorp Foster, John M. Nichols, Philip J. McCook, Charles T. Carruth, Dr. Louis B. Bishop, Frank H. Hitchcock, W. W. Brown, Jr., Ralph Hoffmann.

William Brewster, of Cambridge, was elected president; Dr. C. Hart Merriam and Robert Ridgway, of Washington, vice-presidents; John H. Sage, of Portland, Conn., secretary; William Dutcher, of New York, treasurer; Charles F. Batchelder, Maj. Chas. Bendire, Frank M. Chapman, Chas. B. Cory, Drs. Jonathan Dwight, Jr., A. K. Fisher and L. Stejneger, members of the council.

Dr. Walter Faxon, of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, Cambridge, was unanimously elected an active member of the Union. Seventy-seven associate members were elected.

Mr. Wm. Dutcher, chairman of the Committee on Protection of North American Birds, read an interesting and most valuable report of the work done by his committee during the past year. This report will be published in *The Auk*, the official organ of the Union, and reprinted as a separate pamphlet.

The Union was honored during its entire session by the presence of Miss Maria R. Audubon, granddaughter of the renowned naturalist. In her behalf Dr. Elliott Coues laid before the Union some recently discovered manuscript journals of John James Audubon, including the one giving an account of his famous trip up the Missouri River. A vote of thanks was tendered Miss Audubon for her kindness in allowing the manuscripts to be exhibited.

Mr. Abbott H. Thayer's open-air talk, demonstrating his theory of the principles of protective coloration, was one of the features of the meeting. He was given a vote of thanks.

Resolutions were passed thanking Prof. Geo. L. Goodale and the Geological Department of Harvard University for the use of their respective lecture rooms for a meeting place of the Union, and thanking the Nuttall Ornithological Club for the cordial welcome and generous hospitality extended to the visiting members.

There was a good attendance of members and visitors.

It was voted to hold the next annual meeting in New York city, commencing Nov. 8, 1897.

The following is a list of the papers read at the sessions:

1. Original Manuscript Journals of John James Audubon. (On behalf of Miss M. R. Audubon.) Elliott Coues.
2. Ornithological Publications, Present and Prospective. Elliott Coues.
3. The *Fringillidæ* of Dodge County, Wisconsin. Will Edwin Snyder.
4. An Ornithological Tour in Yucatan and Mexico. Illustrated with lantern slides. Frank M. Chapman.
5. Some New England Birds' Nests. Illustrated with lantern slides from original photographs. William Brewster.
6. The Philadelphia Vireo (*Vireo philadelphicus*). Jonathan Dwight, Jr.
7. The Moult of the Song Sparrow (*Melospiza fasciata*) and of the Red-eyed Vireo (*Vireo olivaceus*). Jonathan Dwight, Jr.
8. Notes on the Black Rail (*Porzana jamaicensis*) in Southern Connecticut. John N. Clark.
9. Exhibition of Drawings of Birds, from Life. Louis Agassiz Fuertes.
10. Notes on the birds of Oregon. C. Hart Merriam.
11. A Demonstration of the Principles of Protective Coloration. Abbott H. Thayer.
12. Some Notes on the Nesting Habits of the White-tailed Kite (*Elanus leucurus*). With exhibition of eggs. Chester Barlow.
13. Two Curious Birds' Nests. William Brewster.
14. A Series of Redpolls. William Brewster.
15. On the Terns of Penikese Island, Massachusetts. George H. Mackay.
16. On the Terns of Muskeget Island, Massachusetts. George H. Mackay.

Adirondack Beavers.

WHEN the law was passed by the last Legislature to protect the beavers remaining in the Adirondacks, many considered that the time had gone by when any beavers were to be found alive requiring protection. That the theory was erroneous was shown yesterday. Hon. Jos. W. Russell, of the Saranac Iron Association, has forwarded to the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission a branch of a tree which unmistakably shows that beavers have been at work upon it. Colonel Fox, superintendent of State forests, received the branch yesterday, and found that the industrious little animals had peeled the bark from the stick and trimmed off with their teeth all the little branches. The limb was found, a part of a dam built by beavers, in Gross Pond, Township 20, in Franklin county, near the Adirondack hatchery and the Saranac Inn.—*Albany Argus, Nov. 10.*

Opossum in Niagara County.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Nov. 8.—A few nights ago J. S. Hollenbeck, of the town of Royalton, a few miles east of this city, was awakened by the barking of his dog. Thinking that some one was trying to carry off a few hundred barrels of his apples, Mr. Hollenbeck went out in the orchard and found that his dog (which Mr. Hollenbeck claims to be the best coon dog in Niagara county) had caught an animal which he at first thought was a coon; but found was an opossum. Mr. Hollenbeck brought it to me yesterday still alive, and although he has had it since Wednesday night it has not eaten anything. He thinks that the dog must have hurt its throat. Mr. Hollenbeck thinks it is an old animal, but I think it is a young of this year, as it weighed only about 8lbs. In color it is silver gray, much lighter than a coon. This is the first occurrence of this species in Niagara county that I have any record of. Is it not unusually far north? J. L. DAVISON.

Buffalo at Van Courtland Park.

TWENTY-FIVE buffalo from the herd of the late Austin Corbin were shipped from Blue Mountain Park, N. H., Nov. 15, to Van Courtland Park, in the upper part of the city of New York. In view of the scanty feed within the inclosure constructed for them it was deemed unwise to ship more at this time, but there is a possibility of fencing in additional land north of the present inclosure, in which case more buffalo will probably be brought on.

Dark-Colored Rattlesnakes.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Having seen the melanotic variety of our rattlesnake in Intervale, N. H., last September, I am interested to obtain more particulars regarding the dark-colored ones Aztec observed in the mountains near San Luis Potosi. Have any of your correspondents ever seen other dark varieties of rattlers elsewhere? No American author has noticed them apparently. A. S. PACKARD.

A Snake in a Grouse.

RUTLAND, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dr. C. A. Gale, of this city, on Oct. 17 dressed a ruffed grouse that was shot Oct. 12 that contained in its crop and gizzard a green snake fully 14in. long. About 2in. of the head end was in the gizzard. The rest was in the crop and the tail was still wiggling. The Doctor is preserving the snake and gizzard in alcohol. DALG.

Deer and Lilypads.

WE have several communications on this subject, which will be given next week.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN THE CASCADES.—IV.

The Waldo Lake Country.

IT was late when we turned out Tuesday morning. All except Christy were more or less tired from the previous day's exertions, and as for myself I was pretty well knocked out. Physically Christy is a most remarkable man; in fact about the toughest, hardiest man I ever went with into the mountains. Mears insists that he is just as tough intellectually, and a whole circus under one tent, including acrobats and trick mules. But Mears is prejudiced. Christy seems to delight in physical exertions that would kill anybody else. If there is anything in the doctrine of transmigration of souls Christy may at some time in the future find himself bell-wether in a flock of mountain goats.

I believe that Mead was about *hors de combat* also, but he prides himself on his endurance and wouldn't give in. He is nearly as obstinate as Christy.

Being somewhat the oldest and fattest of the crowd, I claimed the privilege of looking after the camp and providing the fish. The fact that we had caught enough trout the previous night to last the camp for two days inclined the boys to the belief that I intended to put in the day sleeping, and I guess they were about right. However, the boys were generous and made no objection. The fact of the matter was that I had fully made up my mind that the country was entirely too rough for fat men to hunt in and that I wouldn't hunt unless I had to.

The boys struck out, but returned early empty handed. They all reported plenty of sign. Christy declared that in all his long and varied hunting experience in this country and British Columbia he had never seen more, but the dryness and roughness made it next to impossible to approach game. Bear tracks were innumerable and of all sizes.

At several places we encountered one in particular as large as the crown of an ordinary man's hat and with toe nail marks that looked decidedly grizzlyish. It is claimed and generally believed that there are no grizzlies in the Cascades. No reason has been given, to my knowledge, except that it is too wet a country. But Mr. Fox, the surveyor at Detroit, whom I mentioned in my first paper, told me afterward, when I spoke to him of the track we had seen at the lake, that he and his partner had on two different occasions seen an immense grizzly near Mt. Jefferson; once within a few rods. It is a pretty well-known fact that a grizzly has made his home at the headwaters of the Molalla for years, and a Mr. Clark, of Oregon City, told Mead and I recently that a young grizzly was killed there this summer and brought into Oregon City.

Undoubtedly there are grizzlies in the Cascades—not many, but some. The bald or mealy face has been killed both in the Coast and Cascade ranges. Brown and black bear, particularly the latter, are very abundant all through this country.

This was an uneventful day. Myers brought in the packs that had been ignominiously dumped at the foot of the P. Warmer, which completed the comfort and convenience of our camp. We fished some, but the fish declined to respond to our most seductive casts, so we spent most of the afternoon sitting around camp, taking it easy and watching the maneuvers of the mischievous camp robbers or whisky jacks. As all mountaineers only too well know, they are the most impudent and yet the most entertaining of all mountain life, and I for one never tire watching them.

When night came we went out and repeated our experience of the previous night with the trout, except that we went later and returned to camp earlier with somewhat less trout. But we had fished slowly, and returned the smallest to avoid waste. These moonlight trouting experiences at Waldo Lake were among the most delightful of my whole sporting life, and, as Mead remarked, leaving out the P. Warmer, one night on that lake was worth all the expense and discomforts of the whole trip.

I wish that I could describe one of those moonlight excursions as we saw and felt it, but I can't. Of course, I have fished by moonlight before, but never under such novel conditions. Standing upon a frail log raft of scarcely sufficient dimensions to sustain our weight, we would slowly drift out like specters upon the placid bosom of the pretty lake and cast our black flies upon its dark, unfathomed waters. No mirror ever reflected more truly than did Waldo Lake reflect every peak, every tree, every twig of its surroundings. Through the pure, rarefied air the stars and planets looked unnaturally large and luminous. They too were reflected back in all their splendor and we were made to feel that we were suspended in ethereal space, with stars above and below us, and that we were beyond the reach of the law of gravitation. Continuing the comparison, the surface of the lake was like the face of a polished mirror, hardly discernible except when some greedy trout came up from the depths and struck at some real or imaginary fly. Then silvery ringlets would spread away and die in tremulous light and again the stars would look up at us from below. The mountain peaks, bright in the moon's clear, full light; the lower forests, dark in the gloom of their own somber shadows; the starry lights above and below us; the all-pervading, death-like stillness—all made us feel that we had in some unaccountable way been spirited away from earth to those occult regions of nature's domain from whence no traveler returns. Then the sharp, vicious tug of some big rainbow would bring us back to a realization of our mundane environments. Our casts had to be made toward the moon, for behind us our shadows were indeed frightful to behold. They looked like ogres, wielding immense clubs with hawser attachments.

Next day Myers wounded a big buck which got away, and Christy killed three black bears within two miles of the camp. So we had plenty of fresh meat, such as it was; but b'ar meat—even such as this, berry fed—is not a meat that I hanker after to any great extent. We all carried .38-55 guns, Mears and Christy Marlins, Mead and myself Winchesters. Either make is good enough, and no better guns are made for all-round work in the mountains. I let Myers use my rifle and I did nothing but fish, and so we spent our time at Waldo Lake. We had all the game and fish that we could possibly use and more, but

the boys jerked some of the meat and dried some of the fish. Nothing was wasted.

The time came when it was necessary that I should return to Portland. I came home a few days in advance of the others. I dreaded the trip out, but Myers and I took the two pack horses and started. The little roan cayuse got out all right, but poor Flora, Ed's big brown mare, fell over a precipice and we had to shoot her and let her go on down into the Brightenbush, where the bears have doubtless found her ere this and feasted upon her poor carcass. Ed felt her loss sorely, for she was all he had, and besides, as he said, she had been a kind, faithful animal.

He actually shed tears—but they were manly, sympathetic tears.

I deeply sympathized with him, and told him that when the boys came out we would see what we could do for him. But when generous, kind-hearted Mead heard of Ed's loss he promptly paid him her full value as fixed by Ed himself. Only those who have hunted and fished with Mead for years, as I have, know how generous and sympathetic he is, and although he sometimes gets a little off color when he can't have his own way about everything, he always follows the good old Bible doctrines of do unto others as you would that others should do unto you, and let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth in charitable matters. He will kick when he reads this little tribute from his old sporting friend, but it will be too late then, and I am glad of an opportunity, for once, to tell on him.

The loss of the mare compelled Ed and me to lie out in the mountains one night, and so I missed the train at Detroit next morning and had to put in the whole day there. Politics was the all-absorbing topic, and strange but often forcible arguments did I hear. One old fellow clinched his argument for McKinley and protection with the following broad but doubtful assertion: "When Harrison was Pres'dent you could go right down to the Santiam hyar a'most any time and cotch a 2ft. trout; now you sca'cely ever see one over 1ft. long." Whether he meant that our good Democratic President had been fishing the Santiam, or that its trout needed Republican protection on principle, each reader can determine according to his political bias or education.

At Gates, twenty miles below Detroit, I observed over a saloon door this rather novel and suggestive name, "Gates Ajar Saloon." The hotel proprietor at the same place had neatly worked the word "hotel" in moss over his door, and an old timber cruiser who had been sitting near me and trying to entertain me all the way down took advantage of the circumstance to remark that while these people were all kind-hearted and generous, they were as a rule powerful ignorant. "Jist look at that hotel feller," he remarked, "he's 'spelled hotel with one l." Yes, we do meet some rather peculiar characters in the mountains, but no better people live on the face of the earth.

There is lots of game with plenty of fish in the Waldo Lake country, but the trail is too rough to ever make it a popular resort—for fat men.

Christy and Mead are already planning another trip to the same country. They have my sympathy unless they attempt to take horses in. In that case my sympathies are transferred to the poor horses. I shall never forget those delightful moonlight fishing excursions, and now whenever I look at the moon some way I can't help thinking of Waldo Lake.

Oh, lovely lake, deep buried in the hills,
Enshrouded in clouds! And in your jeweled grave
Lie secrets, too, which fickle nature gave
To your safe care from Time's relentless mills,
That grind full slow, but grind as nature wills.
Far down where your unfathomed waters lave
The walls of precious stone and emerald cave,
Where silence deep the heart of nature stills—
Yes, deep down in that grave of mystery
Lie buried secrets of the hoary past
That wrinkle Time, and in whose history
The elves and sprites in terror stand aghast.
But calm in this, your dark consistory,
Dame Nature hides her secrets to the last.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

THE RANGELEY LAKES IN OCTOBER.

RANGELEY LAKES, Me., October, 1896.—The past fishing season has been favorable both in number and size of trout, and fully up to the usual standard. A notable increase of visitors was occasioned by the completion this spring of the railroad from Rumford Falls to Bemis on the great lake, and the road is expected to run all winter in connection with logging interests.

While the State of Maine since Oct. 1 has been credited with a large influx of sportsmen with shooting irons, the Rangeleys have not in this respect been overcrowded, although the number is in excess of that of previous years.

Not a large number of deer have been slain thus far, although thirteen deer and part of a moose are at present hanging on the porch of the principal camp on the large lake, where fourteen hunters are domiciled.

Directly about the two Richardson lakes perhaps a dozen and a half deer have been shot so far, of which the writer with two companions shot three during the first week of the month.

Since the first week the condition in the forest has been unfavorable for stalking, owing to the great fall of leaves, which have been dry and crisp, and has made it almost impossible to get up within sighting distance. With a good, soaking rain and some following misty weather the condition would again become favorable, as the carpeted ground would become soft and noiseless for the stalker. This condition can be the only one expected favorable for still-hunting until the snow comes.

With the approach of cold weather deer become more timid than at any other season of the year.

During the summer, while the deer have been seen daily about favored localities on the lake and pond shores, they have been easily approached, and have allowed boats to come within a hundred feet or so without exhibiting much alarm. I have repeatedly during the summer approached within very short distance of them, finding them sometimes feeding along the shores and at other times well out in the water.

In some instances they would go off in a bounding, frightened manner when too nearly approached, and at others with a slow walk, and in some instances simply to retire in sight behind the fringing bushes of the shore and remain peeping through until the intruder departed, and then return to the water.

At one fishing place near a lilypad growth, which I frequented during the summer, I always found two or three deer about, and one doe with her fawn became conspicuous by her constant frequenting of the spot, and would allow a very close approach; but when I ventured too near would simply retreat a short distance, and as I retired return to the pads and grasses.

So for a number of days I had her company at my fishing, and on two occasions she brought out her fawn for inspection—a tiny kid, which paddled about the shore while its mother grazed in deeper water.

We often notice the inclination of animals and birds to frequent the immediate vicinity of human beings, and invite their companionship, evincing a disposition to be friendly if they could, but, alas, too often compelled to pay the penalty of death for their temerity.

One might consider, from the advertising of game in the State of Maine, that the woods swarmed with deer; they may in some parts, but not about the Rangeley lakes. They have visibly increased in the past few years, and the occasional visitor in the summer, by often seeing deer in the water at the retired ponds, might assume that the woods were full of them, but such is not the fact, as many sportsmen during the past few weeks who have been out daily will attest. A large proportion of the deer come to the water in the summer, and it may be doubted if they are much in excess of one to the square mile of forest. At this season they are doubly cautious and shy, and if observed browsing in the woods appear to be on the closest guard, and steal off upon hearing the slightest crackling of twigs or rusting of leaves, and generally before being observed by the sportsman. When lying down, they will often rest until sighting the intruder, sometimes allowing a close approach, expecting possibly to be unobserved, and when rising will immediately bound off at a rapid rate, and most adroitly take advantage of shielding trees or bushes to cover the retreat. Rarely they will stand a moment or so before the sportsman or bound off in the partially open forest, and occasionally, under favorable conditions, they are first observed. These are the opportunities sought for by the sportsman, and fortunate he is if his shot is a stopping one; for often, although fatally wounded, they will travel for miles.

It is undoubtedly owing to the rigid Maine laws that deer are increasing about the lakes, for the practically enforced regulations against shining and crusting give an opportunity to increase, and they do so slowly but surely when protected and free from wolves, as in this locality.

The feed is prodigal, as evinced by those killed, which are invariably fat and full, and there is room for many times more than those already about.

Trout are also well protected and plentiful, and no season has been better than the last, and if the fishermen who displayed their skill at the Upper Dam during the season could see the large trout on the spawning beds now they would hardly expect any diminution of the noble fish in the immediate present. The water below the Upper Dam has been drawn down about 2ft. since Oct. 1, and the shallows below are covered with large trout of 4, 5, 6 and 8lbs., who make great commotion and exhibit their immense backs and tails with prodigal profusion. Ornamented as they are now in their highest colors, they present a most fascinating sight; now swimming along in pairs at a slow pace, then whirling in great eddies, then plowing across reaches with speed and streaming wakes.

With cautious steps they can be approached to within 10 or 15ft. and most closely observed, and if disturbed and driven away to deep water will speedily return.

I have never in many seasons seen the beds below the Upper Dam more fully occupied by large trout than now. Many believe the trout to be less plentiful than before, and prophesy that in a few years trout fishing at the lakes will be a feature of the past, but I do not agree with either opinion, and my annual experience extends over nearly forty seasons, and I have been here during the last season from its commencement in May to the end, and short enough it has seemed.

Particular fishing places do undoubtedly become more or less depleted, as notably that below the Upper Dam, which has been constantly occupied, not only during the day, but far into the evening. The boats about the pool have been so thick that one could hardly fish any time there without being entangled.

Although many trout come in there, they bear but a small proportion to those in the lakes. They are well distributed, and the favored fishing localities but few. Probably nine-tenths of the trout have their spawning beds in retired places, in comparatively still water and entirely unknown to the average visitor. The larger proportion are already upon the beds or through, but many families and tribes will come on later and spawn beneath the ice in December, and as late as January. I have watched them many seasons through the ice.

I think next to man the blue heron (*Ardea herodias*) is the greatest destroyer of trout at these lakes. This bird is an incessant nocturnal as well as daily feeder, and of inordinate appetite, and although its principal food is chubs and frogs it destroys a great many trout and will get away with ¼-pounders, if not larger. They will have no hesitancy in striking and fatally wounding trout of over 1lb. in weight. Yearly I see trout swimming about which have been struck and pierced by this bird, and this year I caught two which were unfit for food, each over 1lb. in weight, having holes in the back nearly through them as large as pipe stems. It may be a question if this bird, of which hundreds frequent the shores of the lakes from the early spring to the ice, do not in the aggregate kill more trout, principally small ones up to ¼lb., than all the fishermen. Aided by the loons, kingfishers and mink, they undoubtedly do. The latter, the mink, is a voracious feeder, and will destroy large numbers with the greatest ease from congregating pools and the breeding streams which feed the lakes.

A mink will kill a dozen 1lb. trout in a day when they are easily accessible, eating only the heads and leaving the bodies to decay. If one can get into a fisherman's car it will strip it clean of trout in a single night, even if there are several dozen, and carry every one off.

I had a car, which was accidentally left open, stripped one night last month of a dozen trout weighing from 1 to 2lbs. It was a very large car, having but a small opening in the top of about 8in. square, and was but half submerged, leaving fully 1ft. of raise from the water to the exit aperture. I could hardly see how so small an animal as a mink could haul out trout weighing more than itself; but a few days after, when I had replenished the car with ten or twelve more trout, one or two of which pulled above 2lbs. and one nearly 3lbs., I saw how it was done. I was sitting upon the shore when I observed a commotion in the car scarcely 40ft. from me. It was covered, but the trout were splashing about at a great rate; and presently I saw a mink appear on one side of the box, swimming about and beneath it, endeavoring to find entrance. I watched him for some minutes with great interest and amazement. He would swim around the box several times, then beneath, then crawl up the sides and inspect the top, then dive down beneath again and appear up on the other side, then hesitate apparently on top for reflection, and then in the most active manner commence his journey around and about the box again. He paid no attention to me whatever, as I remained perfectly quiet. He finally dove into the water and disappeared. Interested to know how he would act in taking the trout, I took advantage of his absence to go to the box and remove the cover, and returned to my previous sitting place. In a few moments I saw him appear at the box again; he swam about several times before mounting. On top he immediately discovered the opening, down which he disappeared. At first I thought I would run up and replace the cover, but then it occurred to me that I should perhaps catch a tartar; and besides I wished to see how the work was done, as I had been the victim of several losses of this character. The splashing in the car indicated his entrance, and in half a minute he appeared at the top dragging out a struggling 1lb. trout. But the struggles were comparatively faint, as the mink had evidently given the fish a distinctive quietus. Down into the water he slid and disappeared. I saw him soon appear along the shore above, when I lost sight of him. In less than three minutes he appeared again at the box and repeated his first act with a second trout, which he disappeared with as before, and returned after about the same lapse of time. The third act was more prolonged, as he attacked the largest trout in the car, heavier than himself but finally dragged it out and carried it off. I concluded it time to put the cover on the box and end the play, well satisfied that otherwise all the trout would soon disappear.

Now, the latter part of the month the blueback trout (*Salmo oquassa*) are spawning, and swim in large quantity in the shallows below the Upper Dam. They are not visible during the day, but at night come on in large numbers, and do not appear at any other season of the year. They are said to be an Arctic trout, and not found, that I am aware of, south of the region of the Rangeley lakes. They never take the fly or bait, and when taken at the spawning grounds are invariably with empty stomachs. They are very handsome, with very pretty heads and large eyes, are swallow or forked tailed, and carmine spotted, with blue backs. They average about 7in. in length, and about five to the pound. Occasionally one weighs ¼lb., and one has been caught this season of ½lb. and 11in. in length. They are caught by wading in the shallows with a lantern and dip-net. They are much more tenacious of life than the ordinary trout. I have had them out of the water an hour, and apparently lifeless, and resuscitated them by putting in the water again, and a number will live in a barrel of water without change for weeks, which would be fatal to the ordinary trout. For food they are passably good, but not superior. Their teeth are very fine and plentiful, and they evidently live on ground feed and the variety of infusoria which are so plentiful in the lakes. The large trout feed on them more or less, and they are occasionally found in them.

They undoubtedly inhabit the deepest water in the lakes. The only one I ever saw out of season I picked up some years ago on the surface, which was in a dying condition, having been wounded evidently by a loon, as evinced by a large hole through its body.

They remain on the spawning beds during the nights of about a week in the latter part of October, and sometimes swarm in such quantities that barrels full could be taken if nets were used.

J. PARKER WHITNEY.

MASSACHUSETTS AND MAINE.

BOSTON, Nov. 14.—Some remarkably good shooting has been enjoyed right in Massachusetts by those well posted on the grounds, and having good dogs and the opportunity to go after birds when the weather has favored. A number of coveys of quail have been located in Dedham, and Boston hunters have got some of them. G. H. Smith got half a dozen the other day. In Reading also a number of quail and partridges have been taken lately. In Byfield the shooting has been excellent. C. H. Tarbox and the Baileys have had their share of them. The other day they started several bunches of quail, with thirty or forty in a bunch. One day last week Mr. Tarbox, with the aid of his dog, started seven partridges at one outing, and within a short distance of his home. He was fortunate enough to get four out of the seven. Black duck shooting is also good in that section. A local gunner got twenty or thirty birds out of one flock the other day. The Plymouth county lakes and ponds are being worked for both ducks and geese, and with considerable success. The clubs having shooting camps, blinds and other privileges are the best off. Some Boston club sportsmen got twelve wild geese at Pleasant Lake the other night.

Dr. Heber Bishop, who has the best moose record of any sportsman in New England, if not in the world, is out of the woods again from the Moose River Valley. He was accompanied by a friend, Mr. Arthur Wilson. They brought out four buck deer and a bull caribou. One of the deer was the largest on record, Dr. Bishop thinks, and his opinion is good, coming from much experience. It weighed, bereft of everything but meat, hide and horns, 282lbs., the exact weight the American Express Co. charged for the transportation of it. In its state as killed it must have weighed over 350lbs. Dr. Bishop is skeptical about the weight of deer as well as moose, having found the latter oftener under 150lbs. than over. Frequently a large deer is killed. The guide declares that it will weigh 250lbs., but put on to the scales the sportsman is disappointed at finding that it barely tips 150lbs. The weight of moose the Doctor finds to have been greatly exaggerated. He has killed a large number and seen a large

number, but scarcely ever seen one on the scales above 475lbs. He says that a moose weighing 900lbs. is a big one.

George Cherry, of Essex street, is out of the woods with a fine moose, which was displayed in the window of his restaurant. It was shot at Cherryfield, Me., or in the vicinity of that town. He has in his refrigerator a number of deer and four bears. Speaking of bears, the number coming in to the Boston markets is unusually large this fall. Two were sent in for sale to Messrs. Hyde & Wheeler the other day. They were from Bethel, Me., and killed in that vicinity. The shipper informs Mr. Wheeler that some twenty bears have been killed already in the vicinity of Bethel or north of that town. They have visited the apple trees near to the forests or on abandoned farms, and have actually broken down great limbs in order to get the apples. They are generally taken in traps.

Mr. James B. Jones is another sportsman who has been remarkably successful near home. Early in the season he had several broods of quail located in the town of Topsfield. The first day of the open season he could not get away; but the second day he was there, with a friend and dogs. Twelve quail and a woodcock resulted from the day's shooting. Mr. Jones says that he never had better sport in his life. He will try the same location again at Thanksgiving.

From 4 to 6in. of snow in the woods of Maine and New Hampshire has started a number of sportsmen after big game, but the weather is too mild and the snow is likely to depart before the moose, deer and caribou suffer too badly.

A Worcester, Mass., party, consisting of F. M. Harris, Calvin Macomber, Ralph Morgan, Samuel Alden and O. C. Ward, returned Saturday night from the Moosehead Lake region, where they killed in three weeks ten bucks and three does. Moose were seen and a shot got at a bull, but he escaped. SPECIAL.

Game Bag and Gun.

Our readers are invited to send us for these columns notes of the game supply, shooting resorts, and their experience in the field.

WATER KILLING DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Deerslayer claims that the gentlemen who wish to prohibit hounding are fancy shooters, etc., while he is an old-fashioned hunter. This phrase suggests to me the species (rapidly becoming extinct, praise the Lord!) whose habit it was to shoot two dozen partridges in one shot as they sat on the ground in a bunch. Deerslayer claims that 5,000 deer were killed in the Adirondacks last year, and that therefore they are not becoming scarce. This is an absolute reason that the deer are becoming scarce; no circumscribed piece of country can stand such a drain. Deerslayer says that they will last his time. It is hardly necessary to suggest his sublime disregard for posterity, even for that courageous chip of the old block who succeeded in slaughtering a deer after a guide had it tied up for him to murder.

By his own account the deer has absolutely no chance, and the method has wonderful advantages, for it could be executed by an infant or an invalid. The sportsman-butcher has absolutely nothing to do except to point a shotgun and pull the trigger. The guide rows after the deer, ropes it and holds it while it is shot. Mind, the imbecile is not even expected to use a rifle.

One suggestion would not be out of place. This is that Deerslayer confine his sporting instincts. If he would shoot calves in his back yard, we are sure it would be more pleasant for all concerned. PINEHURST.

SOUTHERN MASSACHUSETTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My hunting days have long been over, for I am past four score and my sight has failed so that I can no longer shoot, and reading is so difficult for me that I rarely attempt it, and I have become so deaf that no one can read to me for any length of time. Occasionally, however, when my son meets with anything of special interest he brings it to me, and he has just called my attention to the letter of Deerslayer in your paper of Oct. 31.

It has stirred my blood to such a degree that I cannot restrain the expression of my indignation that anyone who pretends to be a sportsman should advocate such a sneaking method of killing deer, worthy only of the meanest pot-hunter. Such a man would shoot barn-door fowls in a barnyard and think it legitimate sport; and then to assume the pseudonym of honest old Natty Bumpo—that model of a sportsman! It's enough to stir his bones in their grave!

He asserts that game laws are needless; that there is no danger of exterminating game; that all the talk about "still-hunting" and "shooting on the wing" is nonsense. If one wants real sport let him put his dogs into the wood and lie close till they drive a deer into the lake, then chase him in a boat and put a rope over his antlers and then put a charge of buckshot into him! The man who would kill a deer in such a way is no better than a murderer, a sneak thief or a pickpocket. He is precisely the kind of cockney sportsman who make game laws necessary. A mere sensualist, whose only object is to gratify his palate. In reply to his assertion that there is no danger of deer becoming exterminated, I need only point to notorious facts. Have they not become exterminated from all the settled portions of New England except a few preserves? Have not the buffalo which once roamed in countless millions on the prairies been so completely exterminated that the only representatives left are the few that have been domesticated in private herds? And finally have not the Indians themselves—the wild men of the forest—been exterminated, with the exception of the few scattered remnants of tribes that have adopted the dress and habits of the white men?

Writing has become so much of a task for me that it has taken me two days to write these few lines, and this is probably the last contribution I shall ever make to your columns. But with my latest breath I would denounce the man who would resort to such unsportsmanlike shifts, and I trust there are men enough left who share my feelings who will cry out against such contemptible theories as are advocated in the letter of Deerslayer. H. W. S. CLEVELAND.

CHICAGO, Ill.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In am somewhat surprised at the reception given my note respecting the hounding of deer. The character of the responses is not at all what I had anticipated. Just review the epithets that have been bestowed upon me. The *Mail and Express* editor calls me a human fiend, a cheerful assassin, a diabolical Kurd, a creature whom an inscrutable Providence permits to live, a brute, butcher, deer butcher. My son is called a precocious cub. I am advised to run a slaughter house, to take a place in the Union Stock Yards at Chicago, and one correspondent exhorts me to set my old grandmother afire and kill her with a crowbar. (This, naturally enough, comes from the grand old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, with its record of twenty human beings, mostly old women, and two dogs executed for witchcraft.) Another writer, more humane perhaps than the rest, would annihilate me at a stroke by calmly denying to me any existence at all; he appears to think me a myth. The whole thing reminds me of what I've read of the old days, when you put into the pillory the writer whom you didn't agree with, and cropped his ears and plunked him with rotten eggs.

I beg to extend to all these kind critics assurances of my most distinguished consideration. I shall not return their compliments, not on such short acquaintance. A true deer hounder will not resort to blackguardism. He is able to conduct a discussion in a gentlemanly way. But does it not occur to you that this reverting to the old system of putting in the stocks one who does not agree with you is a very poor makeshift for real argument? And is it surprising that I am not converted by your calling me bad names? That I fail to find in any of the communications printed any one thing which could possibly be dignified as an argument to appeal to sensible men?

Let us consider some of the propositions advanced by the advocates of the system of still-hunting. First comes the grotesque notion of the *Mail and Express* man that the only truly sportsmanlike way to hunt deer is to shoot at them from long range, and he implies that he thinks that the longer the range the more sportsmanlike the act. Now if there is any one thing in the whole realm of sportsmanship which disgusts me for the diabolical cruelty it involves, it is this very same long range shooting at game. It stands to reason that the longer the range the greater the opportunity to wound without killing, and the more then is the cruelty involved. Long range shooting is not sportsmanlike; it is the kind of work indulged in by novices and greenhorns who are making their first warfare against game. These long range fellows have more to answer for than all the rest of the sportsmen community put together. It is they who pump lead at fleeting bands of elk and bunches of antelope, hurling after the game their bullets, where they can do nothing but to maim, with not the slimmest chance of recovering their victims. It is the tyro who shoots at ducks or quail at distances where no man with any brains in his head could expect to do anything more than to wound. These are the maniacs, who shoot without sense or reason. All through the woods you can find the disgusting evidences of their work in the game "shot down and left to taint the blessed air," as Nessmuk puts it.

Now, Mr. *Mail and Express* man, the next time you have wounded your game at long range and have followed it for awhile, and then, becoming tired of the weary pursuit, abandon it to its fate, while you sit down on a rock to exult over your only truly true sportsmanship, and to swell up with pride in your self-adulation at being so much exalted above the fiendish deer hounder—just let your conscience talk to you about the poor beast which has escaped from you, sorely wounded, and to suffer for no one knows how long, and then—but why talk about this? The long range hunter probably is blessed with a long range conscience. If the deer could talk they would probably tell us that from their standpoint the practice of the man who makes short work of them with guide and boat (and noose, if you please) is a less terrible being than the long range hunter who wantonly wounds to gratify his idiotic pride in fluke marksmanship.

Another thing that makes me tired is this still-hunter's cant about "giving the game fair play" and "pitting one's skill against that of the deer." What is this much vaunted fair play? Why, a still-hunter simply sneaks up on his game and kills it before the poor thing suspects his presence. Did you ever hear of a still-hunter, when he had come up on his deer, whooping and hurrahing and waving a red flag, and getting it on the jump, to give it "fair play" before he shoots? Not much. Of all sportsman's cant, say I, this of "fair play for the game" is the thinnest, silliest and most pharisaical.

Yet this talent for sneaking possessed by a few they present as the only simon-pure, correct and refined sportsmanship, and this in language foreign to sport, by denouncing the other fellows as fiends and Kurds.

And what does "pitting your skill against the game's cunning" actually mean? It means that you put not your skill against that of the game, but the skill of the man who made your gun, of the boy who loaded your cartridges by machinery, of the guide who takes you to the woods and puts you on the trail, and who, if you are a moose hunter, calls up the game for you and tells you "Now shoot." It is pitting not your "skill," but fire and lead against the game. You might as well talk of pitting the skill of a commander of a warship against the cunning of the helpless women and children in the town he is bombarding with dynamite guns. If the deer too had a gun and knew how to use it, there'd be some "pitting" for sure—that is, if your valiant still-hunter ever ventured in the woods looking for "fair play."

What rubbish to talk of the cunning of a deer when it is sneaked upon by the still-hunter, and when it is shot without even knowing it is in danger. What rubbish to talk of an equality between the cunning of a deer and the cunning of a man armed with a repeating rifle. Can the deer have a cunning equal to that of the man? No. Were it a thousand times more cunning, man is more so; and yet we are told that the deer's cunning opposed to the infinitely greater cunning of man, reinforced with a rifle, is an equality.

Now don't you think that you are overworking dear old Nessmuk when you quote him as a patron saint of your style of still-hunting? If I remember rightly, Nessmuk used to go into the woods with just three bullets. He said that that was enough for him. Is there one among you who would follow his example? Why, in this same issue of FOREST AND STREAM containing your letters I find a story from a correspondent who went into the Rockies and took with him 200 cartridges. Not long ago some one else told about his party taking 500 rounds of ammunition apiece. In heaven's name, for what? To give the game a chance? Nessmuk was a little man, not a giant; honest now, wouldn't he have staggered helplessly under the modern up-to-date still-hunter's load of 500 cartridges? My notion is that he would have fallen down. Faugh! what would Nessmuk (honor to his memory) say to your calling him to witness for you? It reminds me of a story I read the other day about a dramatic company's playing of Hamlet. "We could settle the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy right now," said one who was present. "How?" "Just go and see which one turned over in his grave last night." Poor Nessmuk!

Do not misunderstand me. I am not criticising your methods in the least. If you prefer to sneak up to your game as an assassin on his victim, that is all right—so long as the game holds out and there is enough to go around, so that we can all take some in our own approved ways. For my part, I like the music of the hounds, the exultation of the chase (particularly if there are half a dozen boats heading for the same deer), and the satisfaction of knowing after I have gotten my game that it was taken expeditiously and without flummery, and that there is no chance for it to go off in the woods and lie down in prolonged agony, as it might have done if wounded by one of you long range sportsmen. Moreover, after I take my one shot and kill my deer I do not feel that I am less of a sportsman than he who goes about with a gun stuffed from end to end with cartridges, whose belt around his waist is stuffed with many more and whose baggage is overweighted with hundreds more.

Now, I repeat that in all the letters printed in the reply to mine there is not one word of argument to show why the Legislature should forbid the hounding of deer in the Adirondacks. You surely do not expect the Legislature to be influenced by your wholesale denunciation of me as a bogy man. I am not likely to appear in the eyes of the men at Albany such a monster that they must needs enact a special law to deal with my particular case. The whole substance of your argument is that you kill your deer differently from how I kill mine, and that the ego and the right are the same thing.

The editor himself concedes that game laws are not passed to require so-called "sportsmanlike" methods of game killing. Game protection is only a question of keeping up the supply. It rests therefore with the opponents of deer hounding in the Adirondacks to show that deer hounding decreases the deer beyond the recuperative powers of the stock. We deer hounders have on our side the authority of Chief Fish and Game Protector Pond, that hounding is not injurious in its effect upon the deer supply, and I cite his opinion as worth more than all the hysterical statistics given out by the men whose arguments are four-fifths emotional denunciation and one-fifth statistics. Horace Greeley once said that there were three kinds of lies—lies, blank lies and statistics.

Most deer killed in the Adirondacks are killed by hounding. The same is true of Maine. And yet in both regions the game is on the increase.

To sum it all up, deer hounding is more humane than still-hunting; it gets the deer without unnecessary cruelty; it does not ruinously deplete the supply; it is a method in which more hunters can take part than in any other. There may be two hundred hunters out about a body of water where only one deer is killed. Hundreds and thousands can take part in deer hounding who cannot still-hunt. The rights of the majority should be respected in this as in other things. That is the true American doctrine. The deer hounders can as justly claim that their rights and privileges shall be protected as can the still-hunters.

Now, gentlemen, just one last word, more in sorrow than in anger: Denunciation is not argument.

DEERSLAYER.

The *Record*, of Wells, Hamilton county, declares that 1,000 deer were shipped through that village during the last week of the hounding season.

THE MAINE MOOSE SITUATION.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Oct. 31, under the head of "Parting Shots at Maine Moose," is an article which I have read with much interest. Growler is very much to be commended for the interest he takes in the preservation of the moose, but I cannot agree with him that it is necessary to make a close time for ten years, or for anything different from the law as it stands to-day. If the present law was enforced to the letter, moose would be well taken care of, and in my judgment would rapidly multiply. In making this assertion I desire to say that I am casting no reflections on the Game Commissioners or their Assistants, or on the work that they have done, and from what I have been able to learn this work has been more thoroughly done this year than ever before, and they should receive nothing but praise from all sportsmen.

The hunting grounds of Maine cover many miles, and I imagine that the Commissioners have not sufficient funds at their command to thoroughly cover all the points as they should be for a proper protection of game.

Growler says, "Another reason why bull moose of more than two years of age are getting scarce in Maine is that all the large males can be called in the love-making season," etc.; but he neglects to say that this love-making season is in close time when game is protected by law. The rutting season is at its best early in September and is practically over by the first of October, and my own experience, with one of the best moose callers in the State as a guide, is, that it is next to impossible to call out a large bull after that time; and if my experience is the same as that of other hunters there seems to be no occasion for a closer season for this reason given by Growler, as October first is the earliest time when game can be killed lawfully.

The assertion that few large bulls are seen is accounted for by the fact that a larger part of the hunting is done in canoes, and while small bulls and cows frequent the streams and meadows, the large bulls usually are back on the bogs and out of sight; thus giving the impression to anyone who has not carefully looked into the question that, while there are plenty of cows and yearlings, there are no large bulls. I have just returned from a two weeks' trip in the Maine woods and have seen more evidences of the increase in moose than on any trip I have

before made. I had the good fortune to run across two bulls who were quietly feeding. I found them quite tame, but inclined to dispute my right to land from the canoe, but they finally concluded not to do so, and leisurely trotted off. I could have shot them both without difficulty, but as I had already killed one, I refrained from doing so, although the temptation was strong.

On my way home I met a gentleman who run on to three bulls together, and leisurely picked off the largest. These two experiences will show that there are a few bulls left.

It is undoubtedly true that there have been many bulls killed this year, probably more than were killed last year, but I claim that the larger part were killed in the close season. I have hunted in Maine for many years, and have an intimate acquaintance with many of the best guides, and they all assure me that it is a fact that nineteen out of every twenty bulls that are killed are killed in September during the rutting season, the "sport" remaining in camp over into October long enough to be able to claim, if questioned by a game warden, that his bull was taken in that month. To confirm the assertion that I have just made I desire to state a case that came to my notice this season. I started into camp Oct. 2, and my first day out I met a party on the way home with a head, and the skin and particles of flesh on the skull were as dry as though baked in an oven; the hair was of a very peculiar color, different from any that I had seen before. Two days after this time, while hunting in the locality where this bull was shot, I was attracted by a strong smell coming from a certain point, and on an investigation found portions of a moose hanging in a tree, hide on, and with this same peculiar colored hair as seen on the head, showing that they without doubt came from the same animal; the meat had been taken possession of by maggots, showing conclusively that the animal had been shot in September, and during the early part at that.

It is a fact that is unquestioned that many thousand dollars are spent each year in Maine by sportsmen which would not be spent if there was a close time on moose for ten years or less, and this fact alone should be enough to induce the Maine Legislature to appropriate money enough to enable the Commissioners to properly enforce the present law; and if this was done, in my judgment, the problem of the increase of game would be solved.

I have thought for some time that if the Commissioners could devise some plan to interest the guides in the protection of game, they would receive very valuable assistance from them. At present, however, the average guide looks upon a game warden as his enemy, and is therefore indifferent. This has been largely brought about by the employment in the past of incompetent wardens; but I am inclined to think that the weeding out process has commenced and that more intelligent men are now employed and probably in time. When the guides realize that the warden instead of being his enemy is his friend, and is working for that which will benefit his pocket, he will prove a valuable assistant to the Fish and Game Commissioners.

In conclusion I desire to repeat what I have said before, that in my judgment, if the present game laws are enforced, they are strong enough to protect game and to allow it to increase; but to do this the Commissioners must;

First—Have sufficient funds to carry on and enlarge the good work that they are now doing, and

Second—Interest the guides and secure their co-operation. X.

[We have further a communication from Mr. Jonathan Darling on this type.]

HUNTER'S LUCK.

I SEE from the various reports in your columns that the sportsmen are returning from their trips, and as a matter of interest to all of your readers their experience and successes are being recorded. Let me add my quota:

Mr. H. S. Clark, first teller in the Lincoln National Bank, of this city, who last year had such good luck with caribou, securing two fine heads to his own gun, being anxious to add an elk or big-horn to his fine collection, started with a party under fine auspices for the big game region of Colorado, as we mentioned in a former article in this paper. They went some fifty miles by buckboard and then forty more on horseback and on foot up the mountains beyond civilization to a substantial camp. They report a delightful time in camp, plenty of antelope, some blacktail, and grouse without number, but no elk antlers adorn Harry Clark's dining room this season. They saw several herds of elk (one quite large one), but not a horn among them all; all had been thinned out by market or head hunters. Clark will try it again next season.

Dr. P. W. Levering, Dr. Z. P. Fletcher, John Polhemus and James Earl, of Jersey City, sojourned around Porter's Lake, some fifteen miles up the mountain in Pike county, Pa. They brought back a box of grouse and one of the finest four-year-old does we ever saw, very fat, weighing 168lbs. when paunched. We had some of the steaks and they were delicious. The party were met at Canadensis by Geo. Crane with his double team, who introduced them to Mr. Aug. Rabourdin, of Mount Hope, the hunter and guide of the wilds to be prospected. Mr. Rabourdin is an old French soldier, a man of more than ordinary intelligence, loves the woods and is posted in regard to its localities, and is a very companionable man.

The first day they secured several grouse only. The second day (and how singular things turn out!) Mr. Polhemus owed his lucky shot to tumbling off a log into the river. At the Bushkill River a tree had fallen across, over which the party had crossed in safety with the exception of Mr. Polhemus; for some reason or other when in midstream he lost his equipoise and went over. Dr. Levering rushed back and helped him back on to the frosty log, only to see him go over again; but he finally reached the other shore a very wet and demoralized individual. Hunter Rabourdin, after taking the party up some distance on a ledge that overlooked considerable country, said: "This is a fair runway for deer. I expected to put Levering here and you further on; but as you are so wet, you had better stop here; build a fire and dry yourself, as it may be a couple of hours before we start a deer." Polhemus had got nicely dried, had a good smoke, and was feeling on good terms with himself and mankind in general, when he heard the hound's full tone bearing up the ravine, and a doe came bounding along which he stopped cautifully. Moral: If you want to get the best runway for deer tumble into the brook for it. Don't believe it, and don't want to try it.

The best episode in the whole trip was Doc Levering's bear experience. The guide had come around and posted the different stands that there was a bear in the swamp, and the dog might drive him out by either one of their stands. The guide had with him when he first started out a large black Newfoundland dog, which he kept in leash beside him.

Levering, having eaten his lunch, was taking things coolly when he happened to look over toward a large rock some 40 or 50yds. away, when he saw the guide's black dog stick his head above the rock, his paws in front, gazing at him. Levering with his Winchester at his shoulder, his elbow on his knee, took deliberate sight between the eyes of the dog, saying to himself, "Oh, if you were only the bear, how I would spoil those eyes!" The dog dropped back out of sight. Soon the hound came bellowing along that way; then the guide followed. "Didn't you see anything of the bear?" "No," says the Doctor, "I saw your black dog over there by that rock." "Why, my dog has been with me all the time." On investigation the mark of the bear's paws with the black muck from the swamp was plainly discernible on the rock. Levering don't like to hear this story told, but then you know, history is history. He says it is bosh, that he knows the difference between a dog's and a bear's ears.

Richard Dyne, of Jersey City, has just returned from Pike county. He went for grouse. Dyne is, we think, one of the best if not the best brush shot (for grouse especially) in the whole State of New Jersey; and we will not bar Jack Brewer, Sam Castle, Big Terrell, or any one else. We got the cartridges for Dick. He said he wanted no boy popguns; that when he went for grouse in the brush he wanted something that he could depend upon to kill. We got him from Squires some Winchester reinforced-base shells, loaded with 3¼drs. Walsrode and No. 7 chilled shot. Dick expected to bring back from fifty to 100 grouse, but alas! upon arriving at the grounds up the mountain (they drove some twenty-five miles from the railroad) they found miles of the best hunting ground a blackened waste. Some fool hunter had carelessly or intentionally fired the forest, and of course the birds had left. They only put up nine, eight of which they secured. In the swamp where the fire had not reached they found a few woodcock, and knocked over a half dozen of what Dick calls jack rabbits (big fellows). They were, we suspect, the northern hare (*Lepus arcticus*), as we have no jack rabbits wild around here.

Dick made a double shot which is worth recording. He had followed a big cock grouse some distance, the wary bird not lying for the dog, but getting up with a whir beyond shot range, but at each rise lying closer. At last Dick marked it down to a nicety and his dog drew and then came to a stand; the bird got up and was promptly knocked over, when to Dick's amazement at the crack of the gun a buck deer sprang up and bounded off, giving him a fair side view, some 20 or 25yds. distance. Dick is always cool and he held for just back of the shoulder and down came the animal, a spikehorn buck, the No. 7 chilled cutting the heart in two, and the shot going through the body even to the skin in the opposite side. The deer weighed 158lbs. when dressed. Dick has great faith in Walsrode powder for penetration.

And lastly, as to your subscriber, who essayed to try the swales of Dutchess county, where he had such sport last fall, an account of which appeared in your paper. We were met at the depot by Coz Will Boardman. After supper we were heartily received by the boys at Numan's, the sportsmen's headquarters of that region. They thought there were some birds around. We were much disappointed to learn that we could not secure the services of Jack Fitzpatrick, who was engaged night and day running the engine of a cidar mill in the neighborhood. This is a great year for apples, and it did seem too bad to see thousands and thousands of bushels rotting on the ground; it would not pay to gather and barrel them for market. This cider mill, with a 15 horse-power engine, would cider up from 100 to 250 bushels of apples in a day. Connected with the mill was an "evaporator" they called it—a commodious house where apples were pared, cored, sliced and dried with the aid of some half dozen bright-eyed lassies and as many boys. We regret that we have lost our notes, but we thought at the time it was all very interesting, if not really connected with sport. But then, you know, sweet cider is awful good.

Bright and early, with Mike Fitzpatrick (Switzer, the boys call him) and his dog Cute, we climbed the hills. We found the birds few and very wild; would not lie to a dog until after having been put up several times; and it was hard work climbing those ledges. Mike didn't seem to mind it a bit, but Jacobstaff's three-score years and five told on him after the first few hours, and he was glad to take to the squirrel woods, where he had some good old-fashioned sport with the bushy tails. They are quite plenty around there this year and they make an elegant pie; beat a hare or rabbit all hollow.

The next day Mr. W. H. Bartlett, ex-Sheriff of the county, and one of the proprietors of the Amenia brick yard, very kindly took us in his buggy up the mountain some eight miles to the gold mine recently discovered, and from which good things are expected. The shaft is now sunk some 150ft. (116 perpendicularly), and they expect to strike the mother vein of rich gold-bearing quartz at about 300ft. The ore that they are taking out now contains, among other things, iron pyrites and what they call arsenical gold, assaying from $10 to $60 a ton, averaging so far about $37 per ton. We lost all our notes during the excitement of the election and regret we cannot recall the very lucid explanation given us of ore veins, etc., by the practical miner, an experienced man from Denver, sent for by the company. He has great hopes of the future development of gold in Dutchess county, as several of the farmers have, as claims are being made and staked out; but all are waiting for this first experiment.

Among our trophies bagged by Jacobstaff was a big black woodchuck. We wished we had him home, for we recall that in our boyhood days baked woodchuck was not bad. But Cousin Kate didn't seem anxious to cook the animal and Coz Will didn't urge the matter very hard, so we presented it to friend Numan, which I don't believe he really appreciated either.

Well, we had a good visit, made some desirable friends and got some game, not much; but, as Shakespeare says of the wound, "Not as deep as a well or as wide as a door but will do," or words to that effect; and so ends trip second to Amenia.

What capital articles Fred Mather is giving us! His notes on trapper life are graphic and to the life; we know, having been there, and his article on Chas. H. Raymond, whom no one knows but to love, was peculiarly felicitous. I trust he will keep up the series down to modern days, when we can recognize familiar faces in his splendid portraits—Gen. Arthur and others. JACOBSTAFF.

PROTECTION IN ALABAMA.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Nov. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last night in the Commercial Club a number of well-known gentlemen of this city gathered pursuant to a call, and steps of an initial nature were taken to have laws drafted and carried out, whereby the fish and game of this State will be better protected. Mr. H. K. Milner was elected temporary chairman, and Mr. John B. Rosenstihl temporary secretary. The chairman stated the object of the meeting, and the matter was discussed with an earnestness which indicated success.

On motion of Dr. J. H. Allen, a committee of five was appointed to draft general laws and plans whereby they might be carried out, looking to the preservation of fish and game in the State. They were Dr. J. H. Allen, Judge W. W. Wilkerson, H. Perry, J. T. Glover and Dr. Alf Eubanks.

On motion of Dr. Allen the chair appointed as a committee of three to request the press of the State to let the citizens know of the meeting, its objects, etc., and to add a request that all in sympathy with the movement signify their willingness to participate in it by communicating with the secretary, Hon. F. P. O'Brien and W. A. Porter and Dr. George Eubanks.

Major W. J. Milner moved a committee of three, the chair included, be appointed to draft suitable constitution and by-laws and report permanent officers to a subsequent meeting. The chairman named T. T. Ashford, Dr. R. G. Jones and himself as the committee.

The meeting adjourned subject to call.

We are very much in earnest over this question. Our State is in a deplorable state in regard to its game; in brief it is virtually without protection, as there is no officer whose duty it is to look to the enforcement of the laws now in existence, and one citizen will not inform against another for many personal reasons. Hence the old axiom holds good, "What is every one's business is no one's." The sentiment is such that I don't think it possible to create officers for the special purpose of game protection and pay these officers out of the State fund as it now stands, and we would be sure to raise a howl if it should be tried to raise this fund by ever so slight an increase. I can see but one way, which is to make these dual. Invest the Commissioner of Agriculture with State wardenship, and one constable in every beat with the office of deputy warden; these to be paid only a nominal salary by the State and half of the fine through any conviction they bring about. J. H. ALLEN, Chair. Com.

THE .30CAL. SMOKELESS HUNTING RIFLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The newspapers lately have with their customary acumen discovered a chance for a sensation in the exploitation of the dangers of the small-bore smokeless powder rifle as used by hunters.

I confess that I should not care to hunt on the Long Island deer grounds with such rifles in use, but for that matter there is no pleasure in hunting there anyhow. Under ordinary hunting conditions, however, I do not believe that the use of the small bores adds greatly to the dangers of the woods, and given an equal number of hunters I doubt if it actually makes any difference as far as danger to human life is concerned whether they be armed with the small bores or black powder rifles, or for that matter shotguns loaded with buckshot. Theoretically it can no doubt be satisfactorily proved that the .30cals. are 50 or 100 per cent. more dangerous than the other guns, but then expert arguers have frequently proved that this same rifle has no killing power at all, and that, as was actually stated, a man can "walk off with seven bullets through his body."

If seven bullets didn't phase the man whose body received them, one bullet would be a trifle hardly worth noticing. But such argument is of course foolish, and as an actual fact a single .30cal. bullet at ordinary ranges kills a man as dead as one of Zalinsky's dynamite guns.

It never settles any question to debate upon it, and practical experience is the only final court of appeal. The small-bore rifles are winning many advocates among hunters, and I have yet to learn of anyone who has been accidentally killed by a rifle of this character at long range.

Following the line of argument adopted by those who condemn on this score the small bores, it would naturally appear that long range rifles of any pattern are vastly more dangerous to human life than short range rifles, and that both are more dangerous than shotguns. This is theoretically unanswerable, but to descend to actual fact, how many men are accidentally killed at long range? Can a single instance be mentioned aside from accidents occurring in rifle ranges? Then consider the number of men killed each hunting season with buckshot and you will acknowledge that the shotgun is actually the most dangerous weapon of the two. By the most dangerous weapon I do not mean "theoretically most dangerous." The ghosts that our nurses used to scare us with were to us theoretically more dangerous than the buzz saws that our infant fingers monkeyed with; when I say most dangerous I mean the guns that actually kill people, not the guns that scare them when they read about them in the papers.

My wife read one of the sensational articles the other day and said:

"John, I don't want you to go on that hunting trip. I am afraid you will be killed by one of those guns that carry four miles and a half."

"Don't you worry, my dear," I replied. "Every man who has been killed where I am going has been shot with buckshot."

If I had wanted to still further allay her fears I might have added that hunters in wooded countries are never killed by stray bullets at long range. Whether they are hit by rifle or shotgun it is always at short range, and in

nine cases out of ten by men who aim to kill, imagining that they are shooting at four-footed game.

These newspaper alarmists gravely affirm that the range (and when they say range they apparently refer to point blank range) of the small-bore smokeless powder rifles is four and a half miles.

As a matter of fact the extreme range is about 4,000yds., or two and one-third miles. This great range, however, is only obtained by elevating the muzzle of the rifle at an angle of 45°; and owing to the resistance of the atmosphere and light weight of the bullet, which soon loses its velocity, the bullet strikes the ground almost vertically, the fall being much more rapid at the latter part of its trajectory than at the start. It then has a striking force about equal to that of a spent bullet fired by a .32-20 rifle, which is very trifling.

But as a matter of fact very little big game is shot at in trees or on any rise that would necessitate such an elevation, and firing point blank over level ground without obstructions the bullet would not be apt to go more than 200yds. Accordingly the statements of Mr. Johnson and W. W. Leonard (I wonder if he is the man of the bullet-proof coat) that there is danger to human life at a distance of three miles from the firing point is unqualifiedly absurd; as absurd, in fact, as if they should assert that the guns with steel-jacketed bullets—which, by the way, are of no earthly use for hunting—would shoot through three miles of standing timber. And some of their remarks seem to admit of such a construction.

Steel-jacketed bullets should never be used in hunting, in the first place because they do not have the stopping powers of the soft-nosed bullets except within limitations; and also because in a flat, open country, such as some of the antelope ranges, they would ricochet and would actually prove dangerous. The lead soft-nosed bullet is not open to this objection, and in a wooded country neither bullet will go a rod further than the ordinary bullets fired by ordinary hunting rifles.

Aside from antelope, there is practically no game in the United States to-day that is commonly hunted with rifles in a flat, open country.

In a mountainous country bullets are stopped by the ground within very short distances of the game at which they were fired. And similarly in a wooded country the flight of the bullet is checked by the trees around or behind the game. When shooting in a wooded country I have sometimes hunted up my bullets for one reason or another, and I always found them within a few rods of the point where the game stood. Of course there are cases where bullets will travel long distances without bringing up, as along lakes or streams; but a stray bullet has a big piece of the atmosphere in which to seek a resting spot, and the chances are that it will not find a place in a human being. Just for the sake of theorizing a little, there are about 28,000,000 square feet in a square mile, and the chances of a bullet fired at random by a man within that square mile hitting another man situated say half a mile from him are proportionately infinitesimal.

Any kind of gun is dangerous under certain conditions. Rifles are not adapted for hunting near cities. Where large game is killed, however, they become a necessity. Here the smokeless powder rifle has its proper sphere, and its use is not to be condemned simply because it has a flatter trajectory than the black powder guns, and a greater striking power than any other gun of similar caliber.

The small-bore smokeless powder rifle has decided advantages in several respects over any of the black powder rifles. Some of these advantages, such as freedom from smoke and fouling, and flatness of trajectory, are well known and admitted. Some of the more important points of superiority are, however, frequently overlooked. The two distinctive advantages possessed by this class of weapon are, first, the high velocity secured at ordinary hunting ranges, and secondly the greatly reduced recoil.

The first of these permits the use of a much smaller bullet for effective killing of game, and the second the use of a lighter gun. Weight of metal is no longer necessary, as it is in black powder rifles, to compensate for the excessive recoil of a charge sufficient to kill big game.

As an instance in point it may be stated that I shoot a .30 30 smokeless weighing but 6lbs., which has not one-quarter the recoil of my last black powder rifle, a .40-82 weighing 9½lbs. I not only save a great deal in the matter of weight, having a gun easier to carry and easier to shoot where quick shots are necessary, but I also can kill cleaner with it because I am not afraid the tang sight will take out one of my eyes at the moment of recoil. I have never shot more than 90grs. of black powder, and I have no wish to try 140, which some of the black powder exponents seem to think necessary.

To return to the first point, namely, that the high velocity of the full-strength smokeless powder permits the use of a smaller bullet than can be effectively used with black powder. The stopping power of a bullet depends to a considerable degree upon its velocity. A .22 short will frequently pass through a squirrel without killing it. The .22 long rifle, however, with increased velocity, kills cleanly in most cases.

Take all the powder but a few grains out of a .45 90 shell and shoot a partridge with it. The bird will not be torn; but shoot the same bird with the standard cartridge and little will remain besides the feathers. Of course these are rudimentary principles, and every rifleman knows them.

Now turn to the .30cal. rifle. Load the shell with black powder and the steel bullet, and try the result. The effect will be less than if a .32-40 black powder rifle was used. Replace the black powder with the regular smokeless load, which doubles the velocity, still using the steel bullet. At short ranges, if bones or anything offering great resistance are struck, the effect will be exactly as if an explosive ball had been used, and the wound will be a shocking one. When the Cubans were using similar ammunition at short range the Spaniards thought they were firing balls filled with fulminate, and their surgeons reported that they had never seen such wounds.

But try the steel bullet at longer ranges, where it has lost something of its initial velocity and settled to a regular flight without the buzz-saw motion that it first possessed, and the small, cleanly punched holes so frequently mentioned will result.

Now make a still further change. Load the ammunition with a soft-nosed bullet, in which the steel jacket covers not more at most than that part of the bullet where it bears on the rifling, and try the effect. This ball expands when it first strikes the game, and imparts to what is hit the whole force of the tremendous velocity behind it as well as its tremendous rotary force. The bullet where it passes out on the other side frequently makes a hole that a man could put his hand and arm in. As Ira Dodge expresses it, when the inwards are taken out of an animal struck by this bullet "you can see daylight through."

One reason why we see so many conflicting statements about these small bores is that unsuitable bullets have been used. Frequently steel bullets have been tried, with the result that little shock was imparted in most cases, while once in a while a terrible wound would result. (These latter were always at short ranges.) Later, before our own cartridge companies began loading the ammunition on a large scale, cartridges used on tough-skinned animals in India or Africa were tried. These had a hollow in the front end filled with wax, and were not suitable for our game because they passed through too easily and required too much to make them expand.

The ammunition as loaded by our American companies at present seems to have obviated this difficulty so that the great velocity of the bullet's flight is fully utilized, and imparts a shock to the game that is hit fully as great as most of the black powder hunting rifles now in use.

I would not have taken up so much space in writing about this matter but for the fact that I see so much plausible nonsense printed on the other side of the question, apparently written by men who never saw one of the guns they condemn.

Take, for instance, the case where a correspondent argued that the rifle lacked accuracy. He based his statements on the tests of the New York Board for the Selection of a Militia Arm, and gravely quoted results obtained on the target in a test of rapidity of fire, as though they had been made for accuracy. His deductions from his false premises were that the gun was inferior in the point of accuracy to any black powder rifle. Later he must have discovered his mistake, for one of the rifles criticised won an unusual showing of prizes at Sea Girt in competition with black powder rifles fired by some of the finest marksmen in the country, but he failed to come to the scratch and acknowledge his mistake.

There are undoubtedly better hunting rifles for certain uses than the new small bores, and guns that will kill more surely, but for a gun that I am willing to carry and shoot the .30cal. is away ahead of anything I have seen.

J. B. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue I notice a statement signed .44, toward the close of which the writer affirms that the modern small-bore smokeless powder rifle is n. g. for game shooting. In support of his theory he says that Gen. Flagler in the ordnance report shows that the steel-jacketed bullet has no stopping power as compared with the .45cal. Springfield rifle, and that the soft-nosed bullet lacks accuracy. Therefore, the writer argues, the gun is not a desirable hunting weapon, lacking the deadliness of the larger calibers.

Judging from these remarks, it is safe to assume that the writer has not seen Gen. Flagler's report, but bases his remarks upon some newspaper summary. He falls into the error, which is common with those who have had no practical experience with the arm in question, of assuming that because the rifle with steel-jacketed bullet lacks stopping power at long ranges, this also applies to short ranges, including the distances at which game is commonly killed. In this he is mistaken, for Gen. Flagler expressly acknowledges the great tearing qualities of this bullet at short ranges, specifically mentioning its well-known "explosive effects." It is only at mid range and long distance shooting, which in the army means a great deal more than the same terms applied to the hunting world, that the cartridge and weapon are found to lack stopping power. And it was for these ranges that the army experiments with soft-nosed bullets were made. The half mantled bullets were found to have ample stopping power at any range, but conversely they lacked penetration, and were useless for dislodging troops behind fortifications, and for this reason it was deemed better to stick to the full mantled bullet as the standard for service ammunition.

Thus it becomes evident that what is in reality a strong argument in favor of the use of the small-bore smokeless powder rifles for hunting has been perverted to do duty for the other side of the argument.

The fact of the matter is that these small bores, with the soft-nosed bullets—for no one who hunts thinks of using the steel bullets—have a stopping power sufficient for any game on the continent, and tear worse than the larger calibers. It is easy enough to argue theoretically that they are all wrong, but I have noticed that men who take this side of the argument generally change their opinions when they actually come to use the gun.

.30-30.

The Bowley's Quarter Pheasant Poisoner.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It will no doubt be interesting to the many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM to know that James T. Butler, charged with poisoning 3,000 English pheasants at Bowley's Quarter Ducking Club, was pronounced guilty and sentenced by Judge Burke, of the Circuit Court of Baltimore county, to three years in the House of Correction. House of Correction sounds rather mild for so diabolical a crime. Let me say to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM that the House of Correction is the most despised prison we have in Maryland, not excepting the Penitentiary. The treatment is just as severe as in the Penitentiary, and the prisoners are made to work. Under the statutes of Maryland Butler could only be tried for cruelty to animals, which is a misdemeanor. Judge Burke imposed the severest penalty that could be imposed.

GEORGE W. MASSAMORE,
Sec'y-Treas. Maryland G. and F. P. A.

To Whom Does the Guide's Game Belong?

UTICA, N. Y.—It has been my experience in shooting with guides that they considered the game shot as the property of the employer. But some guides I know have two prices for their services. For one price you have all the game shot and for the other you only have what you yourself shoot. If this fact is thoroughly understood when you start out, it makes little difference which plan you follow; in either case you are not apt to get too much game.

MODERATION.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

In Old Mississippi.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 6.—Years ago, when I was just starting out in life, I was taught that it was one of the duties of a gentleman never to use in any public way information which he received in his private correspondence. Some years since, however, I gave up the business of being a gentleman, because I found there was nothing in it, and since then as a newspaper man I have used information whenever I got hold of it, this being as I understand it a very cheerful and pleasant way all around, especially since it is all in the FOREST AND STREAM family, where there are no secrets. These words of apology I do not consider strictly necessary as prelude to a good slice stolen out of a letter from Mr. T. A. Divine, of Memphis. Should he object he must remember that to be great is to be public. It seems that Mr. Divine made a visit to his old friend, Capt. Bobo, the bear hunter, and in the absence of the owner went wandering over the place as is the custom of the land. He says:

"I got to thinking that it was on the 25th day of October, 1883, that I met Bobo for the first time, within 200yds. of where his house is now located. I was with an engineering party who were then locating the present Mississippi Valley R. R. Like all good railroad men, we were keeping the Sabbath, when Bobo rode up on a little country-raised horse, with a bear's leg dangling down on either side of his flank. He deposited the bear in our camp, and we sat there together. That was the beginning of the acquaintance of Bobo and Divine, and as I walked over these grounds and looked at the acres in cultivation I couldn't help noting the difference between the present picture and the picture as it was shown to me on that same day nearly fourteen years ago. Where I was walking on that glad October day was a dense thicket of vines and cane, and struggling up through this the most magnificent gum, ash and hickory man ever looked upon. Under this grew grapevines and muscadine vines festooned from tree to tree. There was no sound save the woodpecker's tune on the dead limb above us, and the sigh of the great swamp. To-day these trees and vines have all gone, and in their stead is growing the most magnificent corn, cotton, potatoes, barley, rye and wheat that one ever saw.

"I stood on the eastern end of his house and gave one blast of the horn, and Jas. Fitz. James may not have been more surprised at the response which greeted the whistle of Bob Roy than I was when from the gardens came and greeted me about 100 tried and true bear dogs. This was a singular picture; the garden overgrown with beautiful roses, neglected so much as to leave the ground covered with soft grass, in which the hounds were lazily enjoying themselves, waiting for the sound of the horn they know so well.

"Bobo returned at night and we talked over the various things of our lives, the many changes that had taken place, and spoke particularly of you and Money. You know, Noel Money sent Bobo several fine English hounds. Among the lot were some young puppies, two of which died before they were christened. The others' names were respectively Hough, Money, Foster and Divine. Dear me! I wish you could see Hough and Foster! They may be fine hounds, but they are the sorriest looking ones I ever saw; and somehow I consoled myself with the fact that the one named for me had died, and I feel sure that Money will be glad to know that the one which was named for him went mad and had to be killed. Foster, like the man he was named for, seems to be willing to do a great deal of sleeping, and when he was called up by the blast of the horn he put down one leg and carried three, or tried to do it. Bobo says that Hough is a very fine dog! The following dogs of this pack which you knew are still there: Bad Eye, Good Boy, Ball, Jolly, Fly, Ronco, Dan, Dollar, Ben and Alcorn. Strange to say, Alcorn's jaw is entirely well and he is able to go in the chase as good as ever. In fact, in a big bear fight which they had last week, where they killed a 400-lb. bear, Bobo tells me that Alcorn showed himself to be as good as ever he was in his life. (Alcorn is the dog that had his jaw shot off last year in our bear hunt.)

"'Bill Bobo,' our colored hunter, is here. Bill has more clothes than a New York dude, of various colors and fit, because they comprise a part of yours, mine and Money's wardrobes. The next morning Bobo and myself concluded to have a little drive for deer, and as I was not prepared with hunting clothes, I asked Bill if he couldn't fix me up. He said he had a pair of breeches belonging to Mr. Money. I said, 'Well, Money's pants fit me exactly, except the legs are too long.' He said, 'By Gad, sir, they are knee breeches.' I told him to bring them in, and they were fine white English corduroy knee pants, that fitted me to a T, full length, and Bob Bobo was unkind enough to say to Bill, 'Negro, you had better watch your pants or that fellow will take them home with him,' and Bill laughed his great horse laugh and said, 'That's what they said he wanted to do with Mr. Money's buckskin pants.'

"All this comes, you know, from bad association. In fact, between you and Money, I have very little reputation for veracity left; but thank God! there are millions of people who do not read your articles and do not follow your footsteps.

"James Whitcomb Riley makes one of his characters somewhere say, 'I just like to go in the kitchen and sit by the fire and see them make batter cakes, like your mother used to make them—it rests you so!' That thing kept running through my head all day. 'Great God, we thank Thee for this beauteous land, this birthright of the free,' where we can just go right out in the country, sit on the kitchen stool and watch Lula make cakes, and Lord! how it rests you, how it rests the heart, after the cramped streets of the city. Your heart throbs with a new vigor, and your mind is fresh. Excuse me, I am only trying to make you feel badly.

"Come and see us. We are with you, like all true Mississippians, whether you are right or wrong, and I want to say that if you do not come to Bobo's this fall you are an ingrate of ingrates. Come down here in December, and we will go up to Dr. Taylor's and shoot a day or two, and then go to Bobo's and kill a bear. Easy, nice work, and the music of the hounds will make you a young boy again.

"Irby Bennett will be here Sunday. On the 20th he leaves for New Haven for good. Too bad! I am ruined. Such a companion I will never have again.

"On Nov. 20 the following go into camp twenty miles west of Canton, Miss., for a week's bird hunt: Dr. John E. Owens, of Chicago; Mr. James, of Maryland; Gen. Fred Myles, of New Orleans; Mr. E. Hough, Chicago; Mr. J. M. Aldrich, Michigan City, Miss.; Mr. R. W. Foster, New Orleans; Mr. L. J. Lockwood, Memphis, and T. A. Divine, Memphis. I wish Roll Organ would come. Tell him to steal off."

Now, the odd part about the above letter is that before I had finished my thefts from it there came into my office the writer himself! It snowed yesterday in Chicago, but immediately on Tom Divine's arrival the snow began to melt in front of his beaming smile, and at this time is entirely gone in the vicinity of the city. Mr. Divine says that quail shooting has begun in his State of Tennessee, and that last week he and a friend had a nice day's sport. The birds were full grown and strong of wing. He reports that Capt. Bobo is now absent on a two weeks' bear hunt further down in Mississippi. Mr. Divine promised to send up large quantities of venison, wild turkey and quail for the Thanksgiving dinners of his Chicago friends. He insists that the camp hunt mentioned in his letter is going to be the most pleasant affair which he and his friend Foster have ever pulled off. There will be no shooting at all, except on quail (called in the South partridges), and a daily limit will be put on each man's gun, so that the camp will not be over-supplied with birds at any time. It would be hard to devise a more pleasant or sportsmanlike way of passing a week than these gentlemen will have. Mr. Divine is in Chicago on hurried business, but will remain here a couple of days until he has melted all the snow off the upper portion of Illinois.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 14.—The tarpon fishing on the Texas Gulf coast, near Aransas Pass, has this fall been exceptionally good. The fame of this new tarpon locality has gone swiftly abroad since it was first called to the attention of the angling public in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. Hundreds of anglers have come from all parts of the country to enjoy the sport of tarpon fishing, and so great has been the demand upon the supply of tarpon that it has been thought necessary to take early steps for protecting the fish against the too ardent anglers. It is asserted that over 400 tarpon have been taken in Aransas Pass waters this season. One party in a few days killed forty-two tarpon. These Texas fish are gamy as any of their kind, and it is estimated that not one fish is brought to boat out of every ten hooked. The Aransas Pass Railway Company is making consistent efforts to bring this Texas coast country into popularity among the sportsmen of the United States, and it would be very wise of the management of this road to aid in all ways in its power every protective effort which shall look to a conservation of the sporting riches of this wonderful country. The railroads of this country have destroyed the game. Yet the railroads of the country are able to preserve the game to a greater extent than any other one agency if they cared to do so. It would seem an easy proposition that a species of traffic enduring for twenty years is of more value to a railroad than a trifle heavier traffic lasting only four or five years. It is presumptuous to undertake to tell another man how to run his own business, and I do not recall that the personal opinions of one man ever changed the business policy of a railroad company. Yet for one who has seen the havoc in Northern game and fish in the recent past the prospect is not a pleasant one of the havoc which will be wrought upon the game and fish of the South in the early future.

Death in the Water.

Jack Paynter, a trapper plying his vocation on the waters of Lake Koshkonong last week, had the misfortune to capsize his boat, and was unable to get ashore. He clung to the overturned boat for over an hour, and his cries were heard by another trapper, who paid no attention to them. Some members of the Blackhawk Shooting Club finally pulled Paynter out of the water in a frozen and exhausted condition, but he died soon after they got him to the club house.

Dove Slaughter in the South.

The daily papers of the South are beginning to agitate the question of action against the senseless and beastly butchery of doves indulged in by some shooters whose ammunition credit is greater than their store of brains. From a daily paper in Chicago I take the following:

"In a recent interview Judge Fish, of the Southwestern Georgia Circuit, expressed the hope that the Legislature at the present session would do something to protect doves from indiscriminate slaughter. Judge Fish has called attention to an abuse which demands immediate attention. He tells of one party which killed 12,000 doves in a few days last season. On the day after this slaughter the negroes picked up in the vicinity over 800 doves which had been wounded and died near the baited field in which they were shot. In South Georgia fields are frequently baited, and when great droves of doves get used to feeding in them it is easy for a few hunters to kill thousands of them. Many of the birds thus slaughtered are left on the ground. A rivalry has grown up among those who indulge in this cruel business. Single hunters have been known to kill 500 in a day."

Milwaukee Hunters.

A number of Milwaukee sportsmen met at No. 701 Chestnut street this week to talk over protective matters, and a little society was organized for the purpose of protecting hunting dogs. The Wisconsin Legislature will be memorialized to this effect by the sportsmen. A bill will also be introduced prohibiting the use of ferrets in rabbit hunting. The wiping out of the Wisconsin game laws for 1895 gives the sportsmen of that State a grand opportunity to frame a model game law. They have in plain view all the mistakes in the game statutes of other States, and moreover have the benefit of the most modern enlightenment in protective matters. Certainly the new Wisconsin law, whatever it shall be, should abolish all spring shooting whatever, and should prohibit absolutely the sale of game at any season. These two measures alone, if enforced, would insure a splendid permanancy in the Wisconsin game supply, which is one of the most considerable in the entire West.

Ducks.

Mr. A. C. Patterson and his friend, Mr. Lamphere, on last Tuesday and Wednesday, at the Calumet Heights Club, had the great good fortune to meet the south-bound flight of fowl, and made the tidy bag of sixty-five ducks between them; certainly a very satisfactory showing, since the shooting was less than thirty miles from the Chicago post office and main store.

On Tuesday word was wired from the Lauderdale lakes, of Wisconsin, that the ducks were there in thousands, and several parties departed for that point or others of that vicinity. At Koshkonong Lake on Monday it was thought the birds were leaving for the South, as the weather was very cold and ice was forming. It is possible that some of the Koshkonong birds had dropped into this series of waters, the first below Koshkonong; but no doubt the bulk of the flight there was made of birds fresh down from the further North, part of which dropped also into Koshkonong. It seems now sure that the birds are all in this latitude or south of here, and that they are scattered from here to Arkansas and Texas. I should look for heavy shooting on the Texas waters within the next week following.

Dogs.

This week Chicago had a little fire out in the packing house district, in which the gallant firemen showed their skill and their humanity alike by saving the lives of five creatures, not human beings, but dogs. These dogs belonged to the owner of the building, and had been imprisoned in the house by the swift spread of the flames. All of the dogs were overcome by the smoke, and were carried out by the firemen in their arms and later revived after patient effort, *à la* heroine in the novel. A singular part of the story is that the entire building and also neighboring ones would have been destroyed but for these same dogs, which attracted attention by their barking, and so led a neighbor to turn in an alarm. The dog is man's best friend.

Quail.

Mr. E. H. Bisby, of Deer Park, Tex., a very successful and practical handler of shooting dogs, writes to Mr. Wm. Werner, of this city, for whom he has been training some dogs, to the effect that Mr. Werner would do well to pack his grip sack and come to Texas for a quail shoot. He says: "I will show you more quail than you ever dreamed of, and the greatest duck shooting in America, not 1,000 miles away from where I am. At times there are thousands of snipe. To show you how abundant the quail are I would say that yesterday I found with four young puppies twenty-nine different bevies of quail within a mile of my house. Come down and have a Christmas hunt." If Mr. Bisby can get Mr. Werner down into that promised land I can assure them both that they will both be glad of the trip and the meeting.

Mr. Bisby, by the way, mentions the fact that he lately had a young puppy bitten by a moccasin snake, one of the Southern poisonous snakes. He states that the swelling was severe for about two hours, and that the dog then got better, and never stopped hunting at all.

Deer.

Messrs. John Densmore and John Henry, of Tomak, Wis., two weeks ago killed near City Point, Wis., a deer which is thought to be one of the largest of the season. It was a fine buck, weighing 263lbs.

Leopard.

Sportsmen who attended the Sportsmen's Exposition two years ago, and who of course saw the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit there, may perhaps remember the fine specimen of taxidermist work shown in the mounted deer head known as the "Challenge." This was the work of one of the very best of the Western taxidermists, Mr. Carl Akeley, at that time of Milwaukee. Mr. Akeley afterward came to Chicago—where all good people go after they die, if they are not happy enough to get there before that time—and became the taxidermist for the great Field Columbian Museum. He was with the African expedition of that concern, which within the year went to the Dark Continent for a complete set of specimens of the African big game. Of all this we are to have a story, but I cannot refrain from mentioning a little adventure which a current Milwaukee paper mentions as having befallen Mr. Akeley during his African trip. It seems he was out hunting one day with a native hunter, and while taking a rest under a guava tree heard a rustle in the underbrush and the next moment saw a leopard in the act of springing upon him. Quick as a flash he fired his rifle, but only wounded the beast in one of its hindlegs. The next moment the hunter and the beast were engaged in a death struggle, Akeley finally coming out victorious by simply strangling the animal to death, though the leopard lacerated Akeley's arm with his teeth.

Change.

Mr. H. B. Jewell, mayor of the pleasant little city of Wabasha, Minn., writes as follows in regard to the change of habits sometimes shown by wildfowl of late years. Mr. Jewell is a close observer of the habits of birds and what he says has interest. I recall also in this connection a mention I made some years ago at the instance of a member of the Nee-pee-nauk Club, of Wisconsin, who said that the shooters on Puckaway Lake were confident that the mallard ducks there had so far changed their habits as to cease to a great extent their usual feeding system on the marshes, and to take to the open water, where they could not be disturbed. This gentleman said that the mallards of those waters would dive in 3 or 4ft. of water like the deep-water ducks. Of course all shooters know that the mallard is not a diving bird by natural habit, usually feeding in water shallow enough to allow the bird to reach its food by simply plunging its head and neck under water, and never diving unless wounded or closely cornered, or when its wings are frozen fast so that it cannot rise quickly. As to his mallards Mr. Jewell says:

"Your mention in a late number of FOREST AND STREAM about mallards changing their habits is true. I have been noticing it for several years back. They roost daytimes on sand bars and other exposed or inaccessible places, and fly in to the feeding places after dark, and the first gun in the morning scares them out, and they don't come back until night. Duck shooting has been very poor in the Mississippi Valley this fall."

Out.

There are some deluded folk who train up their children, or try to train them up, in the belief that there is no such thing as luck, whereas even a common gambler knows better than that. If there were nothing in luck, I should be pleased to know why it is that I am always in my office when the crippled beggars, and match peddlers, and widows with seven children, and life insurance people, and Salvation Army girls peddling the *War Cry*, and also hobos just in need of a plain drink happen along, and how I always manage to be out of it at the time when good people—for instance, like Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., whose card I find on my desk just now—chance to come in. I am sure Mr. McMurchy does not classify under any of the above heads, and therefore I should have been glad to see him. Or I should have been glad anyhow, without any therefore. There is something in luck.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

HOW THE NEW JERSEY LAW WORKS.

TURNERVILLE, Gloucester County, N. J.—I wish to say a few words in condemnation of the New Jersey game law. As it is to-day it will only be a few years when the game will be a thing of the past. What we want and what is needed is a uniform law. I have noticed in the beginning of August and September quite an increase of quail and rabbits; but the season coming in for gray squirrels and pheasants has given all a chance to roam the woods and fields with dog and gun; and all kinds of game birds have been shot. Rabbits have been killed by parties coming from Philadelphia on Sunday with their dogs, as many as a dozen after one little rabbit. This happens almost every Sunday; and not only these, but others from Grenloch and Turnerville. Box traps have been set along the swamps and springs a month back by people who pay rent for a farm and say they have a right to set them. A deputy should be appointed to look after this part of Gloucester county, and also Camden county. Yesterday I could hear the hounds running and the report of the gun. It is not the people who live here, but people who come here and think they have a right to do as they like when they get in the country.

Again, all this summer dogs have been running at large and eating up the young rabbits.

The laws should open for all kinds at once, at then no one would have a right to go out with his gun before. Again, the season opening, as it does this year, ten days after the Pennsylvania law, gives them a chance to kill off their own game and then flock across the river and slaughter what is left of ours after the pot-hunter has had his share. I hope the law will be changed this coming winter so it will help some of these evils. It is the same way with trout, bass and pike.

S.

[You should communicate your information of game law violations to Fish and Game Protector Chas. A. Shriner, Paterson, N. J.]

Carp and the Tolleston Marsh.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Tolleston Club, of Chicago, of which I am a member, has a most admirable natural duck marsh containing about 2,500 acres near the town of Tolleston, Lake county, Ind. Up to within a few years there has been on this marsh an exceedingly rank and heavy growth of wild rice and other natural food for all varieties of ducks. Unfortunately by some means carp have gotten into it and have nearly ruined the feed, having eaten out all of the wild rice, wild celery and much of the smart weed. They grow to an enormous size, and have increased in numbers to an incredible degree.

The Little Calumet River runs through this marsh, and when the water is low the river seems to be absolutely full of them. When the water is high they spread over the marsh and eat everything that comes in their way. I write this in the hope that it may lead to some information as to the best means of getting rid of them. They are a nuisance of the worst possible description, and if every carp in the United States could be annihilated it would be a matter of congratulation to everyone who is fond of shooting. I have heard of their destroying other marshes as they have ours, and it seems to me that there ought to be some method of exterminating them.

I have been a subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM for several years, and hope that I am not asking too much in requesting information on the above subject.

EDWIN T. DANIELS.

[We can suggest no remedy, for no practicable method of exterminating carp has been devised except in ponds or streams which it is possible to drain off, when the fish can be pitchforked out, or in private waters, where they may be limed. A marsh such as that of the Tolleston Club, with a river flowing through it, is at the mercy of these water vermin.]

As Many Hunters as Ducks.

WALKER, Ia.—I have been on a shooting trip through Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota. Game in these States is not what it used to be. Many of the small lakes and sloughs are dry on account of dry seasons. Another great drawback in the game country is that there are so many hunters. I have been at several lakes where hunters were as thick as the ducks, one especially, Lake Geneva, in southern Minnesota; at a narrow place in the lake there were upward of fifteen tents of campers, and the shooting in the morning and at night sounded like the rattle of musketry when a flock showed that way. Hunters say that the supply is steadily decreasing.

K.

A Maine Ruffed Grouse Dearth.

BREWER, Me.—In over fifty years of gunning I have never known ruffed grouse so scarce over so large a part of our State. Sometimes they are locally scarce, but this season the same reports come in from everywhere. It takes extra luck for a man and dog to average one a day and more than three-quarters are old birds. We never had any snaring here, and no market gunning worth mentioning. Hawks and owls are also always scarce near here.

M. H.

Michigan Partridge Shooting.

SAGINAW, Mich., Nov. 11.—The partridge shooting is fine around Saginaw. I have been out three times since the season opened, Nov. 1, hunting a day or part of a day each time, and have brought in just thirty birds, averaging about ten for each trip. Not bad, is it? Besides, the bag has been sweetened up with half as many quail.

Our Dakota trip was a grand success; more birds than I have seen before in years. We had splendid goose shooting, and any quantity of ducks to be had for the asking.

W. B. MERSHON.

Proposed New York Game Sale Seasons.

Editor Forest and Stream:

THE New York (city) Association for the Protection of Game have met with the president of the Marketmen's Association and have drafted a law to suit both parties. The main features are: Leaving the seasons of killing game as at present; extending the season for having quail, grouse, woodcock, venison, rabbits and hares and squirrels until March 1; permitting sale of plover and bay birds all the year; of wildfowl from Sept. 1 to April 1; and sale of quail in addition during the month of October. All possession after the closing of the open season to require proof of lawful killing during the open season or without the State. The restricting of the spring wildfowl selling to April 1 is a gain of a month, if the open season can be restricted also, as it should be. The marketing of qual in October, in my opinion, ought to be followed by permitting the shooting within the State from Oct. 1 to Dec. 31, otherwise our birds will be killed and marketed before lawful sportsmen can go after them. The repeal of Section 249 is what we get for these concessions, and I think it a decided step in the right direction. It will be a great gain to have the marketmen with us. MANHATTAN.

A Justice of the Peace who Breaks the Law.

EAST HAMPTON, N. Y., Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* May I ask if it is legal to ship quail, partridges, rabbits, gray squirrels, etc., from here to parties in New York city. Game such as above is being shipped almost daily. One party in town, by name of A. M. Payne, is shipping. Also one of our (worthy?) justices of the peace, John Mulligan, is shipping. Mulligan shipped a box yesterday afternoon to a certain commission house in New York city.

As I'm in business, I don't care to have my name in this. But I do think they ought to be stopped if it is against the law, as I think it is.

Any of this you may publish if you wish, but not my name.

[It is against the law to ship quail and partridges unless they are accompanied by the owner. We have advised our correspondent to communicate with Chief Pond.]

Currituck.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—A few lines in regard to reports from Currituck may be of interest. The outlook is simply immense for wildfowling. Letters to hand from Leon White report the ducks and geese in large numbers, with a good many of the different clubs' members down enjoying the sport. Jacksnipe have been unusually plentiful, also wood duck, while the bay birds, principally winter yellow-legs, are still with them—later than usual. White has an entire new outfit of live decoys and says they are acting well. He reports over 500 geese since the opening of the season, and other letters from natives confirm this. I am getting anxious to be there. Have four already for my party and want two more. Are there not two readers of FOREST AND STREAM who will join me? I will gladly give any one all information and guarantee them a royal good shoot. We propose to start Dec. 10 to 15, so as to be late enough for the swan. W. E. SAWYER.

Barnegat Bay Ducks.

TOM'S RIVER, N. J., Nov. 13.—Gunning in Ocean county is excellent. Old-timers say that never in their recollection were there such large flocks of ducks on Barnegat Bay as during the past week. A sail boat would make them rise from their feeding ground in great clouds. However, but little luck attend the gunners, as the fine weather allows the birds to stay in the middle of the bay, where they are comparatively safe. Large flocks are also seen in the ocean, outside the surf line.

Some very good bags of quail are made by the gunners of the island, the largest being made by Longstreet Irons, of Jersey City, who bagged twenty-seven in half a day's outing. Rabbits are also very plentiful.

South Carolina Quail.

ROCK HILL, S. C., Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in the office of the Carolina Hotel a placard reading: "Report your luck to FOREST AND STREAM." In compliance with this request, and for the information of those who are fond of quail shooting, I beg to say: I left the hotel about 10 o'clock on the morning of the 4th and reached the hunting grounds about 10:30; found birds plentiful and bagged thirty-five, returning in time for supper. I would have had no trouble in making a bag of fifty had I been on the grounds in time for the morning shooting. ROBT. B. JONES.

Some New Jersey Covers.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Nov. 14.—I have just returned from a tramp through some of old Monmouth's famous covers and find game of all kinds fairly abundant. Particularly is this true of quail; not in years have they been so plentiful, and all we found were good, strong, well-grown birds, tasking the skill of the shooter to the last degree, as the foliage is too much on tree and bush to make shooting easy. Still we secured enough of both fur and feather to satisfy the average mortal, not to speak of the gloriously bracing effect on mind and body which woodland rambles always bring. LEONARD HULIT.

New York Association.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 12.—The annual meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held in the city of Syracuse, Thursday, Jan. 14, 1897, at the Yates House.

I trust that every club will send a good representation.

If you have any proposed amendments to the game laws to secure consideration at this meeting, a copy of same must be in the hands of each member of the legislative committee on or before Dec. 14.

F. J. AMSDEN, Pres.

Ducking in Wisconsin.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 11.—Duck hunting at Shawano Lake, Wis., is good. Mr. Theodore A. Thomas, of Milwaukee, in three days this week shot 255 bluebills and redheads; weight, 485lbs. W B. K.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXI.—Tay-bun-ane-je-gay.

WE named him—Henry Neaville and I. We had to call him something to distinguish him from other Indians who begged about our camp, and we did not think the name he gave as his own, Ah-mik-wash, "a beaver house," described him as well as the one we concocted, which means: "He takes so much at a mouthful." Ours was a perfect fit and before long I'll tell you how he got it.

Mr. James McBride, then living in Potosi, Wis., but now in Washington, D. C., had a contract to subdivide some townships in what is now Crow Wing county, Minn. The township lines had been run, each township being six miles square, and these were to be crossed by lines a mile apart into square miles, with the half miles marked on both north and east lines. The northern line was near where Brainerd now stands, the Mississippi River was the west boundary and the survey took in the village of Crow Wing, which was then an Indian trading post.

The party included Thomas Davies, now living at British Hollow, Wis.; Pierre Gibbs, of Dubuque, Ia.; —— Crosby, I think originally from Boston; Henry R. Neaville and the writer, both of Potosi. We started by steamboat from Dubuque, in September, 1856—I forget the day, but Tom Davies thinks it was the 12th—with two horses, wagon, pack saddles, tent and camp equipage and a supply of provisions that surprised me: Half a dozen barrels of flour, 3lbs. pork, a 10-gallon keg of molasses, 1-gallon keg of vinegar, sugar, beans, rice, grain for the horses, and all in profusion. At St. Paul half the provisions were stored and we took a wagon load, all but the driver walking up the big military road that led to Fort Ripley, about 100 miles north of St. Paul. Our first night out we camped on Rum River and Henry Neaville tasted it and said: "Hum! it's nothing but water." From Fort Ripley to Crow Wing the road was not so good. Making a base of supplies at the trading post, we struck into the woods and afterward Tom Davies drove back to St. Paul for the food left there. We took camp and grub on our backs. At the place to begin work I made camp and Neaville went back for more supplies. There was about 4in. of snow and this lay without thaw or addition until we left the woods late in December.

I had expected to furnish game for camp and took my rifle, naturally thinking that this far-off region abounded in game as the Bad Ax country, where I spent the previous winter, did. I lugged that rifle for two months and only killed four ruffed grouse. I saw one deer and two rabbits, but did not get a shot at them. The country was destitute of game. Indians swarmed all over it. At Crow Wing the great trail of Lake Superior crossed the one coming down from the Red River of the North, and the trading post was visited by scores of Indians every day from each of the four branches of the trails.

It was on the second day out. Henry had returned quickly, as we were not yet far from our base, and I was baking bread and getting dinner for two, as the linemen had theirs with them and would not return until night, when in walked the American whose name heads this chapter. As before stated, that was not his name then, but he didn't know it. He squatted by the fire and grunted: "*Bon jour*, Nidjee," a salutation of mixed French and Ojibwa that all those Indians used. Henry returned his salute and said to him in Ojibwa that he was welcome.

"Where did you learn to speak that?" I asked.

"Off up the Wisconsin River with a logging party one winter. Why?"

"Nothing, only I was surprised, that's all. If I'd known you spoke it we could have knocked lots of fun out of your brother Frank on our fishing trips. But you have made this man welcome, and that he will interpret to mean free feeding, perhaps all winter, and as I am camp keeper, McBride will ask questions if we feed too many. He doesn't like an Indian and told me not to have them hanging around camp, so don't do this any more."

"All right," said Henry, "I spoke without thinking. If there's lots of pork boiled let's fill this fellow up and see how much he can hold."

I told him that I had boiled enough pork for all hands to have cold to-night, but if his guest ate half of it I would boil more.

I made all ready, and our aboriginal American announced himself as Ah-mik-wash or "Beaver House." Henry remarked: "He differs somewhat from a beaver house, and as to the last part of his name I'll bet he hasn't washed in ten years."

"Henry, keep quiet!" then tapping my breast I said: "Kego-e-kay," and then touching Henry, introduced him as Ke-tim-ish-ke (He-is-lazy). Old Beaver House grunted, and I served an equal portion of bread, baked beans and pork to each. There was enough for Henry and me at the first serving, and long before we had finished I piled another big chunk on the plate of our guest.

"Henry," said I, "your friend's doctor has recommended him to take something for his appetite, and he's struck the place to get the prescription put up. Just see what he takes at a mouthful, and how he swallows it without sticking a tooth in it! I'll limit him to the pork and bread, for I'll be dingswizzled if I'll boil and bake any more beans."

Henry thought a minute—he was a meditative man and therefore a born angler—and said: "He is filling his beaver house for the winter, but he can swallow chunks of pork that would choke a deerhound. He must have a new name. These Injuns don't get a name early in life as we do, and when they get one it never sticks through as ours do, and we must name him anew. See that last chunk go down! Give him what there is left of the pork and put the rest away, and let's see him get away with what you had provided for six men to-night, in addition to what he has eaten."

I will publicly confess to being a sinner if that Ojibwa, or "Chippewa," as his name has been corrupted into, did not clean up every bit of the pork. There was no such discrimination between the component parts as was made by Jack Spratt and his wife. He removed the plate from his lap and said: "Koo-koosh, nish-ish-shin," or "Pork very good."

While our guest sat by the fire in full enjoyment of physical comfort Henry and I concocted the new name for him, and this is the way we christened him. I said, leaving out as much of his tongue as possible: "You no Beaver House no more, you Tay-bun-ane-je-gay (He-who-takes-so-much-at-a-mouthful). This name, which we evolved in a spirit of ridicule, was accepted by our simple-minded friend as a tribute to his prowess after he had scanned our faces and found no trace of levity, and he was so known, not only by us, but by his tribe.

He had caught Henry's name and smiled as much as an Indian can smile, but seemed in doubt about mine. Perhaps my pronunciation was at fault, for "kego" means fish, and also is a negative, as "do not," "never," "beware of saying," etc. Henry said: "We have many words which mean the same thing, and so have they. Old Swallow-'em-slick is in doubt. Show him your fish lines and he will know that you are a fisherman."

When our guest had seen my tackle he pointed to me in pride at his understanding and touched my shoulder, saying: "Kego-e-kay." Then he proceeded to tell what great pike, "kinoje," could be caught in a small lake a short distance away, and we arranged to try it next day after the men had gone on the line.

The ice was not thick, but would bear us well, for it was about the last of September or the first of October in that cold country, and this reminds me that McBride wanted to know about the winters in that region and asked a half-breed who spoke English how the weather was likely to be. He replied: "October, he pooty cole; November, he cole as de dev'; and December, he col'er 'an —." I had heard the name mentioned as a comparison for heat frequently, and wondered what kind of a place the half-breed thought it might be. The snow had fallen since the lake froze, and we could not see the depth. I asked old Mouthful where there were springs and he showed us one, where we caught a lot of minnows.

We cut holes and rigged about a dozen lines with tip-ups and waited. The holes froze over and we cut them open, but no fish came to our lures. It was noon, and not a pike, big or little, had sampled our minnows. We were like "Ye Sunberrye Fysher," our tackle was correct, but the fish were either absent or—something else. It was time to eat.

I asked Henry: "Do you think that old Mouthful, as you call him in shorthand, has brought us out here on a fool's errand? This lake should contain pike, lake trout, brook trout or perch, but we get no bites. The water is not very cold or the ice would be thicker, the springs below keep the ice from getting too thick. Perhaps our friend is only playing it on us for his grub."

"If I was sure of that," said Henry, "I would advise that we leave him, and go back and eat ours at camp or sit down here and eat, and only give a little bite, so that he could not take so much at a mouthful."

The luncheon was fairly divided. One of the tip-ups showed the flag, and Henry jumped and ran for it. The hook was bare; a minnow had been taken. Old Mouthful had probably divined our thoughts, for he arose and said: "Kego-e-kay-e-mah," there are fish there. We let our lines lower down, but got no fish. It was time to go back to camp to prepare for the hungry linemen. Our new friend went with us; it was evident that he was fond of our company—or our pork—it was not easy to tell which. He saw the men come in and eat their dinner, but got no invitation to join, for our chief did not wish to encourage Indians to hang round the camp. Two such men as He-who-takes-so-much-at-a-mouthful would breed a famine in our commissary in a short time. They would eat more than our six healthy white men who had the abnormal appetite that comes with a life in the woods and active exercise in cold weather. The farmer's expression, "I'm as hungry as a hired man," fell short of our appetites.

We had a tin bake oven made in flat sections for packing on a man's back, which when set up before a campfire flared out so as to reflect the heat from top and bottom on a bread pan in which we not only baked bread, but beans, pork and coons. Imagine a yawning front of 18in. sloping to a back of 5in., in the middle of which was the pan, and you have the idea. Mixing soda and cream of tartar with the flour and then wetting it up—well! If you don't believe that I made the best bread that was ever baked on this planet just write to my *companion du voyage*, Thomas Davies. Mark the letter "private," because Tom has been married since that time and he might not wish Mrs. Davies to see his reply; he is eating her biscuits now. Married men will appreciate this caution.

Four men went on the line—McBride, the chief or compass man; one axe man to clear a place for him to see through and to blaze the line, and two chain men. There was then an extra man to bring supplies from our base, and he was in camp with me a great deal. Henry Neaville did most of this work, because he was a very good woodsman and could find me when I moved camp. Sometimes we stayed several days in a place, and lines would be run in all directions. In the morning I would get an order to "Keep camp here to-day," or to move it. If moved, it might be "two miles east and one mile north," and then before sundown I would clang the cow bell which we sometimes used on the horses when hobbled. We used the horses to pack our camp at first while in the country of solid ground, but sent them to Crow Wing when we got into the swampy country, where the springy swamps were frozen enough to permit a man to travel safely without snowshoes, but would not hold the greater weight of a horse with its smaller foot. It would have been almost impossible to run these lines before the swamps were frozen. I saw all the corner stakes set and "witness trees" marked, and when the man removed his hand from the top of the stake it fell. There were no stones to be found for markers; but the trees told the story, and the exact place of the stake could be found.

I can't say when it was that we met a train of Red River settlers on their way from Pembina,* perhaps it was on our way up, but it was an event. We heard the creaking of their carts for at least ten miles before we met. There were eighteen carts in the train drawn by

* Will the "gentle reader" oblige my educated ear by pronouncing this name with the accent on the last syllable, as Pem-bi-*now*? I ask this because the tendency is to mispronounce Indian words like this. If they will favor me in this instance they will never say Man-i-*to*-by, but Man-i-to-*bah*, bringing all the force on the ultimate, and they can't slur the first three syllables too much for correct Ojibwa ears. Why not? That's the way the natives speak these names.

ponies, and not a bit of iron in the whole outfit! Not even a nail. The wheels had wooden tires held by wooden pins, and if one gave out there was the forest to furnish material. Some of the carts had a ham rind under the axle, but that was a foolish concession to the god of silence. The others shrieked and wailed like lost spirits, and miles before we met them we were wondering what could make such unearthly sounds. We halted and talked with the priest who was in charge of the expedition and seemed to be the only man in the party who could speak English. The other men were French, Indians and half-breeds, and they spoke such a *patois* of mixed Ojibwa and Canadian French that Crosby couldn't understand a word, and he spoke Boston French fluently. The priest was a jolly old fellow, a well-read man who, it seemed to me, was wasting his life among a very dirty lot; but if he was contented we should be. I listened to him talk of his mission work and of his hope that there would be a weekly mail up from St. Paul into his frozen region before many years. His people had sold their furs; the Hudson's Bay Company had a monopoly of the trade in British America, and they brought nothing to sell. They were going to St. Paul to buy coffee, sugar, clothing, garden seeds and other things; but why they didn't buy of the company I don't know. His great good nature and hopefulness made him very interesting, for he was a good and lovable old man. Ah me! If the camera and dry plates had been invented in those days and I had owned an outfit, what treasures I would have to-day!

Tom Davies went to St. Paul for the rest of the provisions early in October and was gone ten days. Henry froze both his feet by riding on the hind end of the wagon with his feet hanging out after he had met Tom at Crow Wing, for we were still in a country where the wagon could be used. It was night and Henry had told Tom that Crosby was lost in the woods, and he hurried on at once because there were but three men on the line. They reached camp while we were breakfasting, but Henry could not stand. He had foolishly worn leather boots, while the rest had shoe-packs of elk-skin, soft and warm in dry weather. This reminds me to say that the Indians about us wore moccasins of buffalo which cost $1 a pair at Crow Wing, but did not wear well. After the men were gone on the line I took Henry's boots off and put his feet into snow and by chafing them got the blood started. He joked about my cutting his feet off and his missing the dancing that winter, as they swelled so that there seemed to be danger, but in a week he was able to walk and by cutting one boot for a favorite toe he was soon ready for duty.

I kept up half-hourly rifle shots and cow-bell ringing for Crosby and he came into camp, having been out one night without matches or blankets. He had kept from freezing by walking and had got turned around and followed the blazed lines the wrong way. Hunger had made him colder and he had thrown a stick at a bird, probably a Canada jay, hoping to kill it and eat it raw. He had an appetite of great length, breadth and thickness, one worthy of the man whose name heads this article.

Gibbs was very fond of staying in camp with me when Henry went on the line and he could do it. An excuse to mend his trousers or other clothing served. He was the youngest of the party and fresh from school. He knew all about Indians, for he had read about them, but was curious to study them in the woods. He was a gold mine to old Mouthful or any other Indian. When he offered a pipeful of tobacco he handed over a whole plug of Navy or such part of one as he had, and when the Indian cut a pipeful and kept the rest Gibbs thought that he didn't mean to do it, but couldn't ask for its return. He continually gave me advice on the subject of getting on with them, and I enjoyed it. Once as we sat down to a midday bite Gibbs passed the pan of hot biscuit to old Mouthful, who dumped the lot in his dirty blanket. I had frequently told him that an Indian always understood that what you handed to him was his, but there the biscuit were.

"Explain it to him," said Gibbs, "I can't speak his lingo, but we've got to have some bread for our dinner, and I don't really fancy getting it back after he has handled it and had it in that blanket."

"Gibbs," I replied, "there is no need to explain it. You gave them to him; of course you didn't intend to give him the whole output of the bakery, but you did. Now the only thing to do is to go and take what you want without any more ceremony, replevin them; use force if necessary, but get back our biscuit. We need not eat the outside of them, there's a lot of good bread inside which his dirty hands haven't touched."

He looked at the bread and then said: "I don't like to be impolite to him. Why can't you tell him that it's all a mistake; what's the word for mistake in his patter?'

"Oh, just say to him: 'Nidgee, pungee iskoodah wabo,' and it will be all right."*

The red man had not paid much attention to our talk, which he could not understand, but my last words must have had a familiar sound, for he turned his head and looked at me.

Gibbs arose and repeated the words in his purest Chippewa. Old Mouthful also arose, as befitted such an important occasion, grunted, shook hands and replied in fairly good Ojibwa that he "didn't care if he did."

"What's that he says?" asked Gibbs.

"He says that he begs your pardon and hopes that he has not offended; and he begs that you will take the bread and give him such a portion as will not rob yourself."

Gibbs struck an attitude and exclaimed: "Now, by my halidome! Our guest is a gentleman of right courtly manners. I tell you, Fred, you don't know these people if you have been around a few of them long enough to pick up some of their talk. I've read up on 'em, Scoolcraft, Cooper and these authors; have studied, 'em and the noble red man has all the high-bred instincts of the most chivalrous knight, but these men who come among them to trade are not sufficiently educated to see and appreciate it." He then took up the bread, broke off a third of it and gave it to our guest.

Old Mouthful looked surprised. Evidently he didn't mind the bread as long as there was whisky in prospect. After a pause he looked at Gibbs in a way that the Governor of North Carolina might have done at that historic meeting with the Governor of South Carolina, and merely remarked: "Pungee 'scutah wabo?"

"What's that he says?" asked Gibbs.

"He asked you for some whisky, and he thinks you promised him some in exchange for the bread. I begin to think so myself, since I compare your pronounciation of Ojibwa with his and mine. There are some very nice shades of inflection in Ojibwa which make a word mean several things. You have told me how revengeful an Indian is, and you have mortally offended this man, and unless you give him what you have promised it may go hard with you—and in fact with all our party, for we are only six."

"What will I do? I haven't any whisky, and there's none in camp."

"He won't believe that. He has seen a 10gal. keg of molasses, but you don't suppose for a moment he believes it to be molasses? The kegs he has seen with white men have always contained whisky. I don't know how you can square it with him. You've got yourself into this scrape, but I'll help you out if I can."

I told our guest that Gibbs had not understood, "gowin kendun," but that instead of whisky he meant to offer tobacco. That was satisfactory—it had to be—and Gibbs gave up a whole plug of Navy, and there was peace in the land. Gibbs felt that I had successfully arbitrated the case and averted a calamity. What our guest thought was impossible to tell, but Henry and I enjoyed the thing by ourselves, and afterward Henry guyed Gibbs about it at every chance.

We had left civilization early in a presidential campaign. The Democratic party had nominated James Buchanan, and the newly-formed Republican party had named John C. Fremont as its candidate. Our little party of six was divided in its choice and in the evenings the argument waxed warm, but always in respectful shape. The date for the election had passed, but we knew nothing of the result. But what hundreds of bushels of oysters were bet! It would have required several smacks to have carried all these oysters if the stews, fries and raws had all been eaten. The fact is that no records of bets were kept, and each night the old score was forgotten and new bets were made. When we got back in the vicinity of Crow Wing—about Dec. 20—we first heard the result, and the Buchanan men were jubilant. It served us well as a topic of interest, for it was not a jolly crowd, and what it would have done for amusement without the election is a question.

Unless Henry or Gibbs was in camp I did not dare leave it. These Indians might be honest enough, but in our case it was well not to take any risks on our provisions. One day, while out with my rifle, I came to a lake of which I had a glimpse through the trees. Standing awhile, there came a faint whining sound which I at once diagnosed as the talk of a bear. Here was a chance to get a shot at bruin, and perhaps some fresh meat. Carefully looking at the cap on the rifle, I cautiously worked down into the marshy ground and underbrush in the direction of the sound. The marsh was frozen or the passage would have been impossible. The sound came from one direction, but did not seem to increase as I advanced; but it was a bear, sure. Getting near the edge of the lake, as could be seen off to the right, the game must be close, and that creepy, trembling feeling came on. I halted and listened; it was but a few feet away. Through the brush a dark object could be seen on a log, and the whining kept up. If it was a bear I wanted to see how it stood in order to plant the bullet right; but in stepping one side I made a slight noise, and an Indian boy about six years old turned around. He dropped, crawled behind the log, and then jumped into the brush and out of sight. Probably it was the first white man he had ever seen. Then I knew that what I mistook for the whining of a bear was the boy's low singing. The story he told his mother would be interesting, if we knew it.

Getting back to the higher land again, I sat awhile on a log enjoying the clear, cold air and the glimpse of the frozen lake. After awhile there was another sound of life, and I saw a sight which I never have seen recorded by any writer of the woods. Below, in an open spot in the underbrush, perhaps of 20ft. diameter, and not over 20ft. away, came a troop of about thirty ruffed grouse or partridges of the Eastern States, and they were clucking and chattering at a great rate. The males were strutting with tails spread out like turkey cocks, or more like tame pigeons. I was in plain sight, and tried not to breathe for fear of disturbing them, for it was the treat of a lifetime. Among these birds was a male, I had no doubt the same species, which was black. Of course I can't at this late day, and in view of my very slight knowledge of such things at that time, be certain that this was a case of melanism in Bonasa, but I believe it.

Later I saw several ptarmigan, which I then thought to be white ruffed grouse, but did not kill any. Something alarmed the partridges and they flew into the trees, and I picked off three. The shots brought an Indian, a stranger, who begged for a bird, and I gave him one. These men were persistent beggars; they thought every white man was wealthy. They seemed to roam the woods without either gun or bows, and I afterward learned that they lived mainly on fish, which they dried for winter. No doubt they knew how scarce game was, and that it was useless to hunt for it. I was greatly disappointed; I had left the East two years before because of the scarcity of game, and here I was in a primeval forest where there was no game, hardly a rabbit. Disappointed hardly expresses it. Why, we could go out from Albany in that day, in most any direction during the winter, and bag a few ruffed grouse, some rabbits and a squirrel or two; I began to think the far West a fraud; Minnesota was then "far West." The biggest lot of game I saw in northern Minnesota that winter was four young coons that Tom Davies killed with an axe as they huddled near a tree on an extra cold morning. I parboiled and baked them, and—oh, my!

Our friend, who possibly might bite off more than he could chew, but never more than he could swallow, had ceased to be interesting. He found our camp at every move, and seemed to regard himself as part of it, or at least one of the volunteer staff. Neaville and I paid little attention to him, but his eye brightened when he found Gibbs in camp. Gibbs was curious about him, wanted to learn his language, and would touch objects and ask their names by looking up and saying, "Ojibwa?" Then, of course, he could do no less than "divy" on pork and tobacco—a very good arrangement for his friend. Speaking of tobacco, we once found old Mouthful with the native article, the "killi-ki-nic," or inner bark of the red willow. Henry and I tried it once. It was most pungent, and I can only compare it to smoking rattan and elm root, which we schoolboys used before we aspired to tobacco, and it almost burned our tongues off. I think some of the old boys, and perhaps some of the younger ones, will recall their brave attempts to smoke things, no matter how pungent; which did not upset and invert their youthful stomachs. Fifty years ago most boys in America thought it smart to chew tobacco, and they acquired the disgusting habit, but the younger ones would get licorice ball, and spit in imitation of a tobacco chewer, and then some unbeliever would challenge him with, "That ain't tobacco you're a-chewin', it's on'y lickorish!" Yes, I was a boy once.

These Northern Indians must smoke, but tobacco was an exotic which positively declined to grow so far North, and, like the boys, they found a substitute. After they found the Southern weed it was too costly to use alone, and they mixed it with killi-ki-nic merely for economy; but preferred pure tobacco when they could get it.

"This reminds me." In my young days, when I was particularly fond of negro minstrelsy and burlesquing things, and shortly after the time of which I write, Longfellow published "Hiawatha," a poem which I never tire of reading, but one whose meter urgently invites burque; and with hundreds of others I essayed it. Elsewhere I have said that some people seemed shocked at seeing a thing which they love burlesqued. That means that their sense of humor is only partially developed. Then and to-day I regard "Hiawatha" as the great American epic, but I wrote:

"Should you ask me whence I got them,
Got these yarns of old James River;
With their flavor of tobacco,
Of the stinkweed, the mundungus,
And the pipe of Old Virginny,
And the twangle of the banjo;
Of the banjo, the goatskinnit,
And the fiddle, the catgutta,
And the noisy marrow-bonum,
I should answer, I should tell you:
By one John-smith they were written.
John-smith, soldier, sailor and explorer,
Editor of his own adventures
In the land of Po-ca-hon-tas,
In the realm of Pow-ha-tan,
Where old John-smith had a big time,
Filled the red man full of whisky,
Stole his daughter and sailed eastward
To the far-off land of John-bull," etc.

There were yards and yards of this stuff, but we will content ourselves with that. It's easy to write, any boy can do it, and the grandest of themes are the easiest to burlesque. That is a fact that human owls fail to understand. What is easier to travesty than "Chronicles"? And it is often done without intending irreverence; the humor of the thing is the only thought of the writer; but "a jest's prosperity," etc.

Here you see the evil effect of tobacco, how it will lead a man off the track to talk about Pocahontas and other irrelevant things. It's fortunate for some one that my pen did not go off after Sir Walter Raleigh and the story of his weighing the smoke which came from Queen Elizabeth's pipe, but every schoolboy knows all about that.

We found another thing that the Indians used; it was the "man-o-min," or wild rice. This is mighty good feed for wild ducks or Indians, but, as they ate it, there was a grit in it which detracted from its value to men who don't like to eat the hulls of grain. Hardly a night but half a dozen Indians slept by our fire and cooked their wild rice over it, but if they could get our Southern rice they were glad. It's many a day since I ate the man-o-min, but the impression now is that if it had been properly hulled it would have been good.

Along the streams we saw where the wild rice had been tied up in bunches to keep it from bending over and being eaten by the wild ducks while it was in the milky state or after. Then, later in the year the women paddled up the stream, bent the heads of rice over and with a light stick threshed them into a canoe.

Gibbs was always curious to taste their food; he had the true instincts of an investigator and got more information in that line than we, who were more cautious of getting too intimate with the aborigines, for fear of our stock of provisions.

We came out all right on the rations and had all we wished to use, but the story of the winter is too long for one telling.

FRED MATHER.

* These words mean: "Friend, will you have a little whisky." "Iskoodah" is a word meaning a fire, comet, lightning, etc., and "wabo" or "wabah" is water.

New Jersey Trout Planting.

CHIEF FISH AND GAME PROTECTOR CHARLES A. SHRINER reports to the New Jersey Commission for October: The principal features of the work of the past month consisted in delivering trout and in the large number of prosecutions for violations of the fish and game laws.

The trout were obtained from Plymouth, Mass., under an agreement by which the Plymouth Rock Trout Co. agreed to deliver to your Commission 50,000 trout in New York city. Wardens were placed in charge of the trout at this point, and the fish were distributed to persons having applied for the stocking of suitable streams. The work has been nearly completed and has been very successful, the trout in all but one instance arriving safely at their destination. One can, sent to Englewood, contained a large number of dead fish; all the others were delivered without the loss of a single fish or of only a very few. The trout were between 2 and 3in. in length and were shipped in cans each holding 500.

Lake George Pickerel.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. D. C. Dean, of the American News Company, spent much of his time fishing while at Lake George this summer. He caught a number of bass and some very fine pickerel. One of his pickerel weighed 12lbs. and another 9lbs., while several weighed 7lbs., and a number of 5 and 6lbs. were taken.

Mr. Dean thinks the pickerel deserves a high rating as a game fish and that it should have better protection than it now enjoys. He says that as things are at present hundreds of fish are slaughtered in the early spring at the expense of the summer fishing, and that the interests of the numerous summer visitors are sacrificed to those of a few early fishermen.

B.

ANGLING NOTES.

English Angler in America.

READERS of this journal will remember Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, who furnished the sinews of war for the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar expedition that found Dr. Nansen; but he will be remembered by anglers chiefly for the tarpon article which he wrote for FOREST AND STREAM and for the Badminton Library, as he came to this country on a fishing expedition, and after trying the tarpon in Florida waters pronounced it the finest fishing to be obtained anywhere. Lately the New York newspapers have stated that Mr. Harmsworth was about to establish an edition of one of his many newspapers in New York city, and on this subject he writes me from London as follows:

"Your letter explains a mystery. Several letters have reached me asking for work on some proposed journal. Having so far retained my mental equilibrium, I have no intention of rushing in where angels fear to tread, and my eighteen newspapers over here occupy my time fully. I have, however, managed to get a very good ten days' angling this year. I had about four days—single days—with the trout, and did well always. I have just got back from Scotland. But I am not yet a good salmon angler. My best fish was 23½lbs. The tremendous casting and the cold wading of the Tay are more than I can stand. It is veritable labor of the worst kind. I am still trying to get to your side and the tarpon again, and will let you know if I have any chance of getting across."

Mr. Harmsworth has been good enough to offer to send me a collection of English fishes, mounted, of his own catching, trout, pike, roach, perch, bream, etc., for the purpose of comparison with our own fishes, and already some of the fishes have been prepared. It will be a valuable collection and serve as an object lesson, and for this reason I will share it with fellow anglers in some way, perhaps by putting it on exhibition at the New York Aquarium when it is opened to the public. I think English anglers are much more given to mounting specimen fish than we are, although the custom is growing in this country, and it is one to be commended. A young man brought me last year the outline of a yellow perch on wrapping paper. The fish weighed 2lbs. and was by far the largest perch ever taken from the waters of Lake George, where the perch are fine flavored, but do not grow to ¼lb. except in rare instances. It was glad of the outline of the fish on paper, but would have been much more pleased to have had the fish for mounting, but it had been eaten. The young man's father once caught what was reported to me to be a record black bass of the small-mouth species. I drove hastily to his house only to find the fish in the oven being cooked for dinner.

Fish Distribution in New York.

The State of New York during the year ending Sept. 30, 1896, hatched and distributed in the waters of the State 190,519,218 fish of all kinds. In addition the U. S. Fish Commission contributed to the waters of the State a total of 27,417,533 fish, so that the State waters received during the year a grand total of 217,936,751 fish.

In 1895 the total distribution of fish in the State amounted to about 191,000,000, of which the United States Fish Commission contributed about 17,000,000 (these figures are from memory), so that for the year ending Sept. 30, 1896, the State hatched and distributed from its own hatching stations nearly as many fish as the total from its own stations and the United States combined for the previous year. The fish hatched and distributed by the State from its own stations were as follows: Trout, 7,675,060; pike perch, 41,315,000; mascalonge, 1,815,000; black bass, 43,458; ciscos, 27,500 000; whitefish, 11,350,000; frost fish (round whitefish), 9,700,000; shad, 8,690,200 (probably twice as many as ever before hatched in one year by the State from eggs taken in the Hudson); bullheads, 1,500; tomcods, 44,000,000; smelts, 34,000,000; lobsters, 4,414,000; fresh-water shrimps, 115,000. From these figures it is plainly to be seen that the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission is devoting its attention more to the so-called food or commercial fishes than to the so-called game fishes. Many of the fish contributed by the United States Fish Commission were contributed in the form of eggs, which were hatched and planted by the Commission and do not appear in the table given above, which consists of fish hatched and planted from eggs taken from stock fish at the hatching stations, or from eggs taken in State waters. For instance, the total plantings of shad in the Hudson amounted to 18,285,200, the grandest plant ever made in this river since the beginning of fishculture in the State. The Commissioners erected a new shad hatchery at Catskill, where the eggs were hatched in jars under cover instead of the old-fashioned shad boxes operated in the river with the sky for a roof, but I presume they will describe this work in detail in their annual report.

Bullheads.

There was a note in this column about bullheads recently, since which time I have learned something new concerning them. I was visiting a friend who has a camp on a trout lake which he owns in the Adirondacks. The time was during the last of the month of September. Bullheads were schooling at the surface of the lake, "bulling," the natives called it; when a school of the fish were seen at any part of the lake a rap with a paddle on a boat would cause the school of bullheads to jump from the water. It was not necessary to see the fish, for a blow on the timbers of the boat landing would cause the fish to jump in the middle of the lake. One sharp blow on the gunwale of boat, canoe or boat landing, the timbers of which run down into the water, was all sufficient to cause the fish to jump if they were at the surface, and the whole school jumped as if frightened.

Silkworm Cocoons.

Dr. Theodatus Garlick, the "Father of Fishculture in America," gathered the cocoons of American silkworms, reared the worms, and from them drew gut that was "9ft. long and equal in size and strength to the best salmon gut"—that is, such gut as is used in salmon fishing. Gut from the Chinese worm is not 2ft. long in the size used for salmon fishing, and if leaders could be produced in one price, free from knots, it would be a boon to anglers. Mr. C. F. Orvis has reared the worms and drawn the gut, but it lacked strength, probably because the worms were not furnished with suitable food. No one seems to know what the food of the worms should be to produce strong gut from the silk sacs, although Dr. Garlick and Dr. Sterling both mentioned to me that the button bush was the natural food of the worm in Ohio. It remains for some one to discover the proper food of the American silkworm to produce the requisite strength in the gut when the silk sacs are drawn.

Some time ago I cut from a New York *Tribune* an article describing a cocoon hunt, from which a collector could distinguish the cocoons of the different moths, and resolved to quote from it when the time came to gather the cocoons, hoping to interest some one who has the time and inclination to experiment in producing long gut for angling purposes.

The moths producing the greatest amount of silk are *Atticus cecropia*, *Polyphemus* and *Prometheus*, although the *Atticus luna* may produce a large strand of gut; but it is a rarer moth than the others, as a rule. The article I have mentioned says of the *luna:* "The caterpillar of this moth lives on the walnut and hickory, on which it may be found, fully grown, toward the end of July and during the month of August. It is of a pale and very clear bluish-green color: there is a yellow stripe on each side of the body, and the back is crossed between the rings by transverse lines of the same color; on each of the rings are about six minute pearl-colored warts, tinged with purple, and furnishing a few little hairs, and at the extremity of the body are three brown spots, edged above with yellow. When about to retire for its winter sleep it draws together with silken threads two or three leaves of the tree, and within the hollow thus formed spins an oval and very close and strong cocoon about 1¾in. long, and immediately afterward changes to a chrysalis. The cocoons fall from the trees in the autumn with the leaves in which they are enveloped, and the moths make their escape from them in June.

"A moth whose caterpillar is much like that of the *luna* both in coloring and habits is the *Polyphemus*. He makes his cocoon in the same manner and drops to the ground in the autumn. To find the cocoons the searcher must turn over the dropped leaves of the oak and birch.

"The caterpillar of the *Atticus cecropia* anchors his winter home longitudinally to the side of a twig. It is on an average 3in. long and 1in. in diameter at the widest part. Its shape is an oblong oval pointed at the upper end. It is double, the outer coat being wrinkled and resembling brown paper in color and thickness; when this tough outer coat is cut open the inside will be seen to be lined with a quantity of loose, yellow-brown strong silk, surrounding an inner oval cocoon composed of the same kind of silk, and closely woven, like that of the silkworm. The caterpillar feeds chiefly on the apple, cherry and birch trees, as well as on currant, alder and barberry bushes, and its cocoons may be found where they grow.

"The caterpillar of *Atticus prometheus* has a particular love for the leaves of the sassafras and wild cherry, though he may also swing his hammock from the twigs of the elder bush, the azalea, the swamp pink and the buttonball. A few brown and curled leaves may frequently be seen hanging from a tree or bush when all the other leaves have fallen off. If one of these leaves is examined it will be found to be retained by a quantity of silken thread which is wound around the twig to a distance of ¼in. or more on each side of the leaf-stalk, and is thence carried downward around the stalk to an oval cocoon which is wrapped up by the sides of the leaf. The cocoon itself is about 1in. long, and so strong is the coating of silk that surrounds the leaf-stalk and connects the cocoon with the branch that it cannot be severed without great force, and consequently the chrysalis swings securely within its leaf-covered envelope through all the storms of winter."

There is another moth, the caterpillar of which spins silk, which is comparatively new to this country. Like those already mentioned, which have been called American silkworms (although the writer I have quoted says of the *cecropia* that the cocoon is "composed of the same kind of silk, and closely woxen, like that of the silkworm," as though the worm were not a silkworm), it is a large moth and may produce as much gut as any of the worms mentioned. This moth is the *Atticus cynthia* and came to America from Japan with the ailanthus tree, on which it feeds exclusively and on which it spins its cocoon. The cocoon is larger than that of the *Prometheus* and is spun with a whiter silk. "Like the *Prometheus*, the cocoon is chained, if not to the rock, at least to the twig, and a hurricane would only rock the chrysalis into a lullaby. The moth expands from 5 to 5½in., has pale olive-green wings, bordered by a pale lilac and white streak on its upper and lower wings."

I have a friend who is an enthusiastic collector of cocoons and he gathers many of them, but I cannot induce him to rear the worms and draw gut from the silk sack, for he is not an angler, and he prefers to impale the moths on pins and put them in a case. It is not unusual to find the moths about the electric street lights, but the *luna* is rare as compared with the other big moths. However, it is not the moths that the collector must seek if he desires to experiment with silkworm gut. When the moths escape from the cocoon they mate and live but a short time after depositing their eggs, which hatch into caterpillars.

Birch Bark Cup.

Birch bark serves many purposes in the woods, and this year one of my guides in Canada made a drinking cup from birch bark that was to me entirely new in form. Coming over a portage, the men took the canoes first, leaving the pack with all the drinking vessels behind. A cup was needed, and one of the guides procured a piece of birch bark, made a cornucopia of it, cut off the pointed end, split a green twig, inserted the lower end of the cornucopia in the cleft, pinched the open ends of the cleft twig together with his fingers and presented it to me. It was better than a hat or your hand, and almost as good as a tin cup.

A. N. CHENEY.

Transporting Crayfish.

IN last week's FOREST AND STREAM Mr. Cheney suggests for transporting crayfish to place them in water, changing the water occasionally, etc. My experience has been that many will die when kept in water, and that the greatest success is attained by placing grass sod in a box, with a cover having holes bored in it; moisten the sod somewhat and keep the cover on the box to prevent crayfish from crawling up and out. I have kept a supply for several weeks in that way with no loss. The crayfish will be found when wanted by pulling the sods apart. They can be transported any distance if kept cool.

SPENCER M. NASH.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Nov. 14.—The destruction of the fishing pounds along the coast has brought a season of conditions which give joy to the angler. Surely not in years has fishing been better than for the past two weeks. The catches of plaice or fluke have been something enormous; tons have been taken by rod and reel, while weakfish, ling and what is something of a phenomena, the codfish, are taken directly from the beach. Never before have I known the cod to be so close inshore; they are attracted by the sand eel or sand lant, which is a favorite food for all fish at this season of the year, and they are now on the coast in enormous schools. They are distinctly a cold-water fish, rarely sojourning further south than Cape May, where they apparently leave the coast and pass out to sea, where they are pursued and greedily fed upon by the cod and other carnivorous fish. Their place in nature is quite similar to that of the menhaden, being a bait fish. I have frequently known the weakfish to scorn all other baits and take the sand eel greedily at every cast. If there is any better sport than taking weakfish from the surf when they are in a biting mood I have never yet discovered it.

LEONARD HULIT.

Sunapee Saibling for New York Waters.

LAST week State Fish Commissioner A. N. Cheney brought from Lake Sunapee, N. H., forty-five saibling which were put out in Lake George, with ten for the Caledonia hatchery and four for the New York Aquarium. He germed also 6,000 saibling eggs, which went to Caledonia.

This is the first time saibling have been taken out of New Hampshire for stocking purposes; it may be regarded as the beginning of an important enterprise of adding the formed fish to many of the waters of this State.

The saibling has always been claimed by New Hampshire as an unique possession, shared by none of her sister States. It will be remembered, however, that some years ago Mr. James Annin, Jr., the present Superintendent of Hatcheries of New York, suggested that there might be saibling in Sterling Lake, which is in Orange county, fifty miles from New York city.

Florida Fish and Game.

BROOKSVILLE, Fla., Nov. 12.—In the bay at Bay Port, Fla., last Wednesday, a fisherman caught in his net a tarpon measuring 4ft. Three fine deer were killed near Brooksville by Col. Martain and A. N. Chef. Quail are in abundance in this county.

J. WATKINS LEE.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detriot, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

1897.

Feb. 2 to 5.—New England Kennel Club's annual show, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

1897.

Jan. 11.—Tupelo, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 8.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trials Club second annual trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

DOGS IN TOWN.

HARTFORD, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with some pleasure the contemplated action of the Board of Health of the City of New York in the matter of dogs running at large in the streets of the city. Although I am a dog owner myself, I realize that those who are not dog owners have rights which are bound to be respected, and those who are dog owners have rights too—of which they have a right to the enjoyment of their property in dogs, but they have no right to make their dogs a nuisance to others or the public at large. Many people are so blinded by their personal affection for their dogs that they seem to consider any objection to them as a personal affront aimed at themselves and resent it as such. They do not consider that their dogs may be an annoyance or intrusive or even a nuisance to others.

In the great cities especially are dogs a great nuisance, and their offensiveness is greatly aggravated by the doings of the owners, either from neglect on their part by allowing their dogs to run at large and thereby giving them an opportunity for all kinds of offensive liberties, or by turning them into or leading them in the street for the sole purpose that they may relieve their animal needs.

It is not an uncommon occurrence for dogs to soil ladies' or gentlemen's garments in the streets if the wearers are stopped in conversation, and the soiling of food and groceries displayed in front of stores and markets is a very common occurrence, a most exasperating imposition and a cause of direct loss to the tradesmen.

Many people take their dogs with them when they go shopping or to market, giving the dogs the freedom to overrun the place and in a way presuming on the tradesman's fear of the loss of trade to restrain him from resenting the gross imposition. The proper treatment would be to kick the offending dog into the street. No tradesman, however, cares to take such initiative, as not only would force make a spectacular disturbance of his business, but there would be such a gross perversion of the facts and such an exaggeration of its importance that it really might make a scandal and a consequent serious disturbance to his business.

It is a strange phase of human nature that so much of imposition will become almost a custom when those who are imposed upon cannot resent it. Suppose that the tradesman in delivering his goods to his customers was to take his dog with him and let him overrun the house, soiling such articles as pleased his fastidious fancy, stick

ing his nose everywhere in cupboard and kitchen, the customers would soon be in a state of rebellion, an appropriate action, and yet what are their rights are also ours, and we should have them by the courtesy which is supposed to be accorded to all in society.

However, strange as it may seem, some of the most constant offenders are people of wealth and breeding, who know better than to let their dogs become a nuisance, but take advantage of the tradesman's dependence on their custom to inflict the imposition upon him. It is ungenerous, unkind, wrong and injurious, and I for one will welcome the day when the law will interpose and afford us a protection which we now cannot obtain.

That the abuse of the public rights is widespread is proved by the contemplated action of the Aldermen in the city of New York. That it is an intolerable nuisance to tradesmen I know to my personal loss and my personal indignation. That the public health is menaced by making a sewer of the public streets is too apparent to need argument to maintain it. If the dog owners will not respect the rights of the public (and experience proves that they will not), then the public, by virtue of legal enactment, should force them to do so, and thus secure for the public the rights which the dog owners are so insistent upon for themselves whenever their rights are invaded to the slightest degree.

I write this to FOREST AND STREAM, of which I am a constant reader, in the hope that it may tend to bring about a spirit of decency among those who own dogs; and I assure them that they will be much better liked by their grocers, their butchers, their marketmen and their neighbors, if they will keep their dogs at home or even kill them on any pretext.

It may be said that the tradesman derives a benefit from the greater purchases made in behalf of the dog. Such trifling gain is of a thousand times less importance than the annoyance, even if there were such gain; but as in most instances dogs are fed on the scraps that would otherwise go into the garbage box, or on the scraps which are begged from the butcher or wheedled from him as a make-weight to a trade, the tradesman cannot charge himself with much ingratitude to the animal, which he detests as a most unmitigated nuisance.

The tradesman suffers all the loss. Be the injury what it may, the dog owner affects obliviousness of it. He or she will affect the greatest urbanity and evidence of good faith in making a purchase by way of diversion from the dog's offense, and at last concluding with some trifling purchase of a value whose total is less than the injury inflicted by the dog, to say nothing of the irritation of mind produced by such gross imposition.

I hope others will take up this subject, and so hold up the offenders to public opinion and exposure that it will accomplish what a sense of decency has so far failed to do.

AFFLICTED TRADESMAN.

ALBANY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I understand that it is proposed to procure such legislation as will prevent the appearance of dogs, under any circumstances or restrictions, on the streets of New York. Will you allow me an additional suggestion? Namely, that horses should also be prohibited. It is well known that now electrical conveyances of various kinds can be procured, and certainly horses do more toward the defilement of the streets than dogs. Also, would it not be well to have such laws enacted that would prevent the fall of snow in New York during the winter? CLARENCE RATHBONE.

THE PENINSULAR FIELD TRIALS CLUB'S TRIALS.

OUR trials began here, at Leamington, Ont., on Tuesday, Nov. 10. There were three stakes: a Breeders' Stake, a Derby and an All-Age Stake. Major J. M. Taylor, the well-known field trial authority, judged and gave good satisfaction, though there was not the ready finding of birds which we would like to have seen; no fault of the dogs entirely if at all, for the birds were not plentiful enough for the dogs to make plenty of points and finds upon, and the grounds not proving up to expectations.

The Breeders' Stake.

The trials opened with the Breeders' Stake, five starters, and the winners were: Brighton Joe, first; Blacksie won second; Heather Bloom, third; and Joe Handy won fourth.

The first two dogs were Brighton Joe and Heather Bloom, the first a white pointer owned by T. G. Davey and handled by James McGregor, and in breeding by Plain Sam—Beppo's Mollie. The other was a black, white and tan setter bitch (Dash Antonio—Bly), owned by H. Marshall Graydon, handled by J. Spracklin; and they began the heat a few minutes before 9 o'clock, and the weather was raw and cloudy. They were running only a short time when Joe flushed a bird and in a moment he flushed the rest of the bevy. They were taken then to the scattered birds in the woods, and Joe made a very good point on a single bird and Bloom made a flush. They were then sent on to find a new bevy, and after working out a few fields Joe found one and pointed it in grand style and Bloom did the backing honors. The bevy was flushed close by the fence and the dogs were then worked on scattered birds, and Joe got two very nice points on them, and this work ended the heat. Time was about 9:40. Joe was the best hunter and his point work on birds was excellent. There was not very much difference in their speed and range. Bloom had some good opportunities to make a good score on points, but did not take advantage of them.

The next brace was Leamington Pointer Kennels' liver and white pointer dog Joe Handy (Plain Sam—Blondie), handled by H. Milliken, and N. Stowart's black and white dog Blacksie, bred the same as Joe is, and handled by his owner. They got the word at 9:45. They were not successful in finding game for a long time, nearly an hour. They came to a bevy and both made game, Joe discovering the scent first; but they seemed to be uncertain, not to say inefficient, in locating the bevy, which was in a good place for pointing, near a fence; but they did make a poor point where they ought to have made a good one, for they had the wind of the birds and were not far from them. Then on the scattered birds Blacksie made a point, but they seemed to be poor workers on the scattered birds, for they went time and again where the birds were without getting a point. They were under good control, but were different in their ways of hunting; for Blacksie was more cunning in beating out his ground, though not so pleasing in his way of ranging. Blacksie made another point, but did not hold it long enough, and when he moved the bird flushed. The heat ended at 10:59.

The bye dog, J. B. McKay's Irish setter dog Drenagh (Finglas—River Rose), handler, James McGregor, started about 11 o'clock, and the judge gave him a good trial of an hour and he had good opportunities to point on a bevy and some scattered birds, but he made all flushes instead and the grade of his work was very poor.

Second Series.

Four dogs were taken in to try further for the prizes, and after lunch Joe Handy and Heather Bloom started at 1:28. There were some marked birds on which the dogs were worked with no good results, Joe in particular losing a chance or two to point single birds. They ran nearly an hour.

Brighton Joe and Blacksie ran the concluding heat. After Joe made a false point both made game, Blacksie first; Joe first to the birds, for he was the quickest in locating. Blacksie did not respect the point, for she went by and the birds flushed. They started at 2:22 and ended at 3:01.

The Derby.

This stake was practically a repetition of the Breeders' Stake, and there was not a keen interest to see the same dogs run over again. There were four starters: Joe Handy and Brighton Joe and Drenagh with Heather Bloom. The cloudy and threatening weather settled into a rain toward night, about 4:30, and stopped the work sooner than was expected; but as it was near night not very much time was lost.

Drenagh and Heather Bloom started at 3:05. There were some marked birds kept in mind and the dogs were worked on them. The work of both was poor, for though they seemed to be able to recognize the scent they were poor at locating, and flushed instead of pointed. They were given about an hour's trial and then were ordered up.

Brighton Joe and Joe Handy were put down at 4:03 and they were run an hour, and had the misfortune to find nothing, though they were busy workers. The rain then stopped the work.

Conclusion of the Derby.

Wednesday opened bright and pleasant, but there was a lot of water standing on the ground as the result of the floods which had poured down through the night. The result was that only five bevies of birds were found during the Derby running and in the All-Age Stake, so that the merits of the dogs had to be determined from what they did aside from pointing.

The third series began with Heather Bloom and Joe Handy. These were put down at 3 P. M., when a large bevy flushed from Marygold took to the woods. The only bird flushed by the dogs was a single one put up by Joe, although the puppies hunted faithfully. They were ordered up at 3:30. Heather Bloom did the best work and covered most ground.

Brighton Joe and Heather Bloom were put down for five minutes at 4:42. This wound up the Derby, and at supper the awards were announced as follows:

Brighton Joe first, Heather Bloom second, and Joe Handy third; Drenagh the diploma.

The All-Age.

First Series.

The entries in the All-Age stake were:

LUCY—MISFORTUNE.—Thomas G. Davey's liver and white pointer bitch Lucy (Ridgeview Faust—Peggy), handled by owner, and Marshall H. Graydon's black, white and tan English setter bitch Misfortune (Cincinnatus—Canadian Queen), handled by Joe Spracklin.

LOCK—BRIGHTON DICK.—Richard Bangham's black, white and tan English setter dog Lock (Locksley—Liddersdale), handled by Joe Spracklin, and T. G. Davey's black and white English setter dog Brighton Dick (Brighton Tobe—Brighton Lady), handled by owner.

DASH ANTONIO—LUKE.—Richard Bangham's black, white and tan English setter dog Dash Antonio (Antonio—Lady Lucifer), handled by Joe Spracklin, and W. B. Wells's black, white and tan English setter dog Luke (Toledo Blade—Cambriana), handled by A. Wells.

COBWEB—MARYGOLD.—A. Harrington's b. and w. tic. pointer dog Cobweb (Plain Sam—Pope's Trixey), handled by owner, and Leamington Pointer Kennels' liv. and w. pointer bitch Marygold (Count Graphic—Beppo's Mollie), handled by H. Milliken.

The first of the eight went down at 8:15. They were Lucy and Misfortune. Both went well and the birds were being flushed by the judge and scattered, the dogs were worked along a fence row, where Misfortune made a strong point, but Lucy refused to honor it. In the open field Lucy pointed a single, and subsequently put it up. Then in the woods Misfortune flushed a single, after which both dogs pointed, but without locating the game. Both showed good training and obedience; Lucy made the best impression, for she covered more ground and was superior in range and speed.

Lock and Brighton Dick were put out at 9:22 and ran for an hour and a quarter, finding nothing, although both worked and covered the ground thoroughly. Dick appeared to be the better of the two in his hunting, although they were practically equal in speed and range.

Dash Antonio and Luke ran from 10:48 to 12:10. Luke started the ball by flushing a bevy into the woods, where he followed, but although the dogs made strenuous efforts only one bird could be found, the ground being wet and difficult to make any record on. Afterward Dash did better work on dry ground, finally passing into the woods and disappearing for thirteen minutes. Luke was hunted on open ground until 12:10, when he was ordered up. Shortly after his handler brought in Dash.

Cobweb and Marygold were hunted for some time after lunch before anything was done. Milliken claimed a point for Marygold, although she was not seen at the time of claiming the point. Moving in the direction four birds had taken, one of these she flushed. Subsequently in new ground Cobweb pointed two pigs, although Marygold knew better than to honor such a point. Subsequent to this there was a claim put in by Milliken that Cobweb was sitting down. The judges did not accede to this, but took the ground that the dog was standing and in good position. In a field of corn Marygold, having gone through the standing rows to the lower end, again started around into the corn and flushed a large bevy, although the wind was favorable to her. The brace was ordered up at 2:01, and the second series followed.

Second Series.

Lady and Lock went down at 3:20, Lock soon making game along a weedy fence. Lady working off into the corn. Afterward Lock pointed a single and then following it up pinned the rest of the bevy, Lady also making game, but scoring a flush. The brace was taken up at 3:47.

When Dash Antonio and Brighton Dick were sent out after a bevy which had settled in a wood near by, Dash scored the first point on a bevy and again pointed on a blank or a bird, it could not be determined which. He showed a superiority in range, pace and general hunting, and won the heat. They were taken up at 4.18.

Then Luke and Misfortune worked for twenty minutes without any result, although Luke showed good hunting, particularly in pace and range. The awards were Dash Antonio first, Brighton Dick second, Lock and Luke equal third.

BEESWAX.

E. F. T. C. TRIALS.

The Members' Stake.

THE stake devoted to the competition of the members was run Saturday, Nov. 14, and there were six starters, drawn to run in the following order:

Dr. G. G. Davis's red Irish setter Lou (Finglas—Currer Bell), handled by F. H. Fleer, with Dr. Spencer Brown's b., w. and t. bitch Mollie B. (Roderigo—Lillie B.), owner, handler.

Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Shad (Eugene T.—Lou), owner, handler, with Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus's liv. and w. ticked pointer dog Watt (——— ———), owner, handler.

Theo. Sturgis's b., w. and t. setter bitch Vivian (——— ——— ———), owner, handler, with Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Loris, owner, handler.

Mr. S. C. Bradley judged all classes, and all were thoroughly pleased with the judging.

LOU—MOLLIE B. were put down at 10:55, and ran till 11:35. In about five minutes Lou pointed a bevy; Mollie backed; on the scattered birds Lou made two points and Mollie one; both steady to wing and shot. Lou next pointed a bevy in ragweed field, and was held on point for Mollie to back; birds flushed wild. Mollie made a single bird point and Lou flushed and chased. Sent on, Mollie was found on a point; no birds. In cornfield near ragweeds Mollie again was found on point; Lou backed; the birds were not found then, but were flushed after the dogs were put on chain. Lou had better range and speed, showed good judgment, and her work was of a good class.

SHAD AND WATT were put down at 11:45 and ran 45 minutes. It was a bad time of day for work. Several fields were searched without finding. A bevy was flushed by spectators and marked down in cane. Watt flushed and broke. Shad made a point and the bird flushed wild. Both ranged close at times and took casts at times. The pointer was better in speed and style.

VIVIAN AND LORIS began at 12:50 and ran till 1:45. After some time a bevy was flushed by a handler. On the scattered birds in pines, Vivian and Loris each scored a good point. Sent on in pines, Loris pointed; rabbit probably. On birds marked down in cane and ragweed Loris pointed, and both were steady to shot. The rest of the birds flushed wild and were followed. Vivian made a good point on one; next Loris pointed and Vivian backed.

Lunch was next in order.

MOLLIE B. AND WATT were put down at 2:50. In open fields Watt made a good point on a bevy. They were marked down in open brown sedge. Both made a point at the same time on different singles and were steady to shot. Sent on down in a cornfield, Mollie made a good point on scattered birds. Next Watt made a good point on a single. They ranged about equal, Mollie the better in speed.

VIVIAN AND LORIS were given a better chance as to time of day; time 3:33. Both flushed a bevy together on dry leaves. On the scattered birds Loris made a point, and a few steps further on Vivian made a point also. Next Vivian flushed, and shortly after the dogs were ordered up. 3:50.

LOU AND WATT were cast off at 4:00. Lou flushed a feeding bevy scattered about, then moved on, whirled to a point on footscent and Watt backed. In pines she made three points in quick succession, and Watt made a point on a single. Up at 4:15.

MOLLIE B. AND VIVIAN started at 4:20. Vivian pointed in pines, and a short distance further in open ragweeds Mollie was found on point on a bevy. Both were steady to shot. Sent on, Mollie dropped to two good single bird points. Vivian pointed a single. Sent on, both in pines were found side by side on point on a wounded bird. Down about 15 minutes.

LORIS AND WATT were started about 4:45 in a large stubble field. Neither showed much disposition to hunt. Down about 15 minutes.

The winners were: Lou first, Mollie B. second, and Vivian third.

Lou has a merry way of going; head up and good tail action; has an easy stride, good range and speed; is well broken.

Mollie B. is a diligent worker, good tail action and a sweet disposition; is under good control, and on point she is very snappy.

Vivian is a moderately good ranger, good style on point; was short of conditioning; good speed, moderate range, pleasant disposition.

Mr. Lorillard's dogs showed the effects of hard work, they being a little stale from hard field work prior to the trials.

The handling was excellent. All felt that it was a most pleasing, enjoyable day, and the stake one of the best of the meeting. Mrs. Dr. Brown followed the trials throughout.

It was a sweepstake, $10, 35, 15 and 10 per cent.; first receiving also a water color—a game scene donated by Dr. Brown, a beautiful work of art.

Mr. H. T. Payne, editor and proprietor of *Field Sports*, made FOREST AND STREAM a pleasant call on Thursday of last week. He reports kennel and shooting interests on the coast as being of steady growth and with encouraging prospects. Mr. Payne will attend the field trials at Newton, N. C., thence returning to California to continue the good work.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS ANNUAL.

THE ninth annual hunt of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club opened auspiciously at Westfield, Wednesday, for despite the showers that fell during the afternoon a vast amount of excellent sport was enjoyed. In fact, it was one of the most successful and thrilling hunts ever held by the club, even though the number of brushes secured has perhaps been exceeded. The pelts brought in number six. The finest sport of the day was enjoyed in the morning, and the hills about Pochassic, when the dogs were set loose, resounded all the morning and during a portion of the afternoon with the excited tones of a score or more of hounds intent upon running down the sly creatures. The morning was quiet and the ground was just damp enough to hold well the scent of the foxes. The territory hunted over is an ideal one and the foxes shifted about all day within a radius of a few miles, so that the sport did not become tiresome. As soon as one fox was bowled over another would soon be started and the "driving" would begin. In some instances only one or two hounds would be on the scent, while at other times over a dozen would be running together on the scent. The noise of a dozen or fifteen hounds in full cry after a fox must be heard to be appreciated. It is exciting and almost terrifying to the novice, for the jumble of yelps, snarls, barks, whines and the baying makes one almost believe they have gone mad and are engaged in a free fight among themselves. A dozen will make noise enough to cause the uninitiated to be ready to swear there are no less than fifty in the pack. To the old hunter, however, the noise is a pleasant one, for he knows that there is sport ahead and that with such driving the fox cannot be far away.

The start was made yesterday morning at 6 o'clock after bugler Fowler had routed out the hunters by a trip through the streets. The grounds were reached at 7 o'clock, and the teams and buses were cared for at the hospitable farm house of William Moore, where dinner was also served. The blood of the hunters was at the boiling point, for on the way to the grounds a fox passed only a few rods in front of the first 'bus, and Charles Brace, of Lee, and his dog Hilda went in hot pursuit. The hunters separated and chose points of advantage both in the valley and on the hill tops. Favorite positions near what were thought to be "runways" were sought, and there all waited for the dogs to get at work. The animals knew well what was going on, and in ten minutes several of the sly reynards were on the run. The popping of guns began, and if all the reports heard meant a dead fox there would have been several score to record. There were many disappointed ones who missed fire and then witnessed some other fellow get the much-desired brush and bear his trophy to the headquarters. It is a fact that nearly all of the hunters yesterday either had a shot at a fox or else saw one or more on the run.

The first pelt was secured by Harry Stiles, of Westfield, at 7:15, but the honor of getting the largest number of "brushes" went to out-of-town guests. As usual, Ben Babb, of Southwick, was on hand and of course got a fox. Others who shot them were A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester; John M. White, of Millbury; Charles Owen, of Granby, Conn.; and Charles S. Davis, of Meriden, Conn. One fox was shot at by at least half a dozen persons, and it is believed still retains his hide. O. M. Ball, of Worcester, injured a fox on the mountain, but did not follow it up to see if the dogs run it down. In shooting he barely missed a cow. However, Logan, the famous Worcester hound, followed up the fox and must have killed it, for he returned showing the effects of a hard tussle. He was well besmeared with blood and marks on his nose showed where the fox had once had a good grip. The hounds ran splendidly, and of course every man that had a dog in the hunt tells with assurance that "several" foxes were killed before his dog or dogs.

Among the hounds in the field were Logan, Buck, Rock, Fly and Sprague, of the celebrated Kinney-White pack, of Worcester; Burt R. Holcomb's Prince, Betsey, Ben, Fancy and Spot; C. H. Bryant's Buck, Ben Babb's Jack, Tom Montjoy's Fanny and Sancho, Ned of the Chicopee Fox Club; Peter Robinson's Queen and Bingo, of Chicopee Falls; Rock and Rye, Hunter and Trixie, belonging to E. L. and W. N. Walling, of Auburndale; W. W. Holmes's Tolland and Ranger, of Waterbury, Conn., and Charles Brace's Hilda, of Lee.

The annual banquet was served at 6:30 o'clock in Beethoven Hall, and about 125 sat down to the repast that had been prepared by caterer Tyler. An excellent programme of music was furnished by the theater orchestra. Suspended from the chandeliers were three of the foxes that had been shot during the day. The toastmaster of the occasion was E. W. Dickerman, of Westfield. The speaking was the best ever heard at Westfield on a similar occasion. Among those who responded to toasts were: George W. Roraback, of Westfield; Charles L. Holmes, of Waterbury, Conn.; President-elect John T. Way, of Westfield; A. B. F. Kinney, Congressman J. H. Walker, O. M. Ball and E. S. Knowles, of Worcester; W. H. Jones and J. H. Willey, of Boston; H. B. McNulty, of Rochester, N. Y.; Charles L. Holmes, president of the Waterbury, Conn., Fox Club; M. L. Fuller, of Chicopee Falls; D. F. Allyn, John F. Chase and Mark Carpenter, of Holyoke; and F. M. Dillon, of Fitchburg; Charles L. Young, of this city; James H. Bryan, A. S. Kneil, H. W. Ely, L. F. Thayer and William H. Foote, of Westfield; and Charles F. Davis, of Meriden, Conn. Mr. Holmes presented Mr. Roraback with a specially engraved Waterbury watch; and Mr. Dickerman, the toastmaster, was presented with an immense wooden gavel, and a vote of thanks was passed for his services as presiding officer.

Among the out-of-town guests present were: Leander Herrick, G. A. Goddard, Fred Coulsar, Arthur Estabrook, G. W. Barnes, A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester; John M. White, of Millbury; E. S. and W. N. Walling, of Auburndale; Charles Thompson, of Chicopee; M. F. Slattery, of Lenox; Henry F. Rice, of Sutton; Bradford S. Turpin, of Roxbury, secretary of the Brunswick Fox Club, and representative of the *American Field;* Charles S. Davis, of Meriden, Conn.; Judge Huber Clark, of Willimantic, Conn.; W. W. Holmes, of Waterbury, Conn.; Charles Owen, of Granby, Conn.; W. H. Perkins, of North Grafton, and Gurdon Bill, of this city.

The bugler did not make his appearance Thursday morning and consequently the townspeople were not notified of the start in the second day's hunt. Not as many ventured out as on Wednesday, but there were enough to make things lively and plenty of dogs to rout out the foxes. The sport was rather tame in the morning, but in the afternoon there was some good driving. The success of the last day was small compared with the first, for only one brush was secured. This went to A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, who also got one Wednesday. It was reported last night that a second fox had been shot, but this could not be verified. Several foxes were shot at, but escaped, while one or two went into their burrows for safety. The present officers of the club are: President, John T. Way; Vice-Presidents: N. A. Harwood, of Chester; Thomas Hazelton, of Westfield; Secretary, C. M. Goodnow; Treasurer, L. P. Lane.—*Springfield Republican, Nov. 12 and 13.*

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The following taken from the Chicago *Tribune* may be of more than passing interest to our readers: A pathetic incident occurred on the North Side last Wednesday which gave a curious illustration of the friendship animals sometimes have for each ether. In the neighborhood of the corner of Dearborn avenue and Erie street two very common-looking little dogs might have been seen any day for the last month or two romping and playing with each other or lying in the sun. Wherever one was the other could be found close by. Apparently they shared each other's joys, sorrows, bones and everything else. Some time on Wednesday morning one of the little dogs came to an untimely end. At noon its dead body might have been seen lying in the gutter on the east side of Dearborn avenue, just north of Erie street. From the marks on its head and neck it had doubtless been run over by a wagon. The body lay in the street until Thursday afternoon. During all the time the dog that had been its companion never left the spot. All day long the faithful little cur sat beside its dead playmate. Occasionally it got up to lick the dead face, whining pitifully. It looked the picture of misery. All the coaxing of the people in the vicinity failed to induce the animal to leave its dead friend. At midnight it might have been seen curled beside his dead companion. In this manner the poor little dog remained until about 4 o'clock, when a garbage wagon came along and the carcass was thrown in. The misery and rage of this faithful little animal knew no bounds when it saw its playmate taken away. It had to be driven away by force before the body could be touched. It followed the wagon for some distance, but finally returned to the spot where the body had lain. Ever since the faithful little creature has wandered back and forth, returning always after a short time to the same spot, a very miserable, woe-begone looking little cur. There was something almost human in the whole episode, and nearly every one in the block took a deep interest in it.

Mr. E. Hough, FOREST AND STREAM'S Western correspondent, writes that the beagle trials of the Northwestern Beagle Club were declared off, there not being enough support to make the trials of sufficient interest to run them.

Mr. W. H. Ritchie desires that we mention that the loving cup offered by him for competition in the forthcoming Brooklyn show is not restricted to the competition of members of the Metropolitan Kennel Club, but is open to all.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

TANDEM NOTES.

Why is it that tandem cranks are commonly placed so that the riders pedal in unison? No doubt it is because it looks better to see them keeping step than if their legs were in different positions at the same time. But is not a material advantage sacrificed to this adherence to consideration of appearances? With one set of cranks attached at right angles to the other, the dead point that bothers new riders who lack ankle motion and old ones on bad hills would disappear, and the actual work of propulsion would probably be lessened. On engines with more than one set of driving wheels the centers to never correspond.

Which rider should do the steering on a tandem? Frequently the responsibility rests with the rear rider. One reason for this is that when ladies ride they generally occupy the front seat, and it is natural that the man should look after the safety of both. Where two equally skilled riders go out together, however, it would seem as if the steering should devolve upon the front one, as he is in the best position to judge of the road and has a clearer view of wagons and obstacles. We should like to have the subject discussed by those who have had practical experience.

A question of interest to tandem riders is the proper construction of combination machines. In America we are accustomed to place the lady in front, while on the continent her position is generally in the rear. Some of the more recent models here are constructed on the European plan, and it seems that certain riders prefer the arrangement. The advantages of the European method are that all responsibility for steering, signaling with bell and manipulating the brake rests with the man, and in case of collision he also takes the brunt of the shock. On the other hand, it is a fact that a tandem runs better with the heaviest rider in the rear, and this is especially noticeable in hill climbing. Under similar conditions, a tandem also steers easier, on the same principle that an ordinary wheel can best be ridden "hands off" when the rider throws his weight as far back as possible. It is an advantage also to have the stronger rider of the two behind, as he seems to be able to apply his force better in that position, and as it is human nature for the rear rider to do most of the work. Then too this arrangement is easier on the machine, as the chains and crank hangers are saved the work of transmitting the major part of the power.

But most potent of all reasons in favor of our present custom is the fact that the lady likes to ride in front, and naturally chooses that position. In summer she gets most breeze and least dust there, and she also sees better than if the broad shoulders of her friend or lover cut off the view. Her shoulders do not interfere with his view, and if she wears a suitable hat he has no cause to complain in this regard, and if a stray lock of her hair once in a while floats round behind and brushes his face he thinks tandem riding all the better for it.

It seems good and fitting that the lady should ride in front. There she can see and be seen. If she is pretty people coming toward her want to have a look at her, and her companion also feels a little easier to have her where he can keep his eyes on her than riding in his rear along with the flying dust. It is more companionable too to ride that way, and you feel, to quote a writer on the subject, as if you were "taking her out," whereas if she rode on the rear seat you would be merely "letting her go along."

TOURING ON THE CONTINENT.

AT some of the European watering places bicycles are not allowed on the roads at the particular hours of the day when it is customary to visit the springs. Restrictions, especially in Germany, are very rigorous, and the public roads are only open to wheelmen under fixed regulations.

For the benefit of tourists, United States Consul Sawter, at Glauchau, cites some of the stricter rules which wheelmen are called upon to observe throughout the empire.

Particularly in Saxony cycling on public streets and roads is subject to minute and carefully enforced police regulations, and in many cases the use of brakes is obligatory.

Every machine must have an open plate or shield affixed to the brake rod or handle bar, and be provided with a spring lid on which is engraved in clear lettering the name, profession or rank, and residence of the rider.

This rule is mandatory, but for convenience the Consul suggests that the rider's card with address be attached to the handle bar, which would comply with the law and temporarily answer all requirements.

The alarm bell is of course demanded everywhere.

The law requires that the lamp be rather highly placed on the wheel and be kept lighted from within half an hour after sunset to half an hour before sunrise. Furthermore, that the light must shine through uncolored glass.

The brake attached to the bicycle must conform to a certain type, capable of being applied quickly and powerfully. Cycling on roads intended exclusively for pedestrians or on the elevated footpaths and highways is strictly prohibited.

Two bicyclers may ride side by side when it can be done without blocking the thoroughfare or annoying other riders or vehicles; otherwise, single file is the rule.

More than two machines abreast are not permitted under any circumstances. When meeting other bicycles or overtaking them, or when approaching passages of the road where it is not possible to see a long distance, or when reaching a steep descent, the cycler is obliged to give frequent signals with his bell as a matter of strict precaution in avoiding collisions.

Moderate speed must be maintained at all times. Scorching is forbidden on all German highways. At very steep down grades the cycler must dismount and guide his wheel until the descent is passed before remounting.

Cyclers are also required to dismount at any time if called upon by police officials to do so, and are obliged to give such officials any information they may demand. For disregard of any of these regulations a fine not exceeding sixty marks, or $14.28, with imprisonment in jail for not more than two weeks, or both, may be inflicted for each offense.

Consul Sawter says that the German roads are as a rule perfect, and that wheeling is smooth and easy. On account of the rainy weather which prevails most of the year, however, he advises the use of gear cases.

Riding under Difficulties.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the last day of October a forest fire burnt over a large part of the Palisade woodlands lying back of Tenafly, N. J. Such fires are of common occurrence in this locality and do little damage besides killing off the smaller underbrush. They start in the carpet of fallen leaves either in the late fall or early spring, and, unlike similar fires in pine or evergreen forests, do not eat their way into the ground and consume the fibrous stratum of decomposed vegetable matter. Consequently they do little or no damage to the trees, and are apparently of more benefit than harm, for they kill out the weeds and leave the woods clean as a lawn for the time being.

Recently I tried the experiment of riding through a portion of this woodland on my bicycle and found that it was possible to do so, though harder than riding across a newly mown pasture field.

At first glance the ground was apparently perfectly level, but as an actual fact it was full of hollows and inequalities that made very choppy riding. The smooth burnt surface was also very soft and crackled, and gave way as the bicycle passed over. On a down grade things went very well, but when there was the slightest rise to climb the pedaling was hard. It was necessary to take a very circuitous course to avoid the worst inequalities and pass around fallen trees or branches. But despite all these drawbacks it was surprising how quickly I passed through that piece of woodland as compared with previous trips on foot. I suppose there was considerable danger of punctures from the half-consumed sticks that lay in my course, but fortunately I had no trouble from this source.

There are a few squirrels left in these woods, but not nearly so many as there should be in view of their abundance at the close of the first half of the open season, Sept. 30. They have been persistently gunned during October, which was close season (the second part of the open season began Nov. 10), and last Sunday a number of men were hunting them in defiance of the statute, which forbids shooting on that day, as well as in defiance of the game laws. J.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Yachting.

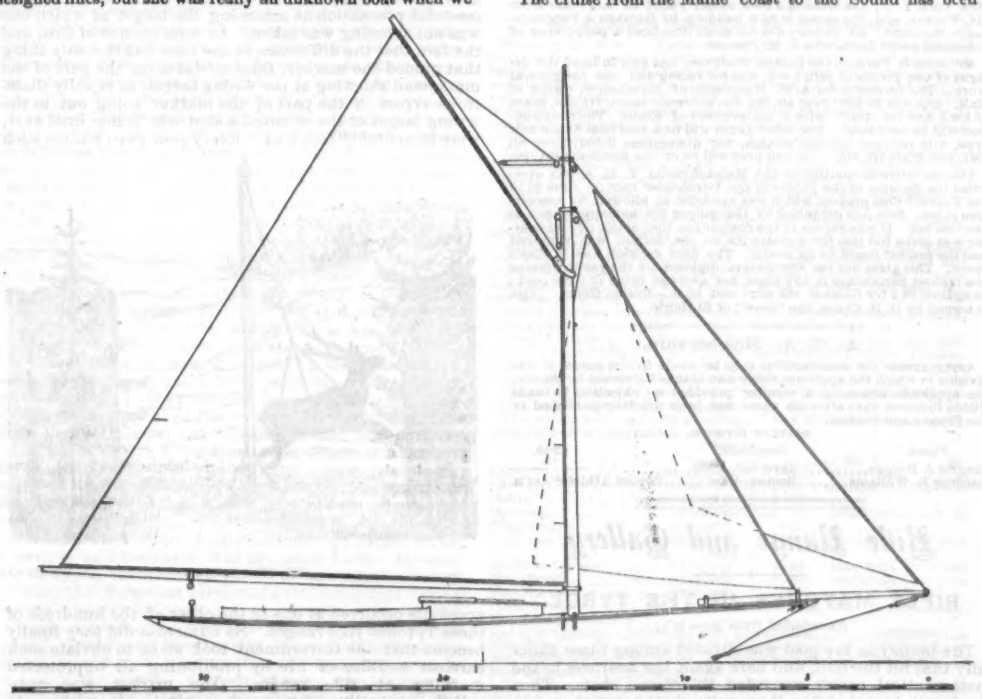
A FIRST ATTEMPT AT YACHT BUILDING.

BY E. P. MORRIS.

(*Concluded from page 396.*)

THE of launching approached. Those fears which no doubt many a builder of boats has felt beset me by day and by night. By day there was the horrible dread that a mistake in addition might have misplaced the ballast or that some radical defect in the plan would turn my work into ignominious failure. By night I dreamed of her, and I rose feverish one morning after having seen a vision of her in the water turning slowly over, lifting her ton of iron lightly into the air and fairly waggling it in my face before collapsing into a mass of splinters. 'It is, I think, just here that the amateur designer wishes for a kind of information which the books do not, perhaps cannot, give. He would like to know that a boat whose lines and sail plan are before him on a certain day, with a wind of twenty-five miles an hour, went to windward under jib and single-reefed mainsail and heeled down to within 3in. of her deck; or that another boat, also fully described, was found to roll her boom under in running before a heavy sea. In other words, if to the immense service which the designers have already done us they could add the further service of more precise data as to the performance of boats it would be a great relief to the anxious beginner. My relief came, however, when we got the boat into the water and she actually floated; and when I heard a friendly shout from the shore, "Her waterline's all right," I was triumphant.

She was tried for a few days around Pemaquid, and about 500lbs. of ballast put inside to bring her fully down to her designed lines, but she was really an unknown boat when we started, on the morning of Sept. 2, from Pemaquid bound for New Haven.



LAPWING. DESIGNED AND BUILT BY E. P. MORRIS, 1895-6.

Safety, comfort and speed, in that order, were the qualities I had aimed at. I wish I could give such accurate data as I have just been calling upon the writers of books to furnish, but our tests were made in actual sailing, not as experiments under known conditions. I ought to say, also, that we were towing a 14ft. dory, which I wanted to bring to New Haven. My companion, M. B., was a fisherman of twenty years' experience on the Maine coast and the best boat sailor I ever saw. As to safety, I think the boat could not be capsized, though this is rather an inference than a matter of direct knowledge. Just out of Portland Harbor and off the Highlands of Cape Cod, she took some heavy puffs without becoming in the slightest degree unmanageable. We crossed from Scituate to Provincetown on Sept. 8, as the easterly gale of Sept. 9-10 was beginning, sailing with sheets a little off, under two-reefed mainsail and jib or staysail. The sea was heavy, the heaviest I have ever seen, and, what is more to the purpose, the heaviest M. had ever met in a small boat. She took this sea very easily, shipping not more than a pailful of water and keeping under perfect control. As the sea rose we thought of running for Plymouth. I am quite sure that she would have rolled her boom under in the heavy sea, but M. felt sure that she would ship no water if we ran under staysail alone.

As we drew under the shelter of the cape the sea decreased to a surface chop, but the wind seemed to rise, making a very high note in the wire rigging and blowing off the heads of the waves, as it does in a fierce puff. I have not had experience enough to estimate the velocity, but the boat carried staysail and two-reefed mainsail—about 210sq. ft.—without heeling down to the deck.

On the evening of Sept. 19, just after the second squall, we worked her to windward under staysail alone. Her motion in a sea is very buoyant and easy, a fact which I attribute to the freeboard and the easy body lines. On the coast between New York and Maine, where one is never more than fifteen miles from a port except in rounding Cape Cod, I do not think a sea could rise high enough to overpower her before she could make a harbor. As to safety, therefore, I feel well satisfied.

On the other hand, as might be expected, she heels more than a wider and shoaler boat. We were not at any time in the company of boats as small as ours, so that comparisons were somewhat to our disadvantage. Twice we were under two reefs when other boats of 25 to 30ft. were carrying a single reef. Once we had a single reef when a boat near us had full sail. In general, though she is not tender, I think I shall need to reef somewhat sooner than others. But this slight disadvantage is inseparable from the other good qualities of a low powered boat.

Speed is a relative thing, and in putting it into the list of desired qualities I meant only that I did not want to be at the tail of the procession which moves down the harbor every pleasant afternoon. Speed in comparison with a racing fin-keel was of course impossible. The tests to which we were able to put the boat in cruising from Maine to New Haven were necessarily accidental and inconclusive, but they showed in a general way that she would not be left behind even by much larger craft of the kind one meets in an afternoon's sailing. In one harbor, where we lay for some days, we tried conclusions with two larger boats, about 24 to 28ft. waterline, and easily beat them in going to windward. Before the wind they beat us, but very little.

On Sept. 4 we ran from Portland Harbor to York, forty nautical miles, between 5:35 A. M. and 3:05 P. M., a little over four knots an hour, part of the time with light wind. We left Provincetown at 3:40 and passed Nausett Beacons at 10:10, twenty-six miles in 6h. 30m., part of it to windward. We got up anchor in Newport Harbor close to the small stone beacon at 5:35, reached down to Point Judith and sailed close-hauled to the red buoy off Watch Hill, twenty-eight and one-half miles, at 12:10, having made three short tacks inshore. We made seven runs of thirty-eight to forty and one half miles, nautical, anchoring always before dark and only once being more than twelve hours under way.

Four knots an hour looks small to people who do not measure distances on a chart, but for an average of a day's sailing in an 18ft. boat I think it satisfactory, though certainly not remarkable. I have no doubt that some of the fast catboats in New Haven Harbor will beat me very nicely, but I feel sure also that my little boat will not be at the tail of the procession.

The cruise from the Maine coast to the Sound has been made so often that it is not worth while to copy the log of one who was making it for the first time. We started on Sept. 2 and reached New Haven on Sept. 20, eleven days under way. In some respects the weather could hardly have been worse. It rained in seven of the ten harbors; but, happily, not once while we were under sail. We were held at Provincetown Sept. 9 to 14 by the heavy gale and the thick weather which followed it. It was during this time that the Italian bark came ashore on Peaked Hill Bar and the captain and two sailors, with a despair which is almost incomprehensible to Anglo-Saxons, killed themselves in preference to taking the slender chance of rescue. When we passed inside the bar a few days later only a few ribs were left, and the beach was still strewn with wreckage.

My companion, M. B., knew the coast as far as Provincetown, and I knew something of the Sound; and with a full set of charts we found no difficulty in getting along. Our only mishap was a slight one, though it had an unpleasant look at the time. We were running for the breakwater at Duck Island on the afternoon of Sept. 19, hoping to get in before the squall which was threatening in the west should come down. By my careless reading of the chart, we ran aground on the gravel spit which puts out from the N.E. end of the island. The tide was running fast, fortunately the flood, and it was evident that less than half an hour would float us free. But it was also evident that less than half an hour would bring the squall, and in fact we were still hard and fast, broadside to the wind, when the storm broke upon us. Those who were out in that squall, which did much damage along the southern New England coast, will know that our position was disagreeable. But all things come to an end. During the first dash of wind and rain we floated off, but the tide still held us broadside on through the second and larger edition of the squall. Before the third puff, however, we sailed her up under staysail to a comfortable berth behind the breakwater.

One must indeed be dull to the beauty and pleasure of life if he does not retain from such a cruise pictures and memories which become a permanent possession. We got up one morning in Provincetown Harbor long before daylight, hoping for a westerly wind to carry us around the cape. We had a dead calm instead and the disappointment was great, for I was obliged to be in New Haven before Sept. 22; but I sat on deck from 3 o'clock to 5 watching a sunrise, which seemed to me the most splendid spectacle I had ever seen. It was well worth the two days of waiting which the calm cost us.

Our sail across the bay from Scituate was a lonely one, with not a vessel in sight. The boat had never been tried in such a sea, and I was at first nervous about her behavior, while M. was afraid that I had laid out a wrong course, which would carry us to leeward up the bay. We were both keeping a somewhat anxious lookout for the end of the cape, and we sighted first the stand-pipe of the Provincetown water works. Neither of us knew it, and my picture for that day is of that town on the horizon, looking very far away over heavy seas against a dark gray background.

At Gloucester we got in just before a hard squall, and went into the small basin called the Cowyard. As we lay there the big fishing schooners, as fine in their models as yachts and with an air of power which few yachts have, came rushing into the harbor under reefed sails or mainsail and jib. One of them came into the basin where we lay and put out warps to stop her way. Somehow one of the men, who was handling a warp, was dragged overboard, and I can still hear the sharp, quick orders and see the almost furious haste with which the men launched a dory and pulled around to the stern. It was a fine exhibition of skill and experience, working at high pressure, and I could watch it the more calmly because I could see the man hanging on to the bight of the warp that had dragged him overboard, perfectly serene all the time.

Even our Duck Island squall is pleasant in the retrospect. A tug had come in with some barges and perhaps had seen us aground; at any rate, they steamed slowly over toward us after the barges were anchored, and I am glad to believe that it was with the kindly instinct to offer help which one meets so constantly among sailors. With every sharp flash of lightning the tug stood out like a black silhouette against the grayish white water, while the waves in the momentary flash seemed scarcely to be in motion at all, and over to the west the barges were huddled together as if in terror. When the flash was over nothing could be seen but the red and green lights of the tug, near enough to look down into our little cabin.

It is perhaps too optimistic to consider a cruise of 375 miles in an 18ft. boat an easy and simple matter. A wider experience may lead me to regard it with other feelings, but with my present light I should say to any one who was disposed to try it under like conditions—that is, with a safe boat and a good boatman—that it was an easy cruise. A delightful one it certainly is, and I am hoping to go back next summer with my wife as my only companion.

A One-Design Class.

THE following regulations for a one-design class have recently been adopted by some yachtsmen at Bembridge, Eng., the first home of the half-rater class. Special classes of this kind are admirably adapted to many localities in this country.

RULES.

1. A one-design small boat class has been established in the Solent, with the object of affording class racing that is not expensive, and giving the owner of a boat an opportunity of exercising his skill in designing her sails and rig. Sail area is limited to 200sq. ft., actual measurement of sails only. No spinakers are allowed in class racing as separate sails, but jibs may be boomed out.

2. Each owner will be provided with the sheer plan of the boat, with the C. L. R. marked.

3. Each owner will have to pay £1 a year to defray necessary expenses, any balance being devoted to the prize fund. There will be an entrance fee of £1 after twelve boats are ordered, which will also go to the prize fund. Applications for boats and for membership are to be addressed to the hon. secretary, and the names of applicants will be submitted to the members of the class for election. In such elections one black ball in five to exclude; five owners of boats to form a quorum, one vote one boat.

4. In all cases of voting there shall only be one vote per boat, except in committee, and no alterations or additions to these rules shall be made without a two-thirds majority.

5. A captain of the class shall be elected annually, who shall undertake the duties of hon. secretary.

6. The committee of management shall consist of seven owners or joint owners of boats; two to retire annually, who shall not be eligible for election for one year. They shall be responsible for the entire management of the class, and their decisions shall be final and binding on all owners. Two shall form a quorum to decide minor questions which may arise, and all vacancies shall be filled by general meeting.

7. There shall be no limit to the number of persons on board, but no paid hands are allowed in class racing.

8. The committee shall be responsible for the measurement of sails, and also that the sails are made of uniform material, which has been selected by the committee and is of red cotton; the hon. secretary will give information as to where it may be obtained.

9. No boat is allowed to have any alteration made to her hull or ballast, and any alteration rendered necessary by change of rig must be notified to the captain of the class.

10. No boat shall be allowed to start unless her sail area is certified by the committee.

11. Each boat shall carry when racing an anchor weighing 20lbs., and not less than twenty fathoms of 2in. grass rope cable and sufficient life-saving apparatus for her crew.

12. The following form the committee: Col. Moreton, Mr. F. Hardcastle, Capt. du Boulay, Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald, Mr. G. H. Harrison, Mr. H. C. Sutton. Mr. B. O. Cochrane, captain and hon. secretary, "Oakleigh," St. John's Park, Ryde.

13. The ownership of boats will be decided by lot.

SPECIFICATION OF BOATS.

Planking, yellow pine, ½in. full when finished.
Keel, English elm, 4in. thick, about 8in. wide.
Stem, English oak, 4½in moulded, 3in. sided.
Stern timber, English oak, 3in. moulded, 4in. sided.
Bent timbers, American elm, ⅝in. moulded, ⅝in. sided.
Clamp yellow pine, 3½in. moulded, 1½in. sided.
Beams, white pine, 2½in. moulded, 1½in. sided.
Cockpit carlines, 2¼in. moulded, 2in. sided.
Coamings, English elm, 4in. above deck, fitted with outside capping.
Stern finishing check, pitch pine. Covering boards, teak, ½in. thick.
Deck, white pine, ½in. thick, painted, and covered with unbleached calico painted two coats.
Six wrought iron galvanized floors.
Twelve oak beam knees, mast partner 3ft. long, and all timbers in this length to be 1in.×1¼in., to take chainplates where required. One knee to be fitted where required for chainplates.
Rudder, English elm, blade with wrought iron straps and stem working in iron tube. Galvanized tiller fitted to head of rudder stem, with nut and screw.
Cast iron keel, 10cwt., fitted with 1in. and ¾in. through bolts, with nuts inside. Topsides and inside to be painted three coats, and bottom black varnished. All fastenings of copper.
White pine platform to be fitted where required.
Eyebolts each end of keel for hoisting out.
Boats to be delivered afloat in Portsmouth Harbor.
Length over all 23ft. 11in., length l.w.l. 16ft., beam 5ft. 5in., draft 3ft. 11in. Price £45.

The Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

THE fourth annual meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers was held, as per programme, on Nov. 12-13 at the house of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, in New York. President Griscom occupied the chair, and a number of members and associates were present from various parts of the country. The proceedings began with the annual meeting of the Society, President Griscom being re-elected for the fifth term, and Naval Constructor Francis T. Bowles being re-elected sec'y-treas. The reports showed a very satisfactory condition of membership and finances, and a number of new members and associates were added to the roll.

The papers and their order were as follows:

THURSDAY, NOV. 12.

1. Test of an Experimental Turret of the U. S. Battle-ship Massachusetts, by Com. W. T. Sampson, U. S. N., Chief of Bureau of Ordnance, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

2. Steel Canal Boats, by Lewis Nixon, Mgr. Crescent Shipyard, Elizabeth, N. J.

3. Trial Performances of the Grand Duchess, by S. N. Smith, Mgr. Newport News Ship-Building and Dry Dock Co., Newport News, Va.

4. Naval Practice in Ship Rivets and Riveting, by Naval Constructor J. H. Linnard, U. S. N.

5. American Fire-Boats, by H. DeB. Parsons, Marine Engineer.
6. Corn-Pith Cellulose, by H. W. Cramp, Vice-Pres. Wm. Cramp & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa.

FRIDAY, NOV. 13.

7. The New Battle-Ships, by Chief Constructor Philip Hichborn, U. S. Navy.
8. Speed Trials of a Screw-Propelled Ferryboat, by F. L. Du Bosque, Engineer Floating Equipment, Pennsylvania R. R.
9. Hydraulic Shears for Lifting One Hundred and Twenty-five Tons, by Frank B. King, Marine Engineer and Naval Architect.
10. A Method of Calculating the Stability of Ships, adapted to the use of Standard Curves of Stability, by Hugo Hammar, Naval Architect.
11. Stability of a Ship in Damaged Condition, by James Swan, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
12. Damaged Conditions as Affecting the Stability and Fighting Efficiency of Battle-ships, by Assistant Naval Constructor T. F. Ruhm, U. S. Navy.
13. Screw Propellers, by Prof. Geo. R. McDermott, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

Owing to delay in the completion and trials of the ship, Mr. Smith's paper upon the Grand Duchess was not read; the others, however, were read in order, with the discussion filling completely the four sessions of the two days. As will be seen, they covered a wide range of subjects connected with both naval and commercial work. All of them showed care in the preparation and were listened to with interest.

The papers evoked a fair amount of discussion, but it was by no means so general or so thorough as is desirable in a case of this kind, as nearly all cases, as in preceding years, the preparation of the papers has been delayed until the last possible moment, so late, in fact, that they were only printed in time to be distributed on the morning of the meeting, and were not sent out in advance. Valuable as the meetings now are, they would be more so if it were possible to secure the papers from the writers in season to permit them to be printed and sent out to members at least a couple of weeks before the meeting, in order that those specially familiar or interested in any of the subjects treated might be able to make arrangements to be present and to prepare themselves thoroughly for the discussion. Unless this is done the discussions must be necessarily limited in extent; the nature of a paper is not known until it is read in the meeting, and there is then no time for its careful consideration and the preparation of material for its discussion. A thorough discussion is hardly less valuable than the technical excellence of the papers themselves, and it is desirable in the extreme that the time of the meetings be devoted more to the discussion than the actual reading, to attain which end it is necessary that the papers should be read and studied by the members in advance of the meeting. There were indications at the present meeting of results that were clearly attributable to the discussions of previous years.

Apart from its technical merits, the paper of Chief Constructor Hichborn was most important in that both in the text and plates it treated fully and openly of the various features of the new battle-ships of the Alabama class. The information disclosed by it is probably no more than is already in the possession of foreign governments and other interested parties, and its open publication now can do no harm, and at the same time is likely to prove of interest to many who would otherwise have no access to it. At the same time, it is the almost universal practice in connection with this same sort of information, both among governments and private firms, to maintain a pretense of secrecy, which is merely farcical so far as actual rivals are concerned; and merely keeps the information from the general public. The question of the free and voluntary publication of this class of information was discussed during the meeting, the general opinion being that no possible harm could result, and only good could come, from a reasonable and liberal policy.

The annual dinner of the society was held at Delmonico's in the evening of Nov. 14, the large dining hall being crowded. The chief guest of the evening was the Secretary of the Navy, who came from Washington for the occasion, returning the same night. A number of speeches were made and the affair passed off very pleasantly.

That everything ran smoothly during the two meetings and the dinner as well was due to the labors of Secretary-Treasurer Bowles. Very fortunately, as it happened, the former secretary-treasurer, Naval Constructor Capps, now stationed at San Francisco, is in the East on a short visit, and was present during the entire meeting. In the enforced absence of Mr. Bowles during the docking of the Texas on Friday Mr. Capps took charge of the affairs of the society with his old-time energy and enthusiasm.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

THE regular fall meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held on Nov. 10, and was in an informal way a house-warming, the new house, at 19 East Twenty-second street, being thrown open to the members for the first time. For nearly ten years the town house has been an important factor to the prosperity of the club, and last winter the need of one was felt severely. The one so long occupied in Thirty-second street was given up in May, 1895, on account of the refusal of the owner to make necessary repairs; and though several schemes for a new and better house were at once set on foot, it was found impossible to provide other than temporary quarters in the old Jockey Club building for last winter. These quarters failed to afford the necessary conveniences and were but little used by the members. Within a month past it became possible to secure a fine old-fashioned city house that from its arrangement and the size of its halls and parlors is specially adapted for the uses of a club house; and by some rapid and energetic work on the part of the house committee this house has been fitted up in time for the meeting. With a frontage of over 33ft., the house has two large parlors and in the rear of them a specially large dining room, the three being thrown into one when desired for lectures and entertainments. On the second floor is a committee room and a billiard room, and above are chambers that will be leased to members. Next door to the house is an excellent restaurant, and arrangements have been made to furnish meals to the club, a window having been cut between the kitchens of the two buildings. Breakfast and lunch will be served through the day and a *table d'hote* dinner at a very reasonable price will be ready every evening. In this way the club avoided the expense' risk and trouble attendant upon fitting up a restaurant service of its own, and much room is saved in the house; all the cooking being, of course, done next door.

Arrangements have already been made to revive the navigation and rigging classes that were so popular and successful in the old house, the former under the able instruction of Capt Howard Patterson. The terms for the course are specially low. Classes will be held both in the afternoon and evening if found more convenient to members. The entertainment committee will also arrange for a series of lectures during the winter.

In the absence of the flag officers ex-Com. G. H. B. Hill presided, Com. Rouse being represented by a telegram from the South, congratulating the club upon its new home. The trustees announced the election of the following members: George J. Gould, Ernest Flagg, Edward Wetmore, James A. Stillman, John O. H. Pitney, Robert F. Ballantine, Caius C. Bragg, William Allen, Samuel T. Hubbard, Jr., George Ogden Gordon, William G. Boyle, Dr. Walter B. James, Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., William Crittenden Adams, Clifford Richardson, Horatio W. Adams, Otto Ahlmann, Henry C. Hopkins and Dr. Morton B. Peck.

The race committee reported informally on the recent proposals and changes of racing rules in other clubs and the subject was discussed, but no action was taken. The club voted to confirm the challenge issued in its name by Com. Rouse, the yachts to be of 20ft. racing length, with a limit of 500sq. ft. of sail and 5ft. extreme draft of keel or fin. The arrangements with the holders of the cup, the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., have not been fully completed, but both parties are agreed to the above limits. Other regulations proposed are that the mainsail shall not exceed 80 per cent. of the measured sail area, the head triangle shall be measured instead of the windward jib, the spinaker shall not exceed twice the area of the head triangle, and the spinaker boom shall not be lashed or guyed over the stemhead, nor shall the tack of any sail be set forward of the forward point of measurement.

The subject of a bridge across Mill Creek, to shorten the land route from Oyster Bay to the Center Island Club house, was discussed and referred to the trustees.

The Lake Yacht Clubs.

A VERY important meeting was held in Buffalo on Nov. 7, there being present Com. Brower, of Buffalo; G. T. Bliss, of Erie, Pa., and E. W. Radder, of Cleveland, representing the Interlake Yacht Racing Association; President Æmilius Jarvis, of Toronto; J. E. Burroughs, of Rochester, and E. H. Ambrose, of Hamilton, Ont., representing the Lake Yacht Racing Association of Lake Ontario.

The meeting was called for the purpose of forming a union of the many clubs on the fresh-water lakes; a matter that has been very favorably discussed since the races between Canada and Vencedor last summer. Representatives were expected from Lake Michigan, but none were present. However, it is hoped and expected that the action taken will be ratified by all the lake clubs. The representatives decided that it would be advisable to retain, as nearly as possible, the classification now used on Lake Ontario, with a uniform code of rules in harmony with those of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound. The proposed classes will be 50ft. or 48ft. R. L., to include the largest of the new Chicago boats, Vanessa, Siren and Vencedor, 42ft., 37ft., 32ft. and 27ft. It is also proposed to place a limit to the area of the midship section, which must be at least 35 per cent. of the product of beam and draft. The various proposals were put in definite form and will be submitted to the lake clubs for adoption. The meeting was in session from 7:30 P. M. to 4:15 A. M.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

A VERY large special general meeting of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was held on Nov. 11, in the Windsor Hotel, Rear-Com. Fitzribbon occupying the chair, and Secretary W. A. C. Hamilton ready with his minutes. The objects of the meeting were to consider the advisability of holding a ball during the winter. There was very little discussion and it was unanimously resolved on motion of Mr. De Sola, seconded by Mr. Richardson, that a ball be given. The question of date caused some discussion, but it was eventually decided to name the second Monday in January in the Windsor Hall. The executive committee were empowered to add to their number as they thought proper.

The next question had relation to the International Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. Challenge Cup. Mr. Duggan, in explaining the question, pointed out that the Seawanhaka men had been very generous. They were willing to sail in any class above 15ft. and less than 25ft. It was therefore decided to work on the 20ft. class, with some slight differences from previous rules, viz.: limited sail area, 500sq. ft.; draft, 5ft. Measurement of waterline to be with crew on board, or 450lbs. to represent crew.

Mr. Duggan thought it was high time that those members who intended to build should come forward immediately and place their orders. There would probably be fifty or sixty antagonists to pick from, and the Royal St. Lawrence would probably only have twelve or fifteen. The date that had been decided on was some time during the full moon of July. The rest of the matters were of minor detail, and Mr. Duggan thought they could be arranged without any difficulty whatever.

The question next discussed was that of accommodation for the visitors from the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. This matter is still in embryo, but it was made apparent that there would be no lack of accommodation. Mr. Duggan thought that a new club house was most desirable, but that an adjournment be made until the commodore should return from Europe.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Josephine, steam yacht, P. A. B. Widener, is at Harlan & Hollings worth's yard, Wilmington, where her bulwarks will be raised and other alterations made.

The announcement is just made that J. Gardner Cassatt, of the New York Y. C., has ordered a steel steam yacht of large size from Mr. Watson, and the vessel is now building by Ramage & Ferguson, Leith, Scotland. Mr. Cassatt has for some time been a part owner of the steam yacht Anita with S. M. Prevost.

Mr. John R. Pardon, the Boston designer, has now in hand the designs of two yachts of 94ft. l.w.l., one for racing and one for general work. The former is for A. H. Higginson, of Manchester, owner of Exit. She will be 23ft. over all, 18ft. 6in. extreme beam, 17ft. 6in. beam at l.w.l. and 7in. draft, with a centerboard of 4001bs. The construction will be very light. The other yacht will be a keel boat of the new type, with reduced midship section, her dimensions being: Over all 26ft. and draft 5ft. 6in. The sail plan will be of the knockabout type.

The executive committee of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. has overruled the decision of the judges in the Dorchester race of June 20 in the Katydid-Elsa protest, which was appealed as allowed by Association rules. Elsa was defaulted by the judges for non-appearance at the hearing. It was shown to the committee that notice of the hearing was given too late for appearance, so the default was removed and the protest heard on its merits. The final decision was in Elsa's favor. This gives her the Association diploma for the yacht winning the highest percentage in any class, her average being 72 5 per cent., as against 66.2 for Gleaner, the next best boat.—*Boston Globe.* [Elsa is owned by D. H. Crane, the "crew" of El Heirie.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Charles J. Halpen	Haverhill, Mass.	
Gardner B Williams	Boston, Mass.	Boston Athletic Ass'n.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

RIFLE MATCHES IN THE TYROL.

[Concluded from page 357.]

THE money in the pool was divided among those shots only that hit the bull, and here again the nearness to the mathematical center rewarded the closest shots. Thus the fourth best shot (the three prize shots never shared in the pool) received generally about four times as much as the shot had cost, while the worst pool shot, just grazing the bull, received less than half what the shot had cost. Shots outside the bull did not receive anything. This division of the pool, of course, favored the crack shot, none of whose six shots would, we may be sure, be outside the charmed black circle; indeed they probably would be well within the "two" ring, or within a circumference of 3½in. He would thus receive his entrance money back three or fourfold, though possibly all the prizes, or one or two at least, had been won by some lucky young chaps who had fluked one of their six shots into the very center, while against the other five an ominous row of "0" was marked on the scoring sheet. The monetary value of his prize would in such cases hardly cover the cost of his six chief shots and the other outgoings, but the delight of winning that longed-for prize made him forget the sad hole in his slender purse. At the dance, which in the old days almost invariably concluded the day's revelry, his prize would be proudly pinned to his best girl's hat or dress, and from thence on no rifle match in his own home or in any of the adjoining valleys would come off without his being among the competitors. From thenceforth his dearest ambition would be centered upon an exchange of his grandsire's antiquated arm for one of the new-fangled small-bore rifles shooting the conical bullet of which mention has already been made. In a word, the rifle-shooting fever had in its irresistible grip another victim, but before that youngster would be able to hold his own in the pool shooting, and could slap his breeches pocket covering the proof, in the shape of hard cash, that his skill with the rifle was above the average, many a week's hardly earned wages, or the returns of months of hard toil in the forest, would melt away in smoke. But withal, that man's substance, earned in nine cases out of ten very literally in the sweat of his brow, was not wasted; for a more useful and patriotic form of national pastime it would be difficult to introduce. How many of the defeats suffered by our pioneer armies, one might ask, would have been turned into victories were more attention paid to the marksmanship of the British forces? Certainly such disasters as occurred at Majuba Hill would not have stained the flag.

So far I have spoken of the chief event, where the number of shots was limited. The second event, where this last restriction did not prevail, was the *Schlecker*, or unlimited target. There the shots cost a mere trifle, generally a halfpenny each, which went to mine host, the giver of the shoot, who, in consideration of it, provided also the prizes for this event, generally five or six in number, though slightly inferior in money value to the chief prizes. They were also won by the shots nearest the center, and as the distance as well as the bull was exactly the same as in the chief event, one used to practice first at the unlimited before moving to the principal range. Very often there was an arrangement which permitted the good shots to indulge also in pool shooting at the unlimited target, in which case the shot cost 4d. or 6d., which formed the pool. This, at the termination of the shoot, was divided, according to the total number of rings of the combined score. Thus, if six men competed, firing 100 shots at 6d. each, so that 50s. were in the pool, the total score or number of rings would be added together. If there were say 150, each ring would get 4d. Or in other words, to hit at every shot the 5$\frac{1}{10}$in. circle of the bull was not enough to put money in one's pocket. This was called *Würgen*, or "choking off," not an inappropriate term, for, of course, only good and sure shots would compete and the tyro was effectually choked off.

The arrangements for marking at such village rifle matches were of a most dangerous simplicity for the unfortunate marker. The two targets would be about 20 or 30ft. apart; in the middle between them there was the marker's hut, duly provided with a stone wall facing toward the roofed-in rifle range from whence the shots were fired in as quick succession as the marking permitted. As signal for the marker there was either a wire with a bell at the end out to the marker's hut, or, what was far more frequent as well as dangerous, a cowbell stood in each "stand" from whence the men fired. This bell the marksman would vigorously toss after delivering his shot, and the tone of the two bells being different, this was all that indicated at which target his services were required. To do so he walked perfectly unsheltered and in the open to the target, where, during his search for the bullet hole, he would stand right in front of it, so that his body covered for the time being the bullseye. I have shot at very many of these matches, where not even such essential precaution as screening the target at which one was not shooting was taken. In consequence of this, and the fact that the difference in the tone was the only thing that guided the marker, fatal mistakes on the part of the marksman shooting at the wrong target, or equally disastrous errors on the part of the marker going out to the wrong target at the moment a shot was being fired at it, were lamentably frequent. Every year two or three such

THE DEER TARGET.

accidents occurred at one or the other of the hundreds of these Tyrolese rifle ranges. So numerous did they finally become that the Government took steps to obviate such careless sacrifice of life by prohibiting all unprotected marking at rifle ranges. The marker was compelled, generally very much against his wishes, to remain invisible in his hut and mark the shots from thence on the targets, which for this purpose were moved close up to each side of the shelter. This did away with many of the quaint old customs that heretofore had given color and life to the scene. Thus, it was the custom that the marker, who was dressed in a clown-like dress, should cut the funniest capers in front of the target when the "four" ring was hit. On perceiving where the shot had struck, he would creep back to his hut and fetch a huge pair of wooden spectacles, and after fastening them on his nose he would return to his target and institute a make-belief search for the shot, which he would finally mark in the usual way, and dance four times round the target. If the centrum itself was hit he would turn somersaults and cut the strangest capers till the lucky marksman could send him by the *Kellnerin* a flask of the country wine or a foaming beaker of beer. If, on the other hand, some shot hung fire, or from other cause the unfortunate man missed the target altogether, the frolicsome monkey tricks of the marker were equally amusing; his great spectacles would come out again, and he would look about the heavens as if trying to find whither the straying bullet had wandered. That such gambols and offerings of liquor, if often repeated, did not tend to make the marker or, for the matter of that, the marksman more careful, can be imagined. High time as it was that safer means of marking should be introduced, one's satisfaction was not unmingled with regret at the unavoidable disappearance of the many amusing incidents which had made these country rifle matches such pleasant meetings.

Rifle shooting is to-day far more neglected in Tyrol than it used to be even ten or fifteen years ago. One cause of the waning interest I have just touched upon; the other was the general introduction of breechloading rifles, against which the old-fashioned muzzleloaders, particularly at the increased distances which the Government attempted to force upon the people, could no longer compete. To purchase new breechloading rifles as well as the more expensive ammunition was beyond the frugal minded Tyrolese peasant's purse, and so it has gradually come to pass that the old village range is less and less used. The effort of the Government to revive this pastime by distributing army rifles and ammunition was also less of a success than might be wished, for the coarse sights and heavy pull-off of the military arm, as well as the long ranges at which they had to be used, were all conditions to which these exceedingly conservative mountain people could not accustom themselves.

In the towns where the wealthier burghers enjoy the

means to provide expensive breechloaders, rifle matches are still quite frequent, but for many reasons their surroundings are less attractive and picturesque than at the old village shoots, to which I shall always look back with sincere pleasure, while the seventy odd prizes I managed to capture at such meetings will always form a pleasing memento of scenes that have gone never to return. Not the least cherished among these often very trumpery prizes is the very first one I ever gained. It rewarded one of those lucky flukes into the centrum that have lured so many young shots into the marksman's guild. It happened at the very first Tyrolese match I attended, and it was the very first shot at the chief target. Needless to say, my unexpected success made me so nervous that I had as clean a string of ducks' eggs alongside my name after that as ever befell the first trial of a tyro. More honest success came by and by, and, with almost proverbial luck, that pin's point of the centrum fell to my flukes no doubt much oftener than I deserved.

Between the inhabitants of the larger valleys of Tyrol there existed a healthy spirit of rivalry, which came to the fore at the great annual matches held in the capital of the country, which lasted a couple of weeks, and at which prizes, given by the Emperor, worth hundreds of pounds, came to be shot for on these occasions. Our English principle of rewarding the best string of shots had necessarily to be enforced, but not for all events, some of the most important prizes being won by the best centrum shot, however difficult it might be, even with the finest mathematical instruments, to decide which of the hundreds of centrum shots that had been obtained was really the best. At these great shoots the professional crack shots made a rich harvest. Of these there were quite a number, and I can recall the names of at least nine or ten who were to the fore during the ten or twelve years that I competed at Tyrolese matches. Their steadiness of hand was simply wonderful. Their rifle seemed as if screwed into a vice, so perfectly tremorless was it held, and as these men made their living by rifle shooting, and generally turned gunsmiths when once their reputation as first-class shots was made, their arms were, of course, exceedingly true. I have seen one of them—Prem by name—hit the sixpenny bit of the "four" in the bull six times running at 142yds., shooting a new rifle he had turned out off a rest. And, indeed, I have seen this man accomplish very nearly the same feat without a rest, two "threes" being the worst shots in a string of eight shots I once saw him make off the shoulder. As rifle matches were open to all comers, such "pirates of the rifle range," as they were called by the populace, were of course dreaded visitors, and the larger the prizes the greater was their number. In little village shoots, such as I have described, there was generally "too little money" to tempt pirates living at a distance. Many an ambitious young marksman's heart would be set trembling when, after getting a centrum early in the day, and thus having a good chance of winning a prize, the news would spread that Prem or Ritzel was to be seen in the distance approaching the village, the rifle over the shoulder. To have at the last moment wrested from those eager young hands that dearly wished for prize was only too often the result of such unwelcome visits. These professionals were invariably very quiet men, who observed great abstemiousness, and, what was perhaps a more curious coincidence, their eyes were invariably of that peculiar light gray-blue color that is said to mark the crack rifle shot all over the world.

Hitherto I have referred only to stationary target shooting, which, as I have said, was the usual form. In some parts of Tyrol, however—chiefly in the mountain country adjoining the Bavarian Highlands—running-deer target shooting was popular among a people who were ardent sportsmen themselves. The skill some of these people attained, considering how limited were their chances to practice, would have done credit to the best marksmen in any part of the world. A friend of mine who takes great interest in rifle shooting at home, and who has often visited the region I am alluding to, has suggested to me that I should give some details of one of these running-deer shoots to illustrate how simple and cheaply such a target can be improvised.

In carrying out this suggestion I cannot do better, perhaps, than give details of a running-deer match which I gave in 1876, and of which I happen to have put by the scoring sheet and some of the actual targets used at it. They will serve the purpose as well as any I could lay my hands on. In the first place, it is necessary to rectify the term "running-deer target." As will be seen from the accompanying sketch, the target did not move as does the deer at Bisley, and formerly at Wimbledon, but simply swung pendulum fashion from a high mast firmly set into the ground. The target was made out of two 1½in. thick planks of sufficient width, upon which the life-size outline of the deer's body was drawn in charcoal, and then cut out by the village carpenter. Four legs and rough antlers of equally primitive construction, and a coat of brown paint, finished the job at a cost of a few shillings for each of the four stags I had provided, but of which only two were in use at the same time, one serving as chief, the other for the unlimited event, with which latter was combined, for the more practiced shots, the "choking off" pool precisely as described for the stationary target. To make it more interesting, I gave a special prize for the best average, *i. e.*, the most rings in fewest shots. I must still mention the dimensions of the target. In order to enable a fresh bull to be inserted when needed, I had a square a trifle larger than the bull cut out in the wood to a depth of ¼in. Into this depression fitted a panel of wood upon which the target was pasted. The target measured 12in. across, and, as will be seen from the accompanying reduced facsimile, was subdivided into the usual four spaces, the value of which began with four for the innermost circle (3in. in diameter), three for the next, and so on, as shown in the sketch. The distance was 130 meters, or 142yds. The screens consisted of stout beams, in front of which some young firs were stuck into the ground. The deer was hung up when at rest some 4ft. from the ground, and it was released by a simple mechanical contrivance connected with a wire with the stand where the marksman stood. He released the target himself by treading on a pedal, a movement which increased the difficulty, for it disturbed one's steadiness of aim. The shot had to be fired at the first swing of the target, otherwise a cruel duck's egg disfigured the scoring sheet. The boards of which the target was made being fairly heavy, the speed of the swing was about that of a running deer.

The number of competitors was, on this occasion, not great, only twenty-one: for, of course, only those who had some practice at this kind of shooting attended. They fired 416 shots, the total of the rings being 362. Some of the better individual scores may be mentioned to show the class of shooting, though in fairness to the other marksmen I have to acknowledge that probably none of them had quite so much practice at this kind of shooting as I had enjoyed. Prem, then by far the best shot at the stationary target in Tyrol, but almost untried at the swinging deer, fired sixty shots and got just 100 rings. Holzer, an older shot, pulled off in eighty-nine shots ninety-four rings; while a young fellow, Fried. Karl, obtained in eight shots fourteen rings, when, unfortunately for him, a mishap to his rifle threw him out of the competition. My own score, by which I secured the "best average" prize, was fifty-five rings in thirty shots, out of which I missed the bull four times. Luckily for me, some of the "fours" I made were closer to the centrum than others, and so I carried off the first chief and the second, third and sixth unlimited prizes, but this was less a matter of skill than of luck. These details will have shown that a few pounds suffices to rig up in private grounds such a swinging-deer target, and though it is not as useful for the game shot as the running deer at Bisley, it nevertheless affords a useful chance to practice at movable objects. Very useful did I find my practice when, not long afterward, I was asked to compete in an "England *versus* America" rifle and pistol match at Salt Lake City, where I happened to pass some of the winter months after a shooting expedition to the Rockies. Six of the thirteen events in this match were at moving targets, and as the Americans beat us hollow at most of the stationary targets it was an uphill fight, though we eventually triumphed by our superiority at moving objects.—*W. A. Baillie Grohman in London Field.*

At Calumet Heights on Halloween.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 1.—Below you will find the scores of rifle contests made on the rifle range of Calumet Heights Club on Oct. 31, the same being a part of our Halloween programme. Some sixty-four persons were in attendance, quite a number of whom, both ladies and gentlemen, participated in the contests. Unusual interest was manifested in the competition for prizes; also in the contest for the medals which are shot for weekly, on account of the closeness in the scores of some of the contestants. The following is the programme:

The regular medal contests will take place in the morning under the usual conditions. Class A, 200yds., 9 A. M. Class B, 100yds., 10 A. M. Following this the programme events will be shot.

Event 1: Ladies only; 10 shots, 100yds., .22cal. rifle, any position; open sights allowed 2 points; entrance fee 50 cents; 3 prizes.

Event 2: Open to all; 10 shots, 200yds., any caliber rifle, off-hand; open sights allowed 2 points; entrance fee 25 cents; 3 prizes.

Event 3: Open to all; 5 shots, off-hand, any caliber; open sights allowed 1 point; shooter to advance 20yds. from shooting stand and fire his 1st shot at 180yds.; 2d at 160yds.; 3d at 140yds.; 4th at 120yds., and 5th at 100yds.; score to be counted after last shot; one man up; entrance fee 50 cents; 3 prizes.

Event 4: Ladies only; 5 shots, .22cal. rifle, 100yds., off-hand position; open sights allowed 1 point; entrance fee 50 cents; 3 prizes.

Event 5: Open to all; 15 shots, 200yds., off-hand position, any caliber rifle, open sights allowed 3 points; entrance fee 50 cents; 3 prizes.

Event 6: Open to all; revolvers, any caliber, 30yds., off-hand position, 10 shots; entrance fee 25 cents; 3 prizes.

Event 7: Open to all; revolvers, 5 shots, 50yds., any caliber, off-hand; entrance fee 50 cents; 3 prizes.

Ties will be determined by shooting 1, 3 or 5 additional shots, at the discretion of the committee.

Class A.

	No. 1.		No. 2.	
Harlan	5444444454	—42	4444444444	—40
Davis	4304535444	—36+3—39	5354453053	—34+3—36
Hobbs	4443444343	—35+3—38	.....	
Paterson	4443434045	—35+3—37	4453235435	—37+3—39
Spaulding	4333333343	—31	.....	
McMichaels	0033535435	—28	5343444444	—39

Class B.

Mrs C W Carson	4545455445	—43	4454544454	—43
Miss Ervin	5444545455	—45	4443555434	—41
Miss Harlan	4553443440	—38	.....	

No. 1, ladies only: Mrs. C. W. Carson first, Miss Ervin second, Mrs. Lamphere third:

Mrs C W Carson	5455555444—45	Mrs Harlan	5433353535—34
Miss Ervin	4444454455—43	Mrs Marshall	3333343433—32
Mrs Lamphere	5344353444—39	Mrs Gillespie	3344332000—23
Miss Gillespie	3444444444—39		

No. 2, open to all: Hobbs, Sr., first; Hobbs, Jr., second, Dr. Shaw third:

Hobbs, Sr	4544444445—42+3—44	Spalding	4343440444 — 33
Hobbs, Jr	5345433444—39+3—41	McMichaels	4343332443 —33
Dr Shaw	4544434455 —40	Lamphere	0343535434—29+3—31
Davis	4544454434—39+3—41	Paterson	0323340343—28+3—34
Harlan	4444503544 —39		

No. 3: Paterson first, Harlan second, Dr. Shaw third.

Paterson	54444—21+1—22	McMichaels	33455 —20
Harlan	55432—19+1—20	Davis	34444—19+1—20
Dr Shaw	44345 —19	Hobbs, Sr	44333 —17

No. 4, ladies only: Mrs. C. W. Carson first, Mrs. Lamphere second, Mrs. Marshall third.

Mrs C W Carson	34444 —18	Miss Gillespie	44422 —16
Mrs Lamphere	33335 —16	Miss Ervin	33400 — 9
Mrs Marshall	33223—12+1—13	Mrs Harlan	00030— 3+1— 4

No 5: Dr. Shaw first, Lamphere second, Paterson third:

Dr Shaw	3444454444444444 —40
Lamphere	3453444444343444 —37
Paterson	4333433043444430—47+3—50
Davis	3345433434544453—57+3—60
Harlan	0430454443503443 —44

No. 6, revolver: Hobbs, Sr, first; Hobbs, Jr., second:

Hobbs, Sr	5443333339—33	Harlan	3333300000—13
Hobbs, Jr	4444443330—33	Paterson	3300000000— 6
Dr Shaw	3333333000—21	Davis	2300000000— 4

No. 7: Edwards first, Dr. Shaw second:

Edwards	33000—4	Hobbs, Sr	00000—0
Shaw	30000—3	Paterson	30000—3
Harlan	30000—3	Davis	00000—0
Hobbs, Jr	30000—3		PATTY.

Greenville Rifle Club Wins.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Nov. 14.—The first match of a series arranged between the Greenville Rifle Club and the Cottage Rifle Club was decided to-night on the range of the latter club. The conditions of the race were: 10 men on a team, 10 shots per man, off-hand, German 25-ring target, 75ft. range. Scores:

Greenville R. C.		Cottage R. C.	
Michael Dorrier	245	Samuel J Russell	236
Charles Scheeline	243	P J O'Hara	235
George Purkess	240	W A Tewes	233
Colin Boag	239	A P Alexander	230
Wm J Charlock	237	J Lambour	228
James Boag	236	W McKinley	223
W C Collins	234	J Miller	217
J Filoramo	233	C Walls	209
J Herig	230	(Two men, names not given, aggregate scores equal)	460—2307
C Agneau	211—2345		

Milwaukee's Police on Top.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Nov. 9.—The South Side Police and the Flambeau Rifle Club, of this city, shot a match to-day at August Tabbert's, 511 Sixth avenue. The policemen won by 24 points after a very close match all through; the scores were 1,285 to 1,252 out of a possible 1,540. Scores:

South Side Police.		Flambeau Rifle Club.	
A Neidner	193	G Barmeister	192
M Carroll	186	Leo Meims	190
W Harman	186	Dr Alexander	188
J Dallinger	182	A Klotz	178
J Heyer	180	J Witt	176
Raymer	180	H Koenig	172
F Maldczeski	178—1284	W Koenig	172—1252

The Revolver Championship.

We have received the following announcement under date of Nov. 9.

"An open competition for the revolver championship of America will be held under the auspices of the Knickerbocker Revolver Club at the Athletic Club Range, Madison avenue and Forty-fifth street, New York city.

"The contest will begin on Nov. 30, 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M., and will close at 11 o'clock P. M. on Dec. 5, 1896.

"Any revolver, of which barrel and cylinder do not exceed 10½in. in length; any ammunition, any trigger pull, may be used.

"Distance shall be ten (10) and twenty (20) yards. Total of the best two 6-shot targets at each distance to count.

"Targets shall be Standard American Decimal, reduced for each distance. Bullets must visibly touch the line to count.

"Entrance fee shall be $1 (one dollar) and a charge of 25 (twenty-five) cents for each target shot. Re-entries unlimited.

"Silver cups will be awarded to the three contestants making the highest scores. The competitor must sign his name to each target before shooting. Every shot fired shall count. Targets shot shall be the property of the club, and shall remain in the hands of the keeper. On receipt of entry, a card of admission to the range during the shooting week will be issued. Competitors present must shoot in rotation, one target each.

"No competitor shall be allowed to load his revolver until he arrives at the firing point; and no person shall be allowed to annoy or talk to the competitor.

"When loading, the revolver muzzle must be pointed toward the target; and when firing, the revolver must be held in one hand only and with arm extended.

"In case of a tie it must be shot off; six shots at 10yds. and six shots at 20yds.; total to count. All disputes shall be settled by the shooting committee, whose decision shall be final. The contestants may use the gallery ammunition free of charge or furnish their own.

"By order of the shooting committee.

"DR. H. E. WESTRAY, Chairman."

This will do well enough for a shooting match except in one particular—that it is ridiculous to call it a competition for "the revolver championship of America." There is already "the revolver championship of America," won in open competition against all comers in the FOREST AND STREAM's Winans trophy match, by Wm. E. Petty, of this city. Champion Petty's possession of the title is as clearly recognized as is his undisputed ownership of the well-won trophy itself. Before the Knickerbocker Rifle Club can assume to confer the championship title upon any one else it must first, in fair fight, wrest that title from the man who now holds it. In other words, the Knickerbockers cannot give something they have not got to give.

If the promoters of this Madison avenue enterprise want to do the square thing by the competitors who shall pay their dollars to shoot in it, let them entitle the series of matches an Open Competition to Determine a Candidate who shall Challenge Champion Petty for the Revolver Championship of America.

San Francisco Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 8.—The riflemen of San Francisco turned out in force to-day at the Shell Mound ranges. Taken as a whole the light was good, but in the earlier part of the day there was a stiff west wind blowing that kept the marksmen busy shifting their wind gauges. The scores made by members of the

COLUMBIA PISTOL AND RIFLE CLUB

in the different club competitions were as below:

Rifle, 200yds., Unfried diamond medal, 3 shots, re-entry: A. Strecker 10, D. W. McLaughlin 10, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 13, F. O. Young 15.

Military rifle, Glindemann medal, 10 shots, re-entry, Creedmoor count on Columbia target: F. O. Young 45, F. H. Bushnell 45, A. H. Brod 43, P. Robinson 43.

Rifle, record medal, 10 shots, re-entry: Dr. Rodgers 57, H. R. Crane 66, D. W. McLaughlin 68, A. B. Dorrell 73.

Club Class contests, for members only, 10 shots, champion class: D. W. McLaughlin 59, A. H. Pape 67, F. O. Young 69.

First Class: F. E Mason 66, A. B. Dorrell 71, H. Hellberry 85, O. A. Bremer 89, H. R. Crane 102, G. Schultz 111.

Second Class: J. E. Gorman 77, E. Jacobson 96, M. J. White 103, G. Barley 112, F. H. Bushnell 118.

Pistol, 10 shots, 50yds., club contests for members; Champion Class: J. E. Gorman 47, F. O. Young 53, C. M. Daiss 57, A. H. Pape 57 (withdrawn).

First Class: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 54, M. J. White 58, F. E. Mason 72, D. W. McLaughlin 73, A. B. Dorrell 76.

Second Class: G. M. Barley 61, E. Jacobson 66, H. J. Wicker 81, O. A. Bremer 92, F. H. Bushnell 93.

Re-entry pistol matches, open to all comers, Blanding medal (three shots to score): C. M. Daiss 4, 7; A. H. Pape 6, 7; J. E. Gorman 7, 7; F. O. Young 7, 8; F. H. Bushnell 17, 17; H. J. Wicker 15, 17.

All comers, .22cal. rifle, 50yds., 5-shot medal: E. Jacobson 10 11, Mrs. L. J. Crane 12 18, Mrs. M. J. White 15 18, Mrs. C F. Waltham 16 17.

Glindemann ladies' trophy, .22cal rifle, 10 shots: Mrs. L. J. Crane 33, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 34, Mrs. M. J. White 43.

GERMANIA SCHUETZEN CLUB.

The class medal winners of the Germania Schuetzen Club, together with their scores for 20 shots each on the German ring target, were:

First champion class: F. P. Schuster, 422 rings. Second champion class: L. Bendel 417.

First of the first class: G. Alpers 425. Second of the first class: R. Finking 377.

First of the third class: F. H. Bushnell 393. Second of the third class: A. Jungblut 387.

First of the fourth class: E. Saifield 389. Second of the fourth class: Wm. Garms 319.

Best first and last shots: G. Alpers, 25 rings.

SAN FRANCISCO SCHUETZEN VEREIN.

The winners in medal contests of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, together with their scores for 20 shots on the German ring target, were:

Champion class: A. Mocker 435 rings.

First class: F. P. Schuster 425.

Second class: Not filled.

Third class: Frank Koch 394.

Fourth class: J. D. Heise 385.

Best first shot, F. Koch 24; best last shot, Otto Lemke 25.

Revolver Shooting in London.

LONDON, Eng., Nov. 1.—The revolver championship of the North London Rifle Club has again been won by Mr. Walter Winans, this being his fourth win of that title in as many consecutive seasons. Corp. Carter, who finishes in second place, with Trooper C. Knapp, both scoring a total of 365, met with a serious accident in the middle of August, and has been unable to attend the ranges since that time. The report of the committee of the North London Rifle Club in regard to the revolver championship above mentioned reads as follows:

"Mr. Walter Winans has again secured premier honors with the revolver, winning the club championship for the fourth consecutive year. His total is less than last year, but he has nevertheless finished an easy winner by 31 points, his aggregate being 394 points out of a possible score of 430 points. Although he has been unable to attend the ranges so frequently, he has had no difficulty in upholding his reputation as the finest revolver shot of the present day. As a matter of fact he was only able to put in just the requisite number of shoots in Series I., viz.: six, so that he had no score to count out in that series.

"The full details of prize winners and their scores are now appended, and cancel all that have appeared before."

REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

Series I.	Series II.	Series III.	Series IV.	Total.
Walter Winans, Esq., the gold championship jewel and £2.				
42 41 41 40 40 40	38	39	37 36	394
†Corp A W Carter, 3d Middlesex V A, silver championship jewel and £2.				
40 38 38 36 36 36	36	35	34 34	365
†Trooper C Knapp, Middlesex Yeo Cav, bronze championship jewel and £2.				
39 39 37 37 37 36	39	33	33 33	363
Capt W Evans, Honorable Artillery Co, £1.				
35 33 36 36 36 35	36	31	33 31	350
Pvt W C Luff, London Rifle Brigade, £1.				
37 37 37 36 35 35	38	30	31 31	347
Sergt C T Britton, 1st Essex V A, £1.				
37 35 31 30 29 28	33	26	25 22	296
Lieut P W Richardson, London Rifle Brigade, £1.				
34 33 31 30 29 28	36	29	25 25	290

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Nov. 21.—Worcester, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. Targets.

Nov. 21.—Elkwood Park, N. J.—Blackbird shoot, commencing 1 P. M. Events to suit contestants.

Dec. 1-3.—Trenton, N. J.—Proposed contest for live-bird championship; 100 live birds per man, $100 entry. Under the management of Charles Zwirlein.

Dec. 22-23.—Elizabeth, N. J.—Ninth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

1897.

Jan. 4-5.—Prescott, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

January.—San Antonio, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz, etc.

February-March.—Hot Springs, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

March 23-25.—New York City.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—San Antonio, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

May 11-14.—Oil City, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Resser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

June (third week).—Cleveland, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—Fargo, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

In reply to a query from us as to the status of Winston's challenge to the winner of the Claridge-Roll match, Mr. H. P. Collins, of the Du Pont Powder Company, writes us as follows, under date Nov. 13: "Replying to yours of the 11th inst., Winston is the next aspirant for the cup. Before the match between Claridge and Roll was called, acting as referee and representing Messrs. Du Pont & Co., I informed each of the contestants privately that Winston had posted his forfeit with *Shooting and Fishing* challenging the winner, and that under the precedent established in the case of Roll's challenge, the winner of their match would have to entertain Winston's challenge under the usual conditions. I consider, in view of the precedent established in the Roll challenge, that Winston has complied with all the requisite conditions, and that his challenge is in good form."

By special invitation of the New York Athletic Club, a three-men team race will be shot on the club's grounds, Traver's Island, on Saturday next, Nov. 21. Invitations have been issued to certain clubs to be represented by teams on this occasion. The idea is a new departure in trap-shooting circles in this vicinity, and should be the means of providing a good day's sport for the members and their guests, as well as creating fresh enthusiasm among the trap-shooters of New York and her suburbs. The New York Athletic Club's shooting committee deserves special commendation for the sporting conditions of this race.

In regard to the apparent run of luck in the matter of easy birds that fell to the lot of Roll in the recent match for the Du Pont trophy at Baltimore, the Baltimore *Herald* of Nov. 11 has the following note: "The birds were an easy lot of duffers in the main, though those that made any attempt at swift flying usually got off. There is a peculiar kind of luck attached to trap-shooting. One man will draw a lot of easy birds, while the man shooting beside him will draw all difficult birds. This run of luck seemed to be against Claridge yesterday, and to his sorrow, though he made many beautiful kills."

Referring to a Driver and Twister in our last issue, anent the "absolute" professional and an *Ultima Thule*, Elmer Shaner writes us from Pittsburg as follows: "What shell, powder, wadding and shot (chilled or soft) would you recommend me to use on *Ultima Thules?* Am I right in my supposition that they are some new target, or is it the name of some new nitro powder? Old Hoss and I have been discussing the question and as usual we cannot agree."

Charlie Budd is shooting live birds out West in something like his old form. During the Dayton, Ia., Gun Club's tournament, Oct. 27-28, Charlie took part in 6 live-bird events, the number of birds in each being respectively 5, 10, 15, 7, 7 and 7, or a total of 51 birds all told. He killed straight in all but the last, losing 1 bird, making his score for the two days 50 out of 51. Fred Gilbert was clean out of form, losing 12 birds out of 51 shot at.

George Roll, the champion from Blue Island, Ill., won the Du Pont trophy on Nov. 10 by scoring 48 to 45, made by R. W. Claridge, the holder. The shoot took place on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association, Claridge being a member of that organization. In Claridge, Hood, Waters and Hawkins, the Baltimore Shooting Association has a trio of young shooters hard to beat in any company.

The race between Charles Smith, of Plainfield, N. J., better known as Dutchy, and W. H. Wolstencroft, of Frankford, Pa., for the Austin tri-State championship cup has been postponed from Wednesday, Nov. 25, to Friday, Nov. 27. The time and place are left the same, viz., 2 P. M. on the Climax Gun Club's grounds, Fanwood, N. J. A call to serve his country as a juryman caused Billy Wolstencroft to ask for the postponement of two days.

Charlie Hebbard, of the W. Fred Quimby Co., and of the Empire Target Co., is back again at his desk "chained to business," after a delightful trip in Maine. The privations (!) of camp life have not caused him to loose much flesh; he looks better than ever. His temper too is excellent, provided you don't mention "moose" to him. He did, however, score two deer.

Neaf Apgar will sever his connection with the shell-loading department of the W. Fred Quimby Co. on Saturday of this week. On Jan. 1, 1897, he will blossom out as a full-blown representative of the Austin Powder Co., of Cleveland, and will attend all the important shoots in '97 as representative of that company. With Jack Winston and Neaf Apgar booming things, the Austin Co. ought to make a straight score.

Elmer E. Shaner was unable to take charge of the running of the Vicksburg, Miss., tournament, as previously announced, owing to sickness. We are glad to say that one or two letters received quite recently from Mr. Shaner are written in his old vigorous style and with the familiar blue ink that he affects; we augur from this that he is fast becoming convalescent.

What rules do they shoot under in Minnesota? A correspondent from that State writes: "Of the principal winners at nearly all the tournaments in this State last year there were four men, residents of the State, using 10-gauge guns, who won more than any other four men in the State when the whole thing is averaged up, and they stood at the same distance as the 12-gauge men in every shoot."

Bob Snyder, of Schoverling, Daly & Gales, is a deer hunter. The deer of Long Island have recognized that fact and have paid him tribute, a fine doe falling to Bob's gun on Wednesday, Nov. 4. His party secured six deer that day—three bucks and three does.

Jack Halstead and Richmond, both members of the Peekskill, N. Y., Gun Club, were in this city on Monday, Nov. 16. Jack did not have much to say about ruffed grouse or woodcock, but he knew something about "live birds and targets."

Mr. C. E. Robbins, President of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association, sends us the following notice of that Association's annual gathering for 1897: "Third annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association, at Fargo, N. D., June 16-17. Targets. W. W. Smith, Secretary."

The contest for the E. C. cup at the New Utrecht Gun Club's grounds, Woodlawn, L. I., on Saturday last, Nov. 14, was the 23d competition for the same. As C. Furgueson, Jr., had prior to that shoot 4 wins to his credit, his victory on that day gave him absolute ownership of the cup and a purse of $50.

The result of the last medal shoot of the Joplin, Mo., Gun Club shows that W. G. Sergeant is shooting all right. The scores in this event, which is at 100 targets, unknown angles, were: Sergeant 95, H. T. Leeman 89, C. M. Sumner and Taylor Cox 80 each.

On Saturday, Nov. 21, a live-blackbird shoot will be held at Elkwood Park, N. J. The shoot will commence at 1 P. M. Phil Daly, Jr., will have 500 blackbirds on hand for the occasion. Events will be shot to suit the contestants.

The Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club announces its ninth bi-monthly tournament, Dec. 22-23. First day, targets; second day, live birds. The tournament is open to all.

George McAlpin defeated John L. Winston by 2 birds in their match last week. The scores were 93-91.

The Worcester, Mass., Sportsmen's Club will hold an all-day shoot at targets on Saturday next, Nov. 21.

Nov. 17. Edward Banks.

The "Vena-Contracta" Guns.

The London *Field* had lately made an exhaustive test of the merits of the Vena-Contracta guns manufactured by an English firm. The results of these tests it has just given to its readers, and without doubt American shooters will be just as much interested in the statistics given as our English brethren of the gun.

At first sight, reducing a 12-bore gun at the breech to a 16, 18 or 20-bore gun at the muzzle is rather a startling innovation. As a matter of fact the bore of these guns is reduced from its original gauge—12—to its final dimensions of 16, 18 or 20 gauge in the first 8in. of the barrel from the end of the chamber; from that point to the muzzle the barrel is similar in all respects to that of a 16, 18 or 20-gauge gun. Thus the wads and the shot are compressed in the early stages of their departure from the barrel when the velocity is comparatively slow.

The *Field* says: "The *raison d'être* of the contracted method of boring is to provide strong guns of light weight without shortening the barrels, as is often done with light-weight guns. By reducing the size and weight of the barrel forward greater thickness of metal can be at the breech and less weight is required in the stock in order to balance the gun."

In considering the figures given below it will be well to call attention to the fact that the size of shot used in the trials was the English No. 6, 1oz. containing 270 pellets, and an 1⅛oz. containing 304 pellets.

Summarizing the results of its series of trials, the *Field* says:

"When the Vena-Contracta was first brought out it was suggested that the reduction of the bore as it proceeded up the barrel would considerably increase the pressure of the powder gases. This seemed a not unnatural conclusion; but some experiments then carried out in our own 12-bore crusher-gauge (with certain modifications made therein to adapt it to the alteration of circumstances) did not show that there was any material increase in the pressures as compared with those of ordinary 12-bore barrels. We have been glad, however, of the present opportunity of investigating the subject more thoroughly, as Messrs. Joseph Lang & Son, the makers of the three guns, have placed at our service three new crusher-gauges, which they had constructed for their own use, and these have been made in exact accordance with the interior of the guns, viz.: 12-20, 12-18 and 12-16-gauges respectively, their internal parts having been bored with the same tools as were used for the guns. That is to say, the barrel is reduced to its final dimensions in the first 8in. from the end of the chamber; so that the shot and wads are gradually compressed, while their velocity is comparatively low; and thence forward the barrel proceeds to the muzzle in similar form to that of an ordinary gun of 16, 18 or 20-bore, as the case may be.

"The records obtained by firing ten rounds in each of the three new crusher gauges with 1⅛oz. of shot, and the pressures given in our own 12-bore crusher-gauge with some of the same batch of cartridges, were as follows:

Bores.	Pressures in Tons per square inch.									
12-20	1.79	1.91	1.91	2.10	1.79	1.87	1.95	2.00	1.79	2.14
12-18	2.00	1.78	1.73	2.00	1.88	1.73	1.63	1.88	1.92	1.73
12-16	2.00	1.88	1.68	1.92	1.83	2.04	1.63	2.04	1.78	1.96
12-bore	1.63	1.78	1.58	1.92	1.53	1.88	1.92	1.78	1.78	1.53

"The charge of powder used in the 12-20 gun was 38grs., but in the other three guns it was 1gr. less. The reason of this difference was that 37grs. sufficed to give the standard velocity of 1,160ft. per second in the 12-18 and 12-16 bores, but was not enough in the more contracted barrel, and consequently 38grs. were used.

"As may be seen above, the most contracted barrel exhibited the highest amount of pressure, and the ordinary 12-bore showed the least amount; but the facts are not quite so apparent in the foregoing tables as in the following summary, where we give the lowest and highest rounds in each series of ten, together with the averages. We also state the pressures with 1oz. of shot as well as with 1⅛oz., except in the 12-bore, in which the smaller charge was not tested. With the 1oz. of shot the powder was reduced by 1gr.

PRESSURES IN TONS PER SQUARE INCH.

Bores.	With 1⅛oz. Shot. Lowest round.	Highest round.	Average of ten.	With 1oz. Shot. Lowest round.	Highest round.	Average of ten.
12-20	1.79	2.10	1.92	1.62	2.10	1.82
12-18	1.63	2.00	1.82	1.53	1.96	1.70
12-16	1.63	2.04	1.88	1.47	1.96	1.74
12-bore	1.53	1.92	1.72	....	....	....

"The averages of pressure in the Vena-Contracta guns are a little higher than in the ordinary 12-bore, but the difference between the highest average and the lowest is not nearly so great as the variations that occur with successive cartridges fired from the same gun, and which variations are apparently due merely to differences in strength of the caps.

"Next we give the patterns. Here it may be observed that the three contracted guns differ somewhat in their boring. The 12-20 is a cylinder in the right barrel and medium choke in the left; the other two are medium choke in both barrels. The ordinary 12-bore record is copied from a trial of the same powder published in the *Field* of the 4th of July last. The gun is a rather full choke in the left barrel, which alone was used, and one wild shot will account for the small pattern in the lowest round; the rest were pretty regular.

PATTERNS IN 30IN. CIRCLE AT 40YDS.

Bores.		With 1⅛oz of Shot. Lowest round.	Highest round.	Average of ten.	With 1oz. of Shot. Lowest round.	Highest round.	Average of ten.
12-20	R.	102	137	127	105	149	125
	L.	143	165	154	145	168	159
12-18	R.	140	177	165	126	158	145
	L.	144	179	161	122	145	138
12-16	R.	128	192	172	118	170	150
	L.	142	225	183	134	171	162
12-bore	L.	76	230	193	...	...	...

"Now we come to the velocities, which are as follows:

VELOCITIES IN FEET PER SECOND.

Bores.	With 1⅛oz. Shot. Lowest round.	Highest round.	Average of ten.	With 1oz Shot. Lowest round.	Highest round.	Average of ten.
12-20	1136	1167	1151	1132	1172	1154
12-18	1149	1186	1168	1145	1190	1170
12-16	1139	1186	1166	1146	1190	1169
12-bore	1141	1195	1171	....	....	....

"In these records the velocities do not vary so much with the contracted guns as with the ordinary 12-bore. But we do not think that any importance is to be attached to this circumstance, as we believe that variations of velocity from round to round depend not so much either upon the gun or the powder as upon the strength of the caps. There is one remarkable fact, however, in connection with the most contracted gun—the 12-20—and that is, that although it had 38grs. of powder, instead of 37grs., as in the other three guns, this increase did not bring the velocity quite up to the standard of 1,160ft. per second; and when the powder was further increased there was practically no increase in the velocity.

"The recoil records also show some interesting results. At the first glance it would appear as if the recoil with the 12-20 bore is much the same as that of the ordinary 12-bore, but the fact has to be taken into consideration that the weight of the 12-bore is 7lbs., whereas that of the 12-20 is but 6lbs. 5ozs., and the other two are unfinished guns that have not been reduced to their ultimate weight, which will probably be about 6lbs. In order to compare the results fairly the weights should be alike, and we have therefore recalculated the records on the supposition that the four guns weigh exactly 6lbs. each. The *raison d'être* of the contracted method of boring is to provide strong guns of light weight without shortening the barrels, as is often done with light-weight guns. By reducing the size and weight of the barrel forward greater thickness of metal can be given at the breech, and less weight is required in the stock in order to balance the gun. But a light gun must necessarily give more recoil than a heavy one, when charges and velocity are the same; and to test these guns on their merits it is requisite to show what is the full amount of recoil with their regular weight. Accordingly we have taken 6lbs. for all four guns, whatever the bore, and on that basis the recoil records stand as follows:

RECOIL IN FOOT-POUNDS (GUNS, 6LBS. EACH).

Bores.	With 1⅛oz. Shot. Lowest round.	Highest round.	Average of ten.	With 1oz Shot. Lowest round.	Highest round.	Average of ten.
12-20	28.6	31.3	30.3	24.7	26.1	25.5
12-18	28.9	31.0	29.9	24.7	27.2	26.2
12-16	28.4	31.0	30.1	24.9	27.5	26.5
12-bore	31.8	33.9	33.2	....	....	....

"Here it will be seen that the ordinary 12-bore gave about 10 per cent. more recoil than either of the Vena-Contracta guns with the 1⅛oz. charge of shot. (There was no trial of the smaller charge in the 12-bore.) The three contracted guns gave results which were close together; and although the 12-20 showed a little more recoil than its two *confrères*, that may be accounted for by its having a rather large charge of powder. With the 1oz. charge of shot, the 12-20 gave least recoil; and it may be inferred that the higher recoil with the other two was due to their barrels being less contracted, as the greater the amount of friction, and consequent check to the forward movement of the shot, the greater would be the retardation to the backward movement of the gun.

"The general conclusions which we draw from the foregoing records are that, taken on the whole, the results are very good, especially with the 12-18 bore. These trials have brought to light the fact that the original 12-20 bore is rather too small in gauge. The friction in the barrel necessitates the expenditure of an additional grain of powder, and even then the velocity is not quite so high as in the 12-18 or 12-16; and the patterns also are not so good as in Messrs. Lang's modifications. Besides in the 12-18 there are all the advantages of the Vena-Contracta system, viz.: extreme lightness of the barrel forward and massive breech ends, thereby insuring great safety and a very handy weapon.

"Ordinary wadding may be used in these guns with good results, but the best shooting is obtained with wadding as follows: Card over powder, ⅝in. felt, then the shot and a card over the shot. There is no need for a greater amount of wadding than this, because the felt wad is compressed in the contracted part of the bore and by itself acts as a thoroughly effective gas check. We may also mention that, although upward of 500 cartridges have been fired from these guns, not the slightest sign of leading in the barrel or balling of the shot has been perceived."

Another Effort to Find the Champion.

Within the past few days we have received a letter from the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association through its president, Mr. J. L. Porter, that will be of interest to many of our readers. The communication, which, by the way, "has been forwarded to all of the well-known wing shots in America," deals with a proposition on the part of the Association for a big live-bird event to decide who is the champion live-bird shot of the United States.

Just at present we are overwhelmed with both claimants of that title and schemes for finding out who has the best right to it. The suggestion made by the Missouri State Association is worth considering, and could be made practicable without in any way conflicting with Mr. Zwirlein's efforts in the same direction. The trophy to be given to the winner at Trenton, N. J., next December could be the trophy referred to in the second paragraph of Mr. Porter's letter.

We thoroughly agree with the Missouri State Association's plan for having the trophy and title contested for each year in open competition. Such is the method pursued in many other branches of sport, and we believe such an idea would be welcomed by shooters in general. In this respect we would suggest that it would not be necessary for the holder of the title at the time of such annual competition to shoot in such a contest. The competition would be rather for the purpose of selecting some shooter, the winner of the competition, who would shoot against the then champion for the trophy and the title as in an individual match. The letter of the Missouri State Association will surely attract lots of attention to this vexed subject, and it is quite within the bounds of probability that something tangible may result. The latter itself is as follows:

"Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The directors of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association are at work formulating a programme for their twentieth annual tournament, which is to be held here during the month of May, 1897.

"Among the events proposed is one to be known as the 'American Championship Event' on live birds, provided we can get the coöperation and the good will of the several shooters of the United States who have a trophy which has been offered by some publisher, manufacturer or dealer, and which at the time of being contested for was known as an American championship trophy. It is our desire to have all claims of this character relinquished; in other words, we propose, in order to settle this question, to make an event, the money to be guaranteed, not less than $3,000 and not more than $5,000, and in addition to have a gold plate, say 4×6in., suitably engraved to be emblematic of the American championship, the conditions of which have not yet been formulated. One of the plans suggested is to have this plate contested for in open contest once each year, and at such time and place as may bid and offer the largest purse for competition. The contests to be at 50 live birds, entrance $50, including the price of the birds.

"Our object in addressing you is to ask: Are you willing to relinquish all claims you may have to the title of American champion and participate in this proposed shoot? What suggestions have you to offer as to the number of birds an event of this kind should be contested for? We would also appreciate any other suggestions or information on the subject.

"As to our sincerity, we wish to say that our Association now has over $1,000 in cash on deposit in the First National Bank, of this city, and that the movement is in the hands of a class of gentlemen who will vouch for its successful termination. Kansas City being almost the geographical center of the United States, and situated in a territory where a majority of the pigeons used in live-bird matches are raised, and having the distinction among sportsmen of being as large a live-bird center as any city in the United States, we feel warranted in asking that our claim for the final settlement of American championship honors be recognized.

"A copy of this letter has been forwarded to all of the well-known wing shots in America, and if you have in mind any one that should be notified, that perchance may have been overlooked, we would thank you for the information.

"Kindly let us have your reply at as early a day as possible, as we desire to close this matter and make our formal announcement not later than Nov. 15. Awaiting your early reply, and in order that your letter may not be miscarried, we inclose you a self-addressed and stamped envelope for answer. Yours very truly,

"J. L. Porter, President."

A Tie Match at Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 6.—A live-bird match between two well-known local experts, who conceal their identities under the assumed names of Rickey and Wawa, drew a large gathering of shooters to the grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club to-day. The match was at 100 live birds per man, $100 a side, loser also paying for a banquet for eight and the price of the birds. Rickey conceded his opponent 8 misses as kills, a handicap that was entirely too heavy for him to-day. Wawa shot like a veteran and actually tied Rickey's high total of 92; this score with his handicap gave him a clean score of 100 kills! Rickey looked like a possible winner when the match was half over, as he had scored 49 out of a possible 50, and was still at work with an unfinished run of 43 straight. In the last half, however, he fell away, and Wawa improving and leading him by 3 birds on the 50, their scores were a tie at the close of the match. Rickey's single double-figure run was 49; Wawa made the following runs of over 9: 28, 19, 14, 10 and 10. Scores:

Rickey	2221220121112122212112222—24
	1221122112222221122222222—25
	2222220222200222220222222—21
	2122022122220220122222222—22—92
Wawa	1211112111111221112001112—23
	1212210112111121102212122—23
	2221211001211221102122121—22
	1222211112122221111210222—24—92

Elliott Defeats Riley.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 6.—Jim Elliott defeated J. E. Riley, of this city, this afternoon in a contest for the cup donated last May by the Kansas City *Star*. Elliott shot in good form, scoring 92 out of 100 on birds that were above the average, six of his lost birds falling dead out of bounds. Elliott's double figure runs were: 11, 15, 20, 14 and 23 unfinished; Riley's single double figure was 27, made on his first 27 birds. Elliott shot a Winchester repeating shotgun, 48grs. E. C., Leader shell; Riley shot a Greener gun, 3½drs. Schultze in a Trap shell. Scores were:

J A R Elliott	2222•02222222222222•222222—22
	2222222•22202222222222222—23
	22222222•2222222222222•2—23
	•222222222222222222222222—24—92
J E Riley	1222111122122121221212211—25
	22•2122212•22010•22221122—20
	0200020012121121202222222—15
	0202122122•021122112202222—20—81

The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, will have an all-day sparrow shoot Thursday, Nov. 26, Thanksgiving Day.

Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

PROGRAMMES AND TOURNAMENTS.

ROGER VAN GILDER SPEAKS TO THE POINT.

Knoxville, Tenn., Nov. 2.—It was with great interest that I perused in your issue of Oct. 24 the best article ever published in the trap columns of the Forest and Stream on "Programmes and Tournaments" In the following remarks on that article I do not pretend to attempt to set forth any brilliant or new ideas, but rather to arouse others to think about such matters for the development of something that will induce results for the up-building of the sport of the trap.

Gun clubs have been organized during the past two seasons all over the country. They are new workers in the field. Whether they "cometh up as a flower and are cut down," or flee "as a shadow," will depend largely upon the true sportsmen's feelings of loyalty to a worthy cause, inducing them to work in their labors upon a basis of unity.

HOW THE KNOXVILLE GUN CLUB GREW.

To all new clubs thus organized a short history of the Knoxville Gun Club might be of interest. Also a brief mention of how the club conducted its tournaments and became "the inaugurator of large added money shoots," as your trap editor says in compliment to the club.

The Knoxville Gun Club was organized in the spring of 1881 by a few enthusiastic lovers of rod and gun. Its first president was Dr. Matt G. McClung, than whom no truer sportsman and lover of rod, gun and dog ever lived. The club beginning with great enthusiasm numbered some thirty members, meeting once a week. The medal contest at the Ligowski clay target was a source of much pleasure and excitement. The writer well remembers a contest of special interest at a match of 25 Ligowski clay targets between its first president, Dr. McClung, and its present president, Col. S. B. Dow, resulting in the score of 20 to 25 straight in favor of our now honored and venerable president. Twenty-five straight in those days was considered phenomenal shooting, as all the other boys were well pleased to make 16 to 20 out of 25.

INTEREST BEGAN TO WANE.

Like all organizations of a similar character, the interest in shooting began to wane, until at the present time only some half dozen of the old guard are left in the present club. During these past years the club has had its vicissitudes of contentions, disputes and cliques, the most unfortunate conditions that can assail any club. But there were a few sober-minded members to take the reins of the runaway horse, and by gentle persuasion and good counsel for unity and concert of action the club was held together by the faithful few, reorganized, blossomed, bloomed and bore fruit. It has gradually developed from the small club of '81, unknown outside of its immediate neighborhood (as many other clubs just born), into one of the leading and foremost gun clubs organized for the pleasures of the sport of the trap.

BY-LAWS ARE IMPORTANT, AND MUST BE LIVED UP TO.

Past experience demonstrated the fact to the faithful few that to succeed as a club they must have a complete set of by-laws to move under, and must make the members live up to them. "Unity of purpose and concerted action in all things" was their motto. The drones of the club were killed by the live working bees and the hive prepared to store the honey for winter use. The working force of the club was and could be relied upon to do what was apportioned it upon any and all occasions, under the direction of an executive committee with full power to act, consisting of president, vice-president, captain, secretary and treasurer.

Thus organized, it bought a full and complete equipment, with the latest improved traps and targets. It selected its grounds to give a background of sky for the flight of targets. As the marches of improvement continued the grounds were changed several times, until at last the club leased the present area of ten acres, reached after a delightful ride on a street car line that runs near it, thus avoiding walking and the carrying of shells and guns.

THEY GAVE SMALL TOURNAMENTS AT FIRST.

Here the Knoxville Gun Club labored and overcame seemingly insurmountable difficulties in the work of building up the sport of trap-shooting. Many small tournaments were given to the neighboring clubs, with more or less degree of success. No elaborate programmes were issued then, only very simple statements of a club tournament of such a date with special contests to *suit the views of* the attending shooters. Medal shoots were the great inducement. Championship medals, both team and individual, for all sorts of things were the rage, but, like all prize contests, these soon lost their attraction and the meetings began to dwindle in attendance and the 50-cents-entrance sweeps at 10 targets were little incentive to produce a gathering of the clans. Then a 10-straight was rare indeed, but the 6, 7 and 8 holes were always full, while a few 9 men were the heroes of the hour.

HOW THEY CAME TO "ADDED MONEY."

Matters progressed thus until the executive officers said that some radical change must be made if the interest in trap-shooting was not to be buried. What was required to create new vitality? The idea flashed upon us suddenly; it was *added money*. The idea was "cussed and discussed" in all its bearings upon the question that a rupture in the family seemed imminent. Past experience had demonstrated the fact that to draw together the trap-shooters of the country it was necessary to offer some inducement in place of the old system of prizes and guaranteed purses. The members of the other clubs could shoot targets then at 2 cents each, and were sickened of medal contests. There was no reason or incentive for them to go away from home and shoot the same old string and the same old system.

Thus it was with much earnestness of purpose and some timidity at the audacity of the enterprise that the club fired a big salute and invitation to the shooters of the country at large to chase dull care away for a while and enjoy the pleasures of a good, *first-class* meeting and divide out among themselves *the then* enormous sum of $500 in cold cash added to the purses. The club had held one or two meetings with *guaranteed purses*, but the actual adding of cash to the purses was theretofore an unheard of undertaking.

THE "$500 ADDED" TOURNAMENT.

"How can we get out?" exclaimed the members. "We will be bankrupt and a disgruntled club when this shoot is over," seemed to be the prevailing opinion. A few nervy brethren in the good old fold were put at the helm to steer the old ship through (as Brother Banks has it). Three members, tried and true, with full power to act, were chosen by the club. A neat, simple invitation, without advertising matter, announcing so many events of so many targets, and so much cash added to the purse of each event, were sent out to the shooters of the country. The cover stated prominently that $500 in cash would be added to the purses by the Knoxville Gun Club.

One set of traps, an old wire pull and "Knoxville blackbirds" (the beginning of the now developed bluerock and empire) were used. They were manufactured here, and at a former exhibition were wondered at largely.

The arrangements to entertain the visitors were simple; nothing then that suggests the present elaborate arrangements; the club and shooters taking the chances of the weather, old 10 gauge guns at 18yds. and black powder, with a few using "wood" powder "that cracks like a rifle," as the boys said, but smashed the target the same as the old cannons with the smoke of 5 drams of FFFG and 1¼oz. of No. 9 chilled shot from the 32in. barrels of the 10-gauge guns. What changes meet the eye and ear at up-to-date meetings of to-day!

THE CLUB CAME OUT AHEAD.

Among the shooters from abroad are recalled Mr. Perry, of Boston, shooting a 10-gauge 32in. barrel gun and black powder, dubbed the Rain Maker, and others of equal shooting caliber. The meeting was a success both in attendance and pleasure, and also financially. The club came out whole as to the cash added, a small balance in the treasury showing a nest egg for future meetings. This meeting gave the club members renewed life and fresh enthusiasm, and a new feature had been carried out to a successful issue. The success of the club was assured from this on, as all who attended the shoot went away pleased with the business conduct of the shoot, the fairness displayed and the treatment received at the hands of the club members.

THE TOURNAMENT OF 1893.

Now we come on to the tournament of 1893, when the club took upon itself the task of adding $1,000 in cash to the purses. A committee of "the old guard" was duly chosen, consisting of three men, with full power to act. Dates were claimed well in advance, so as not to conflict with other shoots. The time was chosen to give the nicest season, when rain was less abundant and early vegetables were in their prime! A neat programme was gotten out (elaborate programmes do not pay); a shooter will read everything, anyway, in a programme—a few chosen friends among the shooters were written to to "talk up" on their travels this tournament of ours. The manufacturers, ever alert to their interest, and seeing the enterprise of this club, cheerfully added their dollars when solicited for advertising.

A modified handicap was finally chosen. It was left to a man's honor as to whether he should shoot known traps and angles or known traps, unknown angles. The expert, so-called, stayed in his class, while the amateurs, based on a sliding scale, 85 per cent. (17 out of 20), went as their scores indicated for each succeeding event.

Two sets of five traps with electric pulls were used. Rapid fire, squad shooting was adopted. Several improvements introduced in handling the squads and in the cashier's office were successfully tried. These are detailed later. Those who attended this meeting went home satisfied with the successful conduct of this great meeting. The sporting papers had special reports of the shoot, and every shooter in the country was aroused to action. They began to cast around in the cities for good timber out of which to organize a club and give added money tournaments. So much good was done by the meeting that clubs began to be reorganized and new ones to organize—in fact, a new era in the shooting world began, and the Knoxville Gun Club had assumed by hard work and enterprise a high standing among shooters for business conduct of its affairs and fairness to all, with courteous treatment.

ANOTHER BIG SHOOT IN '94.

Then the season of '94 opened up, and the club decided again to add $1,000 in cash at its tournament. The sliding handicap was dropped; the shooters of the country were improving both in quality and quantity, so that after much deliberation it was determined that all who came should shoot on some basis that was no handicap at all in any way. Each man should be the judge of his ability, and all stand up "flat-footed" and shoot on their merits.

Experience in the previous tournaments had taught the club a few new desirable changes in the management of shooters. A simple programme was gotten out, and, as formerly, the manufacturing friends of the club (some even unsolicited) came forward and bought advertising space, as they desired to show in a liberal way that the enterprise of the club was appreciated. It had instilled new blood into some almost defunct clubs, and had, by its example of progressiveness, created unbounded enthusiasm in new club members to reach out and hold national meetings in place of local ones.

KNOXVILLE'S EXAMPLE FOLLOWED.

May 23, 1894, dawned bright and beautiful. The congregation of shooters from all over the country was ready for the events and eager to measure their skill. The club had previously invited as their guests the trap editors of Forest and Stream and other sporting papers. They came, they saw, and were conquered. Never before in the history of trap-shooting had such a gathering of the "cracks" been gotten together. All those who were present at this great tournament can attest its unqualified success.

Then it was that other clubs, their members being present and seeing and knowing the success, financial and otherwise, attending such meetings, began to realize that they too must add cash as an inducement if they wanted to hold large national meetings. Hence the "fixtures" in the papers for the season of 1895-96 showed larger added money than ever before in the history of the trap. This was due to "the inaugurator of large added money meetings," as your trap editor calls us. Small local affairs will not incite that degree of enthusiasm like the larger ones. A shooter can stay at home and shoot targets at 1 cent and small sweeps without the attendant extra expense of a trip from home.

RECOMMENDS SMALL SWEEPS AT HOME WITH HIGH GUNS.

Just here I would advise more home sweepstake shooting, if only 10 cents entrance and high gun to win. Get used to shooting for money and to shoot high guns all the time; then when you do go away you will not think about "that $2 and the purse I will win if I make a 20 straight," nor lose simply because you try too hard and get into an unnatural condition and position. Shoot just like you did at home and don't think about anything but "break that target." You will be astonished at your improvement in shooting.

A NEW IDEA IN 1895.

A new idea was talked of for the season of May, '95. It met with the instant favor of both manufacturers and shooters. It was as follows: The club added $1,500 in cash. The manufacturers were given a full advertising space as supporters in the programme; there were twelve of them and they added $600 in cash. Then all the shooters who attended put in an extra $10, which made a total purse of cash added to the meeting of $3,000. The sum was large indeed, and there passed through the cashier's office in entries and added money about $15,000; divided out among the winners at this the greatest meeting ever held and the greatest assembly of the best shots the country could produce. First money in some of the events ran as high as $150. Glancing over the record of some of the fortunates who struck it all alone (oh! mamma!) I find: McDonald, of Dayton, $150; Glover $140, Budd $117, Maury $85, Noel E. Money $86, Trimble $134, Easton $83, Mitchell $88, Heikes $126, Wagner $69, McKelden $69, Bartlett $68, etc. Many divides of anywhere from $20 to $60 each man. (Those were great days at a great shoot).

SHOULD IT BE HARD SHOOTING WITH BIG CHANCES?

The question now arises: Would a shooter rather take chances at hard shooting to win large money? For example, take the events in which McDonald, of Dayton, won $150 on 24 out of 25; Glover $140, first on 25, and Budd $117 on 24 out of 25. The purses were as follows: First money, $140; second, $117; third, $93.95; fourth, $58.72, and fifth, $58.72, making grand total $468. More in one single event than some clubs add in two days! This is a question which I believe is open to debate, but with a preponderance of weighty facts that a shooter would rather shoot to win a large purse than divide out a small one and get less than his entrance. Of course in the fourth and fifth classes ties will occur that brings the premium low, but if the added money is none and entrance small he has no chance "to get even," while the above gives him that chance. The shooters who attend trap shoots to-day are those *who think they have a chance "to get even."*

Formerly they had this sort of feeling: "Well, here it costs so much money to attend that shoot. If I 'get even' all right; but I will have a good time and see the boys anyway."

THE OLD CONDITIONS NO LONGER EXIST.

The meetings of to day are run under changed conditions. A few go for the sport, but the majority go for *both* sport and to win and get even, with thoughts of "would like a little more." They know they must shoot well to get even, and the consequence is at home they keep up their practice and their clubs have regular contests for such purposes, and in fact offer premiums to the members. Keep your home club talent practicing by *added money* premiums and see how it brings out the boys the same as at tournaments. The large sum of $3,000 added money brought them from all over the country to our tournament of 1895, and there were assembled on our grounds the finest lot of fellows ever gathered together—gentlemen all in all, and one toward the other. How to handle such a crowd was a serious question. Many days of thought developed the plans now practically used at the large gatherings that followed those in '95 and '96.

HOW "THE COMMITTEE OF THREE" DID ITS WORK.

The committee of three, with its chairman as chief promoter, was chosen. The questions before it were many and varied, and were considered in about the following order: Get reduced rates on all railroads on the certificate plan; meet the shooters at the train and conduct them to the hotel where special rates and headquarters had been assigned and post them how "to get around town;" introduce them to the citizens of our home; select a caterer for his known ability to furnish a good meal at 50 cents and provide comfortable means to rest the shooter while eating; give the caterer the privilege free to furnish a good meal (please a shooter internally and he is yours forever); issue a programme *inexpensive, but neat*, as it is a waste of money to put out elaborate programmes; give it to the purses if you have it to squander; state plainly that the shoot will commence at such an hour (and mean it in execution and they will be there); advertise nothing but what you can do and carry it out to the letter; state to whom to send your shells; how to get to the grounds, and if on a car line, where the cars run.

EQUIPMENT OF THE GROUNDS.

Now comes equipment of the grounds. Locate your traps for a sky background and in one continuous line; place them down to stay with large screws or bolts; select men for traps, and appoint the middle trapper captain and make him responsible for good work and pay a premium for same. Trappers should take their lunches in the pit with them; provide a water boy for each set of traps. Select a paid referee for each set of traps to call dead or ring a bell if lost to attract shooter's attention to it and also scorers. Erect in plain view a public double score board, end to end, spaced for 25-target events—ruled and numbered for same, and in blank "Event —, Squad No. —." This is the record board and no change can be made from same. Have at the board a scorer, also on the platform a table and *pad scorer* who takes the duplicate scores, calling one to the other each man's score. Also have one man who takes these pads, checks them by the board score, turns them into the office, gets a new pad (several) in advance of squad entries, puts them on the *other end* of the board ready for next change. Thus checked the record is very accurate and complete, even in so great a number of scores.

Pay your men well. Don't let as a rule club members or visitors score, as trouble may arise and cause unpleasantness.

LOOK AFTER THE COMFORT OF THE SHOOTERS.

The shooter should stand on the ground, as it is easier to shoot from. Either a canvas or wood awning should protect shooters from sun in hot weather and rain if any should come up; thus the shoot could go on without interruption. Now place 6ft. in rear of each score-peg chairs *tied* to a stake that is driven into the ground and covered with large wagon umbrellas (good sign places for sale!) Rail off all this, including score-boards, etc., to keep shooters and spectators away, and allow no one inside this inclosure but contestants shooting and waiting.

STARTING THE SHOOT.

To start the shoot having three sets of traps and 100 entries: Number the sets 1, 2 and 3 respectively. Commence on set No. 1 with squad No. 1 at the score to shoot and squad No. 2 *in the chairs ready for their turn*. Shoot through four full squads on set No. 1. When squad No. 5 commences to shoot (on traps No. 1) have squad No. 1 commence event No. 2 on No. 2 set of traps, and squad No. 2 in the chairs waiting their turn and continue as before. When squad No. 5 comes to the score for event No. 2 on No. 2 set of traps, then squad No. 1 begins to shoot event No. 3 on set of traps No. 3. Thus they follow around all day and each man shoots in the same event on the same set of traps, and has enough shooting to keep him going and does not wait around half a day. The squad hustler should be a man popular and good-natured, but firm. He should see that the shooter is in *his chair* without exception. To make 100 men wait on one man who is not ready is simply bosh. He must be there and ready to shoot when his turn comes.

SOME GOOD HINTS FOR CASHIERS.

The office work should be attended to by a quick-figuring and pleasant, level-headed fellow—a combination hard to find. The cashier should take in and pay out all moneys. The entry clerk should take the name and issue a squad ticket properly numbered as to squad and position of the holder in that squad. The shooter getting such ticket shoots there all day. He then *knows* when to shoot and where to shoot by watching the public score board, which is a duplicate of event and squad number. The cashier should take *all-day* entries from each contestant. Any event not contested can easily be refunded on application; this greatly simplifies matters, and each contestant when he does *not* shoot must report to the office and get his credit ticket. The entry clerk can easily tell from duplicate pad scores in the office who shoots. No event should be paid off until after the 3d event is shot. This will give the office work a chance to get ahead, and no time is then lost. The shooters would all do well to follow the example of a great many and leave their accounts standing, settling up that night or next morning. If they have made or lost, check out or pay up extra for the next day's entry.

DUTIES OF THE ENTRY CLERK.

The entry clerk should be a very careful accountant, as upon him depends a great deal for errors in paying out purses to winners. He should have a paper or small book marked *each one* Event No. 1, Event No. 2, etc., separately, ruled into columns (if shooting say 20 target events) numbered 20, 19, 18, 17, etc., etc., at the head of each column. As each squad pad duly checked comes in he places A in column 20, 19 or 18, as his score shows on the pad, and so on for all the shooters. This gives a complete record to figure daily on three days' averages. If shooting class shooting, 5 moneys, it shows at once how 20s or 19s, etc., are in for 1, 2 or 3 money, and so on. Over each column place the net purse in the event; at the bottom of each column, each shooter's *pro rata*.

PAYING OFF THE WINNERS.

To pay off, either use envelopes or shooter's ticket showing his score and his *pro rata*. He can compare with his own record, or else merely call it off and figure it up and pay him in money. If the Rose system is used, the Forest and Stream has ably set forth how to work it in detail. By following these outlines, with changes to suit other ideas, we believe a shoot can be made a success. Remember one thing, the shooters make or mar a shoot just as much as the management. Get the shooters interested as if it were their own shoot, and see how much better things move off and how smoothly it runs. Good feelings are, beyond question, much to be desired, as your future meetings will depend upon how the majority were treated. There always will be a *disgruntled* few. Treat these as gentlemen and they will be ashamed of themselves. It is human nature for the winner to be jovially inclined and the loser grumpy—all cannot win, but *all hope* to win.

EXPENSES REGULATED BY THE SIZE OF THE SHOOT.

The expenses attendant on giving a large meeting are proportionately increased; actual ground fixed charges means $350 *extra money*, so that a charge of 3 cents on targets is only right to help pay this, as all who shoot are deriving the pleasure and benefit. Besides, say you pay the extra 2 cents above cost of trapping on 20 targets for seven events, it amounts to each one individually only $2.80; but if 100 men pay it, it equals $280 per day. Divided into five moneys means that for first money, say 30 per cent.=$84, one has a chance to *divide or win $9* per event for the putting in of *only 40 cents*.

Now figure a little more. Say you have 100 men *average* for three days, shooting six events at 20 targets each; this would equal 12,000 targets per day at 2 cents=$240, or three days=$720, or just enough to pay twice expense, leaving say $400. Now add $2,000 or $3,000 cash, less *this profit;* that is $1,600, or $2,400. Where is your money coming from?

RAISING ADDED MONEY.

This brings up the question of raising added money. I believe in a proportionment to all who derive the benefit. The club, the shooters, and the manufacturers and dealers—all should contribute. Tournaments are not given for fun. They are now reduced to a business basis. If there were no tournaments to incite practice shooting, clubs would die with the exception of some one or two members who would go out "just to see how it goes." The manufacturers and dealers would soon feel the loss in trade. There is no doubt about this idea, as the enormous increased sales of ammunition and guns of the last few years show.

The club, of course, will gratuitously give its share and do all the labor for love of the sport and entertainment of the visitors. I unhesitatingly affirm that the dealers and manufacturers are the large gainers and the poor shooter is the loser. A shooter is a guest of a club upon its invitation to come and shoot, the club making all arrangements. *He* pays all his own expenses, pays all his entries and takes all he wins, and stops at a public hotel. He is not a guest in the sense we understand it by receiving one into one's home, but at the same time he is or ought to be treated with all courtesy due from one gentleman toward another. Hence we say that a shooter or manufacturer can be solicited to help on the cause for their own pleasure or profit in all good taste and all due propriety.

DON'T GIVE MIXED TOURNAMENTS.

One word more and we are done. Don't make the mistake of giving both merchandise and added money. Do one or the other, but not both. More trouble can arise and more enemies made over merchandise events than in any other way. A shooter likes to take something tangible home to show his dear wife and boys how he beat them all. But alas! for the money. "Are you there, Moriarity?" and "Thus the world goes round and round."

KNOXVILLE MAY SURPRISE US IN 1897.

The Knoxville Gun Club may have a surprise in store for May, '97. Do the shooters want a shoot? How would they like to put in each $20 to get up the daddy of them all? I would like to hear from them by private letter on the subject.

R. Van Gilder,
Sec'y Knoxville Gun Club.

Roll Takes the Du Pont Trophy.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 10.—The shoot for the Du Pont trophy took place to-day on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association. As a result of the shoot the trophy again goes West, George Roll, the champion from Blue Island, Ill., defeating B. Claridge by the score of 48 to 45.

Roll shot in great form, losing only two birds, his 12th and 32d birds, making runs of 11, 19 and 18 straight. Claridge drew somewhat the hardest birds, but shot a good game race, scoring 24 out of the last string of 25. He made runs of 10 and 17. The official score was kept by Dr. Samuel J. Fort. Below in detail is the complete score of the match:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

```
               1 3 5 4 5 3 3 5 2 2 5 1 5 3 5 5 1 3 3 4 2 2 4 3 5
               ↰ ↗ ↓ ↘ ↘ ↘ ↗ ↙ ↓ ↑ ↖ ↘ ↘ ↗ ↖ → ↓ ↰ ↗ ↓ ↙ ↗ ↘ ↘
Geo Roll.......2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 0 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—24
               3 1 5 3 1 4 1 3 1 3 5 3 4 1 2 1 4 1 3 1 3 3 4 3 4
               ↘ ↱ ↴ ↰ ↙ ↓ ↰ ↰ ← H ↰ ↘ ↙ ↰ ↖ ↘ H ↗ ↙ ↖ ↖ ↙ ↑ ↘ ↗
               2 2 2 2 1 1 0 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—24—48
               1 4 2 4 4 5 1 1 5 3 4 5 4 1 1 2 4 3 3 3 5 1 1 2 4
               T ↙ ↰ → ↘ ↗ H ↗ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↗ ↖ → ↓ ↗ ↘ ↴ ↰ ↗ ↘ ↖ ↗ H
B W Claridge...1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 • 1 • 1 0 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 0 2—21
               3 5 3 3 2 2 5 2 5 3 4 2 2 2 4 5 2 3 1 5 3 3 3 2 3
               ↗ → ↘ ↰ ↙ ↙ ↰ ← ↘ ↰ ↗ ↘ ↰ ↱ H ↑ ↙ H ↖ ↖ ↘ H ↓ ↙ ↘
               1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2—24—45
```

Saccarappa Defeats Westbrook.

Westbrook, Me., Nov. 7.—An interesting team shoot took place this afternoon on the grounds of the Westbrook Gun Club between teams of the home club and the Saccarappa Gun Club. There is considerable rivalry between the two clubs in this city; the shoot this afternoon was, in consequence, interesting from start to finish. The weather was perfect for trap-shooting. Scores:

Saccarappa.

E T Mayberry	1000111111111101011101111—19
W B Boothby	1000111110101011111000111—16
Norton	1111101011010101110111110—18
R O Boothby	1100111101011010110101111—17
Hopkinson	1111101111111101111110111—22—92

Westbrook.

Mitchell	1101111111111101111101000—19
Spiller	1111110111001100111111101—19
Sawyer	1110100110101101100110011—15
Lewis	1101000000011111000110000—10
Clark	0100111110001011011000011—13—76

E. T. Mayberry.

In New Jersey.

A BIG TEAM RACE AT NEW BRUNSWICK.

Nov. 7.—This was a field day at the grounds of the Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick. The occasion was the four-cornered team race between teams representing the home club and the clubs organized at Freehold, Dayton and Keyport. The conditions were nine men to a team, 50 targets per man, unknown angles, entrance $10 per team, winning team to take 60 per cent. of the purse, second team to take 40 per cent. A stong wind was blowing across the grounds, but nevertheless some good scores were made. Sperling, of New Brunswick, was high with 48; Ferd. Van Dyke, of the Dayton team, being second with 47; Campbell and Burtis, both Freehold men, tied for third place on 45 each. The teams finished in the following order: Brunswick 371, Freehold 346, Dayton 338, Keyport 312. The team averages were: Brunswick 82.4, Freehold 76.8, Dayton 75.1, and Keyport 69.3. Scores:

Brunswick.

Sperling	48	Oakley	42	Pettitt	38
Hoagland	44	Blish	41	Voorhees	38
Stevens	43	Booth	40	Boarem	37
					371

Freehold.

Campbell	45	Hess	41	Sherman	34
Burtis	45	Dennise	39	Snyder	32
Hance	43	Buck	37	Davis	30
					346

Dayton.

Van Dyke	47	Groendyke	38	Barclay	35
M Farr	44	D Emmons	36	Blackwell	33
McDonald	38	Carroll	35	Snook	32
					338

Keyport.

Cramer	42	Dr Hoagland	34	Walling	32
Watts	41	Ackerson	33	Perrine	31
Vigne	35	Emmott	33	Carhart	31
					312

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB, OF HACKENSACK.

Nov. 7.—To-day the members of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, competed for the E. C. cup, donated by the E. C. Powder Co. This was the second shoot for the cup, the winner on the first occasion having been L. H. Schortemeier. In to-day's contest T. Bell, the president of the club, was the winner. Sweeps were shot during the afternoon as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*
G Piercy	9	4	9	9	12	12	16	Herrington	..	..	..	8	8	..	..
Wise	8	6	9	5	13	..	..	T Bell	..	..	..	..	10	w	..
L Piercy	7	7	8	7	14	8	..	W Lefferts	..	..	..	..	..	11	13
Capt Money	7	6	9	8	12	11	17	Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	3	..
J Banta	..	..	8	7	..	..	..								

CLIMAX GUN CLUB, OF PLAINFIELD.

Nov. 12.—The monthly shoot of the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, was held this afternoon at the grounds of the club, Fanwood, N. J. In addition to the club event, a 25-target event, club handicap allowances, was shot for a silver keg donated by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., one of its W-A kegs. Dutchy Smith won it from scratch with 23 out of 25, none of the others being able to tie him if they broke all their allowance. The scores were: Dutchy (0) 23, Brantingham (1) 22, Manning (1) 20 out of 24; Henry (3) 18 out of 25, Herrington (3) 16 out of 25, Scott (5) 12 out of 20, J. Darby (7) 15 out of 25. The scores in the club race were:

Club shoot:

Goodman (7)	11111111111001111111001101101111	—26
Scott (5)	11111101011001111111111111101	—25
Singer (9)	0111100011110111101111110111001101	—24
C Smith (0)	1110111111111111111111011	—23
Brantingham (1)	1011111101111111111101111	—22
Herrington (3)	1010111110010011110101110111	—19
Henry (3)	100110111001101111010111111	—19
J Darby (7)	00000011111001011111011100111100	—18
R Manning (1)	1110101011000110111111010	—16

THE ENDEAVORS DEFEAT THE BERGEN COUNTYS.

Nov. 14.—The teams which represented the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, and the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, this afternoon on the grounds of the Bergen County Club were mere apologies, so to speak. The conditions of the series of three tournaments as originally made called for 10 to 12-men teams. The cold north wind that swept across the Hackensack Meadows had no doubt a good deal to do with keeping shooters from the traps, but the pleasures of a day or two in the woods after ruffed grouse, quail and a few belated woodcock had a good deal more to do with the mustering of only 7 men on a side.

The Endeavor team was the strongest, the veteran Uncle Billy Hughes and Duff being the only ones whose names do not regularly appear on the score sheets of team races in which that club takes part. Mr. Hughes is one of the oldest live-bird shooters in the vicinity of New York, being over seventy years old, and his target-shooting is only of comparatively recent growth. Mr. Duff is an active member of the club, and only needs more practice to crawl up into the company of the top-notchers. To-day's conditions as regards weather, etc., were very hard on beginners. The wind blew a gale and caused the targets to take all sorts of flights, besides varying the elevations very much. This made quick and accurate work a necessity if a good score was to be made. In addition to the wind, the club trapped a lot of black targets that were very hard to see when the wind made them fly low. The average of targets painted yellow as against "all black" was about 20 per cent.; at one time there were only 4 with yellow on them out of 25 by actual count. Is it any wonder that high scores did not prevail?

The home club were hard put to it to make up a team of even 7 men, and as a consequence it suffered defeat by 19 targets out of 210 shot at. The conditions handicapped the home team even more than it did the visitors, the latter having more men of experience on its team. This meant a good deal to-day. W. Ricardo played in hard luck, shooting well up to the 10th round, when the right barrel of his gun became useless through the breaking of some of the mechanism; this drove him to use the left barrel, and the consequences were fatal to his chances of a good score. Rhodes shot a capital race, breaking his last 15 straight.

The conditions of to-day's race were: 7 men to a team, 30 targets per man; the first 15 to be shot at unknown angles, the last 15 at known angles. Scores were:

Endeavor Gun Club.

Edwards	111101111110111111111111011111	—27	
C von Lengerke	110111101101011101111111111111	—25	
L Piercy	111010111111101111011111011101	—24	
G H Piercy	011101111110111111101101011110	—22	
J S Duston	011010110100111101011111101110	—20	
W Hughes	011101110000010111111011101010	—18	
Duff	001111101000000010101111001000	—13	—150

Bergen County Gun Club.

Rhodes	001111111111100111111111111111	—26	
G Ricardo	011110010111110111110111110111	—23	
T Bell	111101011110011111100101101011	—21	
H P Fessenden	000001101011111111110111111011	—21	
W Ricardo	111101110100001101110110010100	—17	
Ely	110111011100011001010010000000	—13	
Jackson	100100110111010000000001001000	—10	—130

The following sweeps were also shot, all at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*20*	*25*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*20*	*25*
T Bell	7	10	12	..	..	..	Williams	..	6	8	..	..	..
L Piercy	6	9	12	..	..	..	Blauvelt	..	9	7	..	..	..
G Piercy	9	12	10	7	18	20	Fleischman	..	..	5	..	..	..
Edwards	..	10	12	9	16	23	C von Lengerke	..	..	13	9	14	..
Duston	..	10	12	6	..	..	Brackett	..	..	6	..	7	14
Hughes	..	4	..	..	..	..	Duff	..	..	11	8	12	..
Rhodes	..	7	11	7	..	..	Van Keuren	..	..	..	..	7	..

The annual meeting of the Richfield Springs Gun Club was held on Nov. 9. The officers elected were: President, Walter Yeoman; First Vice-President, I. D. Peckham; Second Vice-President, C. B. Wilder; Secretary-Treasurer, M. E. Barker. The Richfield Springs *Mercury*, in commenting on the above annual meeting, says: "The club is in the most prosperous condition in its history. It has a membership of twenty-five, possesses a comfortable shooting house, a good set of traps and has money in the treasury. New wire pulls are being added to the trap equipments and coverings are to be erected for shooters and trappers. Several friendly matches are being arranged with neighboring clubs, and a committee, consisting of Messrs. E. E. Cole, C. E. Caney and I. D. Peckham, appointed to arrange for a turkey shoot about Thanksgiving." We understand that the above committee has decided to hold the "turkey shoot" on Monday, Nov. 23, all members of the club being handicapped according to their records.

Don't forget that entries for Charlie Zwirlein's big shoot, Dec. 1-3, close on Nov. 20.

On Long Island.

ROCKAWAY PARK GUN CLUB.

Nov. 9.—The second monthly shoot of the Rockaway Park Gun Club was held to-day on the club's ground. Ten members of the club put in an appearance, and a pleasant day's sport resulted. In addition to the scores given in the following table, Jo Blotz and E. Dudley shot a series of little matches, all at unknown angles, Blotz winning the series by three out of five. The scores in these matches were: No. 1, 10 targets: Dudley 9, Blotz 8. No. 2, 30 targets: Blotz 27, Dudley 24. No. 3, 10 targets: Blotz 8, Dudley 7. No. 4, 25 targets: Dudley 23, Blotz 21. No. 5, 10 targets: Blotz 9, Dudley 7. The other scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*15*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*15*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*
McKenna	5	1	8	6	5	3	2	Stoney	10	7	..	..	3	4	5
Steffens	8	7	4	6	9	5	7	Woods	10	6	9	10	13	9	5
Otten	11	9	6	6	8	4	3	Spott	10	6	..	..	..	..	..
Loeble	11	5	8	..	..	8	8	J Jones	8	4	..	..	..	..	..
Dudley	11	8	8	14	14	7	9	Jo Blotz	14	10	10	15	12	9	9

M'ALPIN DEFEATS WINSTON.

Nov. 10.—The match shot to-day between G. S. McAlpin and John L. Winston resulted in a defeat for the Western man by the score of 93 to 91. McAlpin lost 3 birds dead out of bounds, Winston losing 4 in the same way. The high runs were: McAlpin, 26, 24, 16 and 15; Winston, 35, 19 and 17. After losing his 1st bird and giving McAlpin the lead at the start, Winston ran straight up to the 38th round; during this long run McAlpin lost 3 birds, his 5th, 30th and 33d, the last 2 dead out of bounds. Below is the score:

G S McAlpin	2220022121122222122122222	—24	
	2222•22•222210221222122222	—22	
	2122122222222221020221122	—23	
	2111122221•122222221121222	—24	—93
J L Winston	0212222212222122222222222	—24	
	2222222222222•222202•22202	—21	
	22222222222222222222•220222	—23	
	2221221202222•2220221222	—23	—91

PARKWAY ROD AND GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Nov. 11.—So bad was the weather to-day that only four members of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, made the trip to the club's new grounds, foot of Miller avenue, this afternoon. The scores in the club event at 7 live birds per man were as below:

James Bennett (30)	2112112—7	Lee Helgans (30)	22222•2—6
Henry J Selover (25)	1112122—7	Henry Bramwell (30)	12002•1—4

ERIE GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Nov. 11.—The members of the Erie Gun Club, of Brooklyn, celebrated the club's return to the Dexter Park grounds by turning out in good force at to-day's club shoot, notwithstanding the wretched condition of the weather. The scores in the club shoot at 7 live birds per man were as follows:

Chas Plate (AA, 29)	1111121—7	Fred Gref (B, 27)	1222021—5
W H Lair (AA, 29)	1215212—7	H Janowsky (B, 27)	2101102—5
H Dohrmann (AA, 29)	2012120—5	W Roberts (B, 27)	2211020—5
J F Schmedke (A, 28)	1110201—5	B H Plate (B, 27)	1110220—5
H Muller (A, 28)	0021011—4	D J Lynch (B, 27)	0110200—3
M J Eisasser (A, 28)	0100101—3	C H Luhrsen (C, 26)	1110210—5
H Blackley (B, 27)	1111111—7	Jno H Plate (C, 26)	0210210—4

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.

Nov. 13.—The Unknown Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot this afternoon at Dexter Park, fifteen members taking part in the club event, at 7 live birds per man. Four men tied for first place with 7 straight. Of the six men who scored 6 Henry Knebel won second money on the shoot-off, miss-and-out. In the shoot-off, miss-and-out, for third place, John Bohling withdrew, leaving Dr. Schwartz and Dr. Moore to fight it out. This was Dr. Moore's first attempt at live-bird shooting from traps, and to the surprise of everybody he shot out his veteran antagonist in the eighth round, scoring 8 to his 7. Scores were:

Isaac Hyde (30)	2112121—7	W J Skidmore (28)	2220111—6
J B Voorhies (28)	2112212—7	A C Rankin (28)	2111210—6
Moses Brown (28)	1121112—7	John Bohling (28)	1100120—4
P J Sweeney (28)	2221122—7	Dr Schwartz (28)	1011001—4
E A Vroome (30)	0111112—6	Dr Moore (21)	2100110—4
Henry Knebel (28)	1122210—6	Henry von Staden (28)	1001001—3
Howard Houseman (28)	1211201—6	John Radecke (21)	0101010—3
Robert Smith (25)	1112201—6		

HAPPY DAY GUN CLUB.

Nov. 12.—To-day the Happy Day Gun Club held its initial shoot at Woolsey's Point, L. I. This club is only a reorganization, and is an off-shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club, but is not in any way opposed to that club; the cause of the organization of the younger association was a desire on the part of certain members of the Hell Gate Gun Club to indulge in their favorite sport oftener than once a month. The club shoots at both live birds and targets. To-day's scores were:

Charles Rieger	12111112—8	Louis Boehme	1•212212—7
Dr Richter	11211222—8	Fred Passe	02222011—6
Emil Weiss	11201111—7	George Moyer	20020021—4

An event at 15 targets for practice resulted as follows: C. Rieger 11, E. Weiss 9, G. Moyer 9, Dr. Richter 8, F. Passe 7.

A three-men team race was also shot, the conditions being 15 targets per man; score: Rieger's team: C Rieger 10, Weiss 8, Richter 8—26. Moyer's team: Moyer 7, Boehme 7, Passe 6—20.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Nov. 14.—To-day proved to be the last on which a contest for the E. C. Powder Company's cup will be held at Woodlawn, L. I. The American E. C. Powder Company donated the cup many months ago, the conditions being 10 live birds per man, handicap rise, 5 wins to entitle to possession of the cup. Prior to to-day's contest C. Furgueson, Jr., and T. W. Morfey were each credited with 4 wins; if either won to-day the cup became his property. It was Cornelius Furgueson, Jr.'s, day; he couldn't lose a bird in either the club event or in the E. C. shoot. The consequence was he took away with him the E. C. cup. Morfey was close up with 9 kills, his lost bird being his second, which fell dead out of bounds. Scores were:

	Club Shoot.	E. C. Cup.
C Furgueson, Jr (A, 30)	2222222222—10	(AA, 30)..2222222222—10
D Deacon (A, 30)	2122121211—10	(A, 29)...212220•12w
Capt Money (A, 30)	2121211212—10	(AA, 30)..0212200212— 7
W F Sykes (A, 30)	2221•12122— 9	(B, 28)....22122w
Dr Parr (C, 25)	2011210221— 8	......
Conny Furgueson (B, 27)	22•222•200— 6	(B, 28)....222222•202— 8
T W Morfey (A, 30)	0122020w	(AA, 30)..2•22222122— 9
G E Nostrand (A, 30)	2002200w	(A, 29)....22212••222— 8

Sweep, 5 birds, $2, birds extra, 2 high guns: Capt Money and Conny Furgueson 5, C. Furgueson, Jr., 3, Morfey 2.

Miss-and-out: C. Furgueson, Jr., 3, Money 2, Morfey 1.

Election Day at Audubon Park.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 3.—The Election Day shoot held to-day by the members of the Audubon Gun Club was very well attended, 33 shooters taking part in the target events. Nos. 1 and 2 were at 10 and 15 targets respectively; No. 3 was the club shoot at 25 targets. In this event E. W. Smith won the Class A badge, P. G. Myers was high gun in Class B, Don C. Sweet capturing the badge in Class C. No. 5 was a contest at 25 targets for one of the W-A (Laflin & Rand) silver kegs of powder. L. W. Bennett, who shot consistently well all day, won this trophy with the score of 23. Below are the results in the target events and also the scores made in the different live-bird events shot during the afternoon:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
McArthur	7	10	22	12	22	Brandle	10	6	18	..	18
Bird	6	10	..	..	21	Heinold	7	..	..	..	..
Reid	6	11	21	7	18	E C Burkhardt	10	11	21	11	21
Hanks	10	15	23	11	22	L Friese	..	11	22	..	..
Stacy	10	14	22	..	22	Dr Daniels	..	8	15	10	..
Krotz	9	12	17	9	17	Kelsey	9	11	24	13	24
Norris	8	13	19	7	19	Bennett	..	12	..	..	..
C W	7	13	..	12	..	Brown	..	12	12	11	12
Dr Woodbury	4	9	..	8	..	Sauer	8	8	13	7	18
Rossiter	7	..	..	..	..	P G Meyers	9	..	24	10	24
Williams	8	8	12	11	12	D C Sweet	..	..	17	..	17
C S Burkhardt	6	13	22	11	22	A Coombs	..	..	15	..	..
Alderman	9	14	21	12	21	Johnson	..	..	23	..	23
McCarney	8	7	21	13	21	Forrester	..	..	21	..	25
E W Smith	6	10	24	..	24	Kirkover	..	..	20	..	20
Bennett	7	..	23	11	23	Tom Tidler	..	..	18	..	18

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
H D Kirkover	1221212—7	1122—4	10 —1	1210 —3
E C Burkhardt	1201221—6	2220—3	12120—4	20 —1
Krotz	1201212—6	....	.....	.....
Dr Daniels	1202012—5	....	.....	.....
Rossiter	2122012—6	....	.....	.....
C S Burkhardt	2212002—5	2220—3	12222—5	21222—5
Heinold	2012021—5	....	.....	.....
F D Kelsey	.....	2220—3	12121—5	12222—5

Tournament at Dayton, Ia.

DAYTON, Ia., Oct. 28.—The tournament of the Dayton Gun Club closed to-day, after a successful shoot. About 30 shooters were present, among the number being: S. A. Tucker, of Parker Bros.; Hirschy, the representative of the Robin Hood Powder Co.; C. M. Grimm, C. W. Budd, Fred Gilbert, the Kibby Bros., Densel, Abbott, Allison, Peterson and Bradley.

The weather was rather unpleasant on both days, a strong wind blowing across the grounds. The club's grounds are first-class; the background is clear sky, with no tree or building of any kind to prevent a fair view of either targets or live birds. The live birds trapped were an extra good lot; many of them fell out of bounds after being hit hard with both barrels. The members of the Dayton Gun Club laid themselves out to give the visiting sportsmen a good time, and they certainly accomplished what they were after, all the boys present on this occasion being ready to attend their next annual gathering. Below are the scores made on live birds and targets, events of both kinds being on the schedule for each day:

TARGET EVENTS.

Events:	1	2*	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*20*	*10*	*10*	*20*	*15*	*25*	*10*
Grimm	10	14	19	8	16	8	9	19	14	25	8
Corry	8	12	17	9	16	10	10	17	12	22	..
Collison	8	11	19	9	18	8	8	17	13	..	9
Budd	..	11	17	10	19	9	9	17	13	23	7
Robinhood	..	11	16	9	16	6	10	17	10	24	6
Tucker	..	12	17	9	..	9	..	..	..	..	8
C F Cole	10	14	18	7	16	8	9	17	12	23	8
O W Norman	6	..	17	6	13	8	6	14	13	18	6
Taylor	7	13	17	6	..	10	8	14	9	..	2
Gilbert	..	..	20	9	19	9	6	18	15	21	10
Waterbury	7	..	15	5	14	5	3	..	..	19	..
Mortenson	8	14	17	9	15	8	5	17	12	..	6
Peterson	..	..	16	6	17	9	8	17	14	22	7
Paxton	..	..	16	6	7	..	..	..	..	23	..
Galtry	..	..	..	4	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kreig	5	..	..	6	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Curtis	..	..	..	4	7	6	..	..	..	..	..
Bradley	..	..	..	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lindberg	..	..	..	4	..	7	5	..	..	..	..
F L Norman	7	..	..	7	..	7	6	..	13	22	..
Hamilton	..	..	..	7	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Densel	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	10	16	..
Dr Kibby	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	14	10	21	..
J Kibby	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	16	12	23	..
S G Cole	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	19	8	21	..
Abbott	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	14	12	19	..
Dr Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	13	14	..	..
Kenney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Hamaker	..	..	..	9	19	7	8	14	15	23	9

No. 2 was at 9 singles and 3 pairs.

LIVE-BIRD EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Live Birds.	*5*	*10*	*15*	*7*	*7*	*7*	Live Birds.	*5*	*10*	*15*	*7*	*7*	*7*
Grimm	4	10	10	7	7	6	Paxton	2	..	..	..	4	..
Corry	5	5	14	4	5	7	Galtry	2	..	..	..	..	..
Collison	4	8	..	..	5	5	Kreig	3	..	..	..	6	..
Budd	5	10	15	7	7	6	Curtis	2	..	..	..	..	..
Robinhood	3	10	13	5	5	6	Hamaker	..	10	10	..	..	4
Tucker	5	..	..	..	..	5	Densel	..	..	11	3	..	..
C F Cole	3	8	..	..	..	6	Dr Kibby	..	..	13	6	..	..
O W Norman	3	..	12	5	6	6	J Kibby	..	..	12	6	..	..
Taylor	5	9	12	7	6	6	Abbott	..	..	13	6	..	..
Gilbert	5	7	13	6	4	4	F L Norman	..	..	..	6	..	..
Waterbury	4	..	9	..	..	..	S G Cole	..	..	..	2	..	..
Mortenson	3	8	12	3	7	6	Bradley	..	..	..	..	..	5
Peterson	4	8	13	6	5	5							

DES MOINES.

Cobweb Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—Below find score of the monthly club shoot of the Cobweb Gun Club, held to-day on the Baychester grounds. The inclement weather caused a poor attendance. Miller won Class A medal, McDonnell won in Class B, Dittmar in Class C and President Bage in Class Z. In the sweep (handicap) shot after the club race Knight and Zorn divided first money with 5 straight; Miller and Dittmar tied for second place, McKeon and Brady tieing for third. Scores:

Class A, 30yds.		Tie.	Sweep.
E P Miller	21211—5	112	(32) 02111—4
Brady	12112—5	210	(32) 20022—3
Zorn	10011—4	...	(30) 11222—5
Hendricks	01111—4	...	.....
McKeon	20011—3	...	(30) 12020—3
Class B, 28yds.			
McDonnell	22220—4	...	(28) 00210—2
Knight	00011—2	...	(27) 21222—5
Class C, 27yds.			
Dittmar	12011—4	...	(27) 21021—4
Meyer	20001—2	...	(25) 00022—2
Class Z, 25yds.			
Bage	01111—4	...	(25) 21002—2
Thompson	00100—1	...	.....

G. W. THOMPSON, JR., Sec'y.

Boston Shooting Association.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 11.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Boston Shooting Association and their guests at the club's grounds, Wellington, Mass.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	15	15	20	20	20	20	20	25	15	10	10	10	20
Dickey	8	8	14	13	18	20	20	17	17	24	15	10	10	9	19
Allison	8	6	8	13	16	16	15	16	17	20	11	7	8	6	9
Jones	9	8	10	12	14	16	18	16	18	21	14	10	8	9	14
W L Davis	7	9	7	12	18	15	15	16	19	23	13	7	6	7	17
Kenerson	9	8	13	11	16	18	19	18	17	17	12	8	9	7	14
Alexander	9	7	9	13	14	18	17	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Puck	6	3	7	8	12	14	14	11	12	18	6	9	8	8	13
Whiting	7	6	12	6	9	10	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Herbert	9	6	12	15	15	16	17	19	17	20	11	8	1	..	..
Howe	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	19	16	21	12	8	5	7	18
Martin	..	..	..	..	..	17	13	15	12	21	10	9	..	7	9
Forbes	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	..	9	..	..	..	..	1	..
Mason	..	..	..	..	..	14	16	7	15	18	..	8	5	4	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	..	9	17	..	..	..	..	..
Sanborn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	10	4	6	8	..
Putnam	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	2	..

Annie Oakley, who is at present making acquaintance with the natives and visitors, feathered and unfeathered, at Hot Springs, Ark., is going to give an exhibition of what she can do with shotgun, rifle and pistol on Thanksgiving day, Nov. 26. In addition to a programme of interesting events, Annie Oakley and Jno. J. Sumpter, Jr., will shoot a race at live birds against G. W. Hughes and A. U. Williams; the conditions are 50 live birds each (one can scarcely say "per man").

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. A. B., Mingo Junction, O.—Is our common pheasant—or, as I claim, ruffed grouse—identical with the same bird in the Eastern States? My friend claims they are not the same as the birds he saw exposed for sale in the Eastern markets as ruffed grouse. Also, in a few words, your interpretation of the law in Ohio this year on the same bird. Ans. 1.—The bird is the ruffed grouse, identical with the Eastern bird. 2. There is no specific provision of close season for shooting ruffed grouse in Ohio, but the law forbids possession except between Nov. 10 and Dec. 15. This amounts to a close season, for if it is not lawful to have in possession it is not lawful to shoot them.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Map of the United States.

A LARGE, handsome map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

CINCINNATI, Indianapolis, St. Louis reached quickest and most comfortably by the superb Southwestern Limited of the New York Central.—*Adv.*

ON the New York Central you travel in perfect security, protected every foot of the way by Block Signals.—*Adv.*